A Newsfield Publication
Issue Three APRIL 1987
£1

LM



STAR TREK
The new film – and where they've boldly gone before

AIDS – the facts

SIMPLY RED

LEVEL 42
living it up the Isle Of Wight way

Whatever happened to
STEVE COPPELL?

How much is that fish?
'Buggered if we know,' say **STUMP**

On yer bike!
CYCLING HOLIDAYS ABROAD
plus a fantastic Raleigh competition

On yer **NIKE!**
WIN loads of cracking sports gear!

On yer motorbike!
STREET CRED ON A LEARNER'S LICENCE

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GOT A SECOND-HAND MOTOR, JOHN?



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Plus! We resort to **JONATHAN ROSS**

A CLOSE SHAVE?
We choose the best wet razors

'Are friends electric?' says Victor Kiam

Man In A Suitcase: shipshape and **BRISTOL** fashion

Joan Collins Fan Club/
The Soul Weekenders/ Rubber Room Ravings/
Hunter S Minson goes God-bashing/ Edinburgh's graffiti men/
LM's riveting reviews section/ and **COMPETITIONS À-GOGO!**

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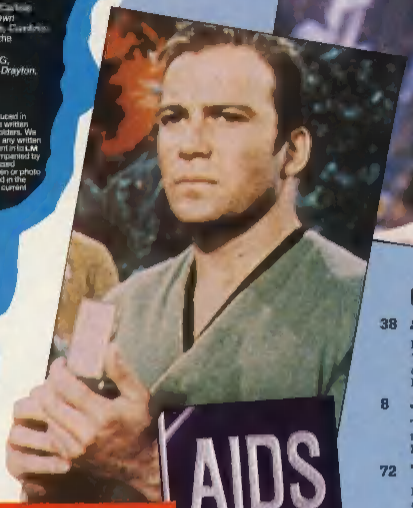
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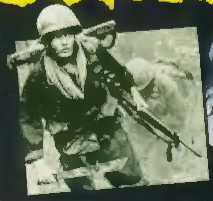
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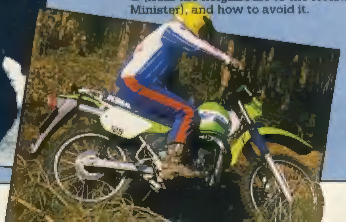
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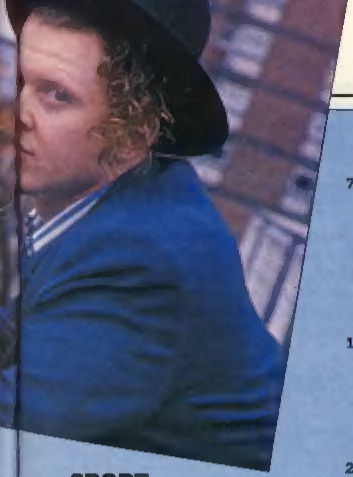
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LM – SO BIG IT PUTS TINA SMALL IN THE SHADE

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On sale April 16th

WHO DARES WRITES

AN ANGRY READER: *How dare you slag off Rocky IV like that? Just give us the facts and we'll make up our own minds.*

Isn't that what reviewers are for, though – to blast away what they think is a disgrace to the screen or the turntable? Being a reviewer means having some *feeling* for what you're writing about, whether it's music or fiction or computer games, and 'just giving the facts', or hyping something you don't *really* feel for, defeats the point of a review.

Look at some arts reviews in the 'quality' press, where writers get into extraordinary grammatical tangles trying to pretend they're not there, trying to pretend it's the cold voice of Reason squeaking, always trying to avoid saying the simple, valuable thing: 'I felt it was good because . . . '

Of course good criticism is experienced, informed criticism – you've got to know your beatbox from your fuzzbox – which is why LM has specialists. We recently acquired Mick Mercer to review comics and Richard Eddy to review computer games.

But good critics don't need letters after their name or wrinkles under their eyes. LM's 16-member reviewing team this month includes teenagers from Ludlow as well as professional journalists.

And even in factual articles there are people behind the print. When Hunter S Minson goes on search of Swedish porn or East End salvation in his **MONDO BIZZARRO** column (page 84), he reports his news as an idiosyncratic fantasy – but it tells the story.

Getting across the spirit, raising the questions . . . that's what journalism's all about, whether it's reviewing or reporting. It's trying to capture a bit of the world on paper; and different people live in different worlds; and that's what makes it so exciting to write, and read.

ROGER KEAN

up front



Ernesto Leal at the controls

Picture by Roslyn Gaunt/cur

Writing on the wall

Judging from our bursting mailbag, many LM readers think graffiti art is the business. We wouldn't disagree, and we'll be featuring much more of it in the future. In the meantime, news reaches us of a graffiti club night which has just started in Edinburgh. TREVOR PAKE reports.

51-L MISSION CONTROL in Edinburgh's newest, hippest club night. Produced by the modestly-named God Corp, the club takes place every Saturday at the Venue and includes graffiti artists (such as Gary Weidenhoff), videos, break dancers, rappers and 'hard' music.

The God Corp were previously responsible for such delights as El Cambalache and Lip Machine (Edinburgh's hottest, if only, electro band).

Chief God Corporator Ernesto Leal says that 51-L Mission Control's musical policy will be anything 'as long as it's hard – heavy dub and hip-hop to the best house', while videos could be 'anything as long as it's fast, Bruce Lee to *Ski Sunday*!'

And the name '51-L Mission Control?'

A bit of a *Challenger*, actually. Every NASA mission has its own identification code, and 51-L were the unfortunate bunch who launched a leaky fuel tank and a thousand sick jokes.

'It was Ronald Reagan's biggest fuck-up,' says Ernesto.

51-L Mission Control, Saturdays 10pm till 3am, at the Venue.

Be there, or get done for loitering on a street corner again.

ATTENTION!

OKAY, so you want yet more graffiti, huh? It's no good writing in moaning that we should do this and we should do that. We want pictures (or colour slides, to be more accurate) of what YOU reckon is A1 in the graffiti stakes.

What's in it for you? Well, you'll get your name and camerawork in **LM**. (The things we do to keep some readers happy . . .)

Drop your graffiti trannie in a padded envelope along with a note telling us anything you know about the artist and the exact location of the masterpiece, and send it to **SPRAY IT WITH LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*.

William, it was really something

16-year-old actor SHAUN DUGGAN wrote a play based on a Smiths song. The play ended up on a top London stage, and Morrissey interviewed the Liverpool playwright on THE TUBE. PENNY KILEY opens up the script.

WHEN Shaun Duggan heard The Smiths' song *William It Was Really Nothing* he thought of a new play. Two hours later, he'd finished *William* – and it beat 600 other entries in the tough competition for the Young Writers Festival at London's Royal Court Theatre.

The play's about a Liverpool boy who dreams of being famous and believes that going to London will increase his chances.

'He doesn't know what he wants,' says Shaun, 'he just knows he wants to be famous.' The play isn't directly *about* Morrissey, but it's a mixture of Morrissey's life, Shaun's life and a touch of fiction.

'Morrissey understood when he read it,' says Shaun. They first met backstage at a Smiths concert in Brixton, and again when Morrissey interviewed Shaun on *The Tube*.

'He's a dead nice person,' says Shaun, 'very warm and really funny.'

Liverpool's Everyman Youth Theatre is presenting *William* in March, with Shaun as assistant director. It's also being staged professionally in London by Buster Young People's Theatre during March, and the BBC is interested in the play – not bad for two hours' work.

'I've been writing since I was very young,' says Shaun, 'but *William* is the first play I've actually got round to finishing.'

But writing is a sideline for Shaun; his big ambition is to be an actor.

In Liverpool the best way to start acting is to join a Youth Theatre. Shaun joined two: the Playhouse (everything from Shakespeare and Chekhov to Willy Russell), and the Everyman (mostly improvised theatre). He's been treading the boards three nights a week for three years.

So Shaun's had a play produced professionally, he has an agent, he's acted in countless productions, made a record and worked on an antivandalism video for British Telecom. Next, he wants to make that great leap into stardom – appearing in a soap opera.

'I'd love to be in one,' he says. 'My sister Joanne has already been in *Brookside* as Damon Grant's girlfriend's mate . . . beans-on-toast face. She still hasn't lived it down.'

Now Shaun's waiting to see what will happen with his new play *Nobody's Friend*.

'It's about normal people living their lives,' says Shaun, 'just like *William*.'

Liver bard: lad playwright Shaun Duggan



Strange new pixels



STAR TREK came into its own on the home computer almost as soon as Sir Clive Sinclair had slipped the last chip into his ZX80 machine. The series lent itself admirably to strategy games and adventures. But hardly any of these early *Star Trek*-type games were properly licensed – and most of them were pretty abysmal.

The favourite system was a cross between strategy and arcade; the galaxy was split into eight-by-eight quadrants, with eight-by-eight sectors within each quadrant. Klingons moved in sectors, threatening Federation Star Bases. As commander of the *Enterprise*, it was your job to clear the galaxy of Klingons and their bases, using warp drive, sublightspeed drive, photons and phasers.

These games had pretty poor graphics on every computer, and today the very words '*Star Trek* game' imply something from the dim distant past – like 1982.

But Firebird – British Telecom's software house – are hoping to change all that with their official game version of *Star Trek*. Programming problems have held up release of the game – otherwise Richard Eddy would be previewing it in LM this month.

But the delays are because of the program's complexity and its interaction with the marvellous graphics; Firebird have spent a small fortune on *Star Trek*, which they predict will be the year's biggest seller.

See LM's *Star Trek* supersection – page 30

Life after *Grandstand*

Channel 4's alternative sports show

FANCY trying your hand at the more offbeat sporting activities, like lacrosse, water polo, parachuting, cycle speedway, handball or roller hockey? You can find out how to go about it and what it's all about from Channel 4's *Minority Sports Challenge*, beginning 11 April.

Each week, three 'minority' sports will be given enough airtime to convince the (often) narrow-minded British public that yes, there really is life after *Grandstand*, *Bullseye* and *Midweek Sports Special*.

It's on the box at tea-time on a Saturday (6.30pm), when you're probably feeling at your most lethargic and sluglike – but that's what Channel 4 and the Sports Council (who collaborated on the series) want to change.

Sports featured in *Minority Sports Challenge* will include archery, handball, fencing, amateur motorcycling, Olympic wrestling, shooting, croquet and judo. And information packs will be available on each sport – for anyone who's sufficiently 'stimulated' to get off their spreading arse and do something about it.

Re: Animation

Giblets go West world

GIBLETS – the wacky foursome who shot to fame in the video world with their hilarious animation for Jackie Wilson's *Reet Petite* – hit the nation's turntables again this month with their promo for Westworld's *Sonic Boom Boy*.

Combining live action and flat animation, the new video shows that Giblets don't just play around with lumps of clay; they can turn their hands to anything (after they've washed them, we hope).

But one thing Giblets are *not* is pretentious. Everything they do is infected with their irreverent sense of humour – including the new video, for which Westworld have been drawn to resemble characters from *The Flintstones*.

Giblets (Michael Olley, Rob MacGillivray, Mike Sumpter and Carol MacGillivray) are interviewed in depth in LM Issue Four, out next month.



Westworld/Giblets video
Sonic Boom Boy

Full of East End promise

DAVID CHEAL meets JONATHAN ROSS, the man from Leytonstone with a twinkle in his eye and a Friday-night chat show, THE LAST RESORT.

JONATHAN ROSS has a hangover. He overslept, turned up late for the interview, and now he's sitting opposite me munching toast (wholemeal) and marmalade and slurping coffee from one of those big octagonal designer cups media people drink out of. He's dressed in a dapper, broad-shouldered suit like the ones he wears for his appearances on *The Last Resort*. He's apologetic about being late, but he needn't worry.

I'm in a similar position, I later discover, to Jonathan's old lecturers at the School Of Slavonic And East European Studies ('Marvellous place – send your children there!'), where Jonathan regularly missed classes and lectures. When they threatened to expel him for not turning up to his lectures he won them over with his disarming honesty and charm. 'I cannot lie,' he'd say. 'I was sitting in the park, drinking wine.'

> "I resent the slickness of *Wogan*."

As the host of Britain's newest and weirdest chat show, *The Last Resort*, Jonathan Ross has risen to stardom and notoriety, winning viewers over with his cheeky wit and engaging banter. But he has his critics, too. 'He's rude to his guests,' say some. 'It's a freak show,' say others, singling out the one-legged acrobat and the regurgitator (sounds like a Schwarzenegger movie!) for special mention. But Jonathan is desperately concerned

Jonathan Ross, the smart-talking wide boy

about upsetting his viewers. 'I wouldn't have anything on the show that's overtly racist or sexist,' he says. 'But what's sexist to you might not be sexist to me. And you think, Christ, do you worry about these things too much? Also, there are the boundaries of taste; you've got to bear in mind that there's a big audience watching you. We did the joke about the pacemaker *(on Valentine's Day Jonathan touted a heart pacemaker as a possible gift)*, and it was funny, I think, but people complained.

'I'm glad we have people at Channel 4 who are a little bit more mature than we are who can say 'No, that's not going to work.' Sometimes it's fun to offend people, but it's not nice if you really upset someone.'

It may have attracted a few complaints to *Right To Reply*, but *The Last Resort* has been given the vote of confidence by Channel 4, who've extended the run and moved it from a ludicrously late slot ('I wouldn't stay up that late to watch it,' says Jonathan) to going out live at 10.30. And it's confidence, mostly Jonathan's own, which has contributed the drastic improvement in the show over the weeks, as he's warmed to his role as the smart-talking wide-boy host and battled through the nervousness which, he admits, spoiled some of his earlier performances.

Ross's rise to the dizzy heights has been apparently effortless. After leaving London's School Of Slavonic And East European Studies he turned on the charm and blagged his way into a job as a researcher on Channel 4's previous attempt at a chat show, *Loose Talk*. There followed a stint on *Soul Train*, also doing research. He was working with Alan Mark (now producer of *The Last Resort*) on *Soul Train* and they found themselves at a loose end for four months between series.

'We thought, what can we do to avoid having real jobs in the next few months? So we went along to Channel 4 with this idea for a chat show.'

Channel 4 liked the idea, with reservations, and gave them money to go off and develop it.

'Develop' is the wonderful term in TV for going off and doing bugger all,' says Jonathan. 'We went off and had lots of 'meetings' which took place in the pub. We came up with a treatment, and they liked the treatment and we did a pilot.'

After they'd rooted around fruitlessly for a front man, Alan Mark persuaded Jonathan to do it himself. As preparation, he made a few brief appearances at London's Comedy Store, where the audience have a reputation for ruthlessness with no-hopers. 'I got on all right,' says Jonathan.

The Last Resort got off to a faltering start, but now, Jonathan says, it's much closer to their original vision.

'It started off like a straight chat show, but with a younger host, and though that's different, it's not different enough. We're putting silly things in now just to remind people that this isn't *Aspel*. What we wanted was a kind of hybrid between a chat show and a comedy show, so it's getting closer now to what we initially wanted.'

The Last Resort treads a precarious tightrope between being a chat show and sending up the whole chat-show format. This send-up mentality extends to every aspect of the show, from the guests, who Jonathan hopes will be game for the odd insult, to the set, which is tacky and too small, so that the cameras can't avoid shooting over it.

'We're not trying to hide anything,' he says. 'Our generation was weaned on TV, and we all know that there are cameras there, there's no mystique about TV any more. What looks like a total lack of slickness is just our way of saying, I'm not trying to con you into thinking that I'm making this all up as I go along and the guest just happens to have been strolling past outside, or that I don't need cards to write things on.'

But do people get the joke?

'I suppose it might be a kind of in-joke. Our show seems to be very well watched by all the people who work in TV, and maybe we're just doing a joke for them. I don't think that's the intention, though. People our age have grown up with TV and aren't fooled by it any more. I resent the slickness of *Wogan*.

'I like Wogan, I quite like the idea of his show, but I resent the fact that you never see a camera, you never see the audience, you never see his cue-cards. You know he's reading them from somewhere, but I want to see it. Maybe this is a personal obsession, or a media obsession. But I hope not. It's not a joke, it's more an approach.'

It's important, Ross says, that the guests should be people who will enter into the spirit of the show. Peter Cook was his own personal favourite ('He's a childhood hero, and it's like Jim fixed it for me,' he says). It worries him, though, that people accuse him of being rude to some guests.

'It's not a show which attacks people. I'm not setting people up to make me look good. I'd much rather the guests attacked me. I think people like to see the host fall flat on his face, and I don't mind doing it.'

Jonathan is talking figuratively here, because his greatest fear is that one day someone will pick a fight with him on live TV.

'I don't mind someone laying into me verbally, I don't mind someone walking off the show, I don't mind someone coming on and not talking, I wouldn't mind being attacked by Enu, I don't mind any of those things. But if it got to the stage where things developed into a tussle, that's my worst fear, those moments on TV when you know it's not funny, there's nothing the host can do.'

Anyone who hosts a TV chat show must love show business. And Jonathan does. But it's an ambivalent love, a love, he says, 'borne out of nausea. It's like I'm looking at something and saying 'God, isn't that awful, I love it!' Like Frankie Howerd, he's awful, but he's brilliant, all those *Carry On* films, they're awful, but they're wonderful. It's like a road accident. You can't get enough of it.'

So Jim has fixed it for Jonathan Ross to become a chat-show host and meet some of his favourite people. But what has he learned from the experience?

'I haven't learned anything, that's the depressing thing about it. I would have thought I'd have learned not to go out and get pissed the night before I'm meant to be doing interviews, but apparently not.'

Another Close Shave For LM

500 razors must go!



OVER THE YEARS, more and more products have appeared to make your morning shave closer and more comfortable, and no company has been more up-to-date with shaving technology than **Gillette**—the company who put the safety into the safety razor.

Now Gillette have made another breakthrough in shaving smoothness with the introduction of the Gillette Lubrastrip – a revolutionary strip that works with water to help the razor glide smoothly over the face. Gillette Lubrastrip is now incorporated into both the Gillette fixed-head (GII Plus) and swivel-head (Contour Plus) shaving systems.

You can read all about these new Gillette system razors in **LM**'s consumer guide on page 67 of this issue. But, better than that, we're giving YOU the chance to try them out yourselves courtesy of **LM** and Gillette with this special offer.

We've got 250 of each razor to **GIVE AWAY**. All you have to do is decide which Gillette razor suits you. GII Plus is the twin-blade *fixed-head* razor with Lubrastrip, and Contour Plus is the twin-blade *swivel-head* razor with Lubrastrip. Both systems give you a really close smooth shave.

Fill in the coupon below, write your preference (Contour Plus or GII Plus) on the top left-hand corner of your envelope and enclose 30p in stamps, and send it to us at: **RAZORS, LM,** *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.*

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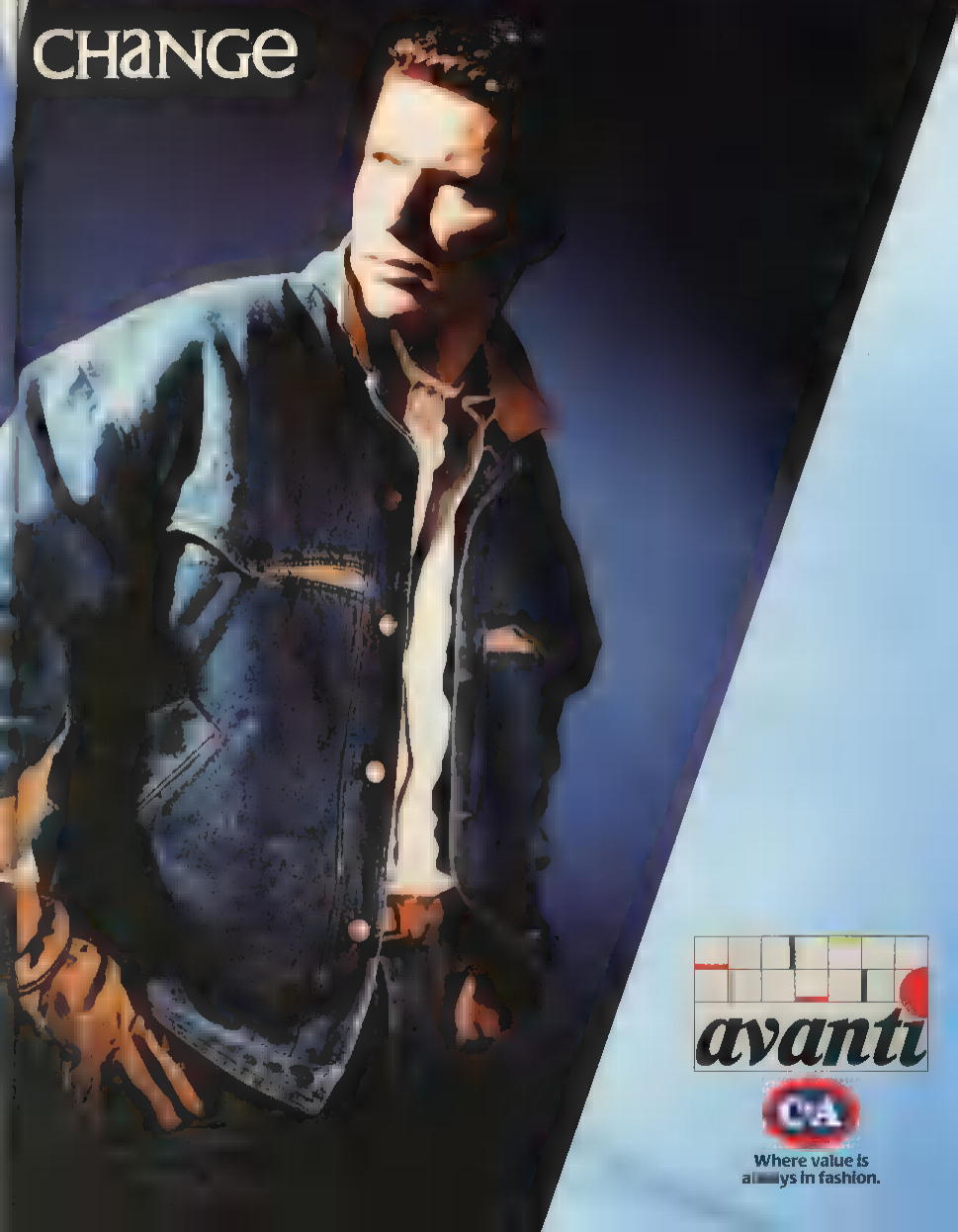
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NEED [redacted] say more? Actually, yes. For those not familiar with 'the Caff' gaff here's some more gumpf just to convince you that life won't be worth a green Durex Fiesta if you don't enter this comp.

Set [redacted] the nucleus of London life, te off Oxford Street, the Video Café is where you go to hang out – man – see and be seen, watch all the latest pop vids, including loads of 'world exclusives', eat, drink and be merry.

Just having celebrated its second birthday – [redacted] two years it's shown 200,000 vids and served half a million meals (eurrrgh) – the Caff hosts competitions, freebies, and theme nights, from Motown to Trivial Pursuit to American Football to Jukebox Jury.

The winner of LM's comp – and a friend – will be ferried into the capital, where he/she will learn [redacted] become a VJ for the day, and generally mess about with all the twiddly knobs and controls at the video flight deck. And [redacted] the people at the Video Café are on the look out for people to become VJs and be blasted off on a career to superstardom, well, you never know what might happen . . .

On the evening, if our pacemakers can stand it, you'll be dragged (no doubt screaming) to the Limelight Club for more fun and frolics [redacted] the VIP lounge, and when we're sick of your company (or more likely when we're just sick), we'll dump you on a train home where you'll no doubt fall asleep, [redacted] your stop and end up somewhere really rural and primitive. Like Ludlow.

LM COMP

To enter the comp tell us which pop person you'd most like to condemn to life imprisonment in a padded cell with just a 20-foot screen that shows masterpmixes of Sarah Brightman/Chris De Burgh /Duran Duran/Mission vids for company. And why. Answers to: **WINALOT COMPETITION, LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB* by **16 April.**

Storming the factory gates

RSPCA vid attacks farmers

THE RSPCA have recently released a new video, *Food For Protest*, as part of their educational campaign for 1987. The video, which is aimed at the 14-20-year-old age group, [redacted] being shown in schools and colleges across the country.

Its aim, say the RSPCA (Royal Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Animals), is to tell people about what the RSPCA [redacted] as the realities of intensive farming techniques such as battery hens and veal crates.

'We felt the vast majority of consumers know the terms associated with factory farming,' said an RSPCA spokeswoman, 'without really knowing

THE WINNERS!

ANOTHER month, and another batch of lucky LM readers who not only [redacted]

To [redacted]

[redacted]

what they meant, so we felt we needed [redacted] sort of effort to educate the public. After all, these techniques affect everybody who's not a vegetarian.'

As well as showing farming methods in harrowing detail, the video encourages people to take an active interest in the welfare of farm animals – by using their power as consumers to persuade butchers and farmers that they want their food produced in a more humane way.

And the film suggests that we can use legitimate, legal protest to make our [redacted] known.

Controversial scenes of war and violent demonstrations are there, say the RSPCA, to show how people have demonstrated to change the course of history and to show that war is 'protest taken to its ultimate extent'.

But the National Farmers' Union (NFU) object strongly to the video, calling it 'unbalanced, emotive, far too harsh for children' and 'frankly, propaganda'. They've sent letters to Education Minister Kenneth Baker, and the heads of all the education authorities, outlining their disapproval.

Answering the RSPCA's suggestion that people should try to buy only free-range products, an NFU spokesperson said: 'If people were really prepared to pay the extra cost, the farmers would of course cater for them, but I don't think they *would* pay the extra. It's an economic thing – we're in direct competition with Europe and it would be going back, not forwards.

'Anyway, people mistakenly put themselves in the position of the animal. The battery hen, for example, is far more healthy and safe in a battery cage – it won't get killed by foxes or anything like that. For an animal to be healthy it has to be happy, and farmers know that.'

The NFU, one of Britain's richest and most powerful lobbying groups, say they would like to send out a video of their [redacted] – but they claim they can't equal the efforts of the RSPCA as they have 'neither time nor money.'

'Nonsense,' said an RSPCA spokesman. 'When the NFU's funds drop below those of the RSPCA, then farming in this country [redacted] big trouble.'

THIS SPORTING MONTH

LM's guide to April on the field and in the ring . . .

1 April
Boxing – English ABA Semifinals (Gloucester)
Soccer – Group 4 Northern Ireland v England (Belfast)
Soccer – Group Six Wales v Finland (Wrexham)
Soccer – Group Seven Belgium v Scotland
Soccer – Group Seven Bulgaria v Republic of Ireland (Sofia)

1-4 April
Table Tennis – Welsh Open (Cardiff)

2 April
Basketball – European Club Championship Final (Wembley)

2-5 April
Golf – Greater Greensboro Open (Greensboro, North Carolina, USA)

[redacted] April
Athletics – International Cross Country (Preston)

3-4 April
Basketball – National Championships (Wembley)

4 April
Athletics – AAA 10km Final (Hemel Hempstead)
Soccer – FA Trophy Semifinals, First Leg

4-11 April
Bowls – National Indoor Finals (Hartlepool)

5 April
Athletics – Marathon (Wolverhampton)
Motor Racing – European Touring Car Championship Round (Donington)
Soccer – Littlewoods Cup Final (Wembley)

6 April
Soccer – England v Switzerland U/18 (Bradford)

6-16 April
Squash – Hi Tec British Open (Wembley)

7 April
Soccer – England v Switzerland U/15 (Nottingham Forest)

8 April
Soccer – European Cup Semifinals
Soccer – European Cup Winners Cup Semifinals
Soccer – UEFA Cup Semifinals First Leg

9-12 April
Equestrianism – Whitbread Badminton Horse Trials (Badminton)
Golf – US Masters (Augusta)

9-15 April
Table Tennis – W Germany v England, Euro League First Division

11 April
Athletics – Half Marathon (Belfast)
Judo – British Open Championships, Men (Crystal Palace)
Rugby Union – Thorn EMI County Final (Twickenham)
Soccer – FA Cup Semifinals
Soccer – Scottish Cup Semifinals
Soccer – FA Trophy Semifinals, Second Leg

11-12 April
Athletics – World Marathon Cup (Seoul)
Hockey – HA Cup Semifinals And Final, Men (Willesden)

11-19 April
Ice Hockey – Heineken Championships Play-Offs

12 April
Lacrosse – North of England Senior Flag Final, Men (Manchester)

13-18 April
Tennis – Prudential British Junior Hard Court U/18 (Wimbledon)

14-15 April
Bowls – Champion of Champions Finals (Cherwell)

15 April
Boxing – British ABA Semifinals (Preston)

15-16 April
Golf – Peter Mcevoy Trophy (Copt Heath)

16-20 April
Rallying – Safari Rally

17-20 April
Rallying – Circuit of Ireland

18-20 April
Cricket – Cambridge University v Essex (Fenners)

20-24 April
Tennis – Int Spring Circuit (Cumberland Club, London)

20-25 April
Tennis – Prudential British Junior Hard Court U/16 (Bournemouth)

[redacted] April
Soccer – European Cup Semifinals Second Leg
Soccer – European Cup Winners Cup, Semifinals
Soccer – UEFA Cup Semifinals, Second Leg

22-24 April
Cricket – MCC v Essex (Lords)

23-26 April
Real Tennis And Rackets – Woman's Real Tennis World Championships (Seacourt)

24 April
Equestrianism – Winter Dressage Championships (Stoneleigh)

25 April
Lacrosse – South of England Senior Flag Final, Men (Enfield)
Table Tennis – European Cup And ETTU Cup Finals

[redacted] April
Hockey – National Club Championship Finals, Women (Sheffield)
Hockey – Senior Division Tournament, Men (Coventry)
Ice Hockey – Heineken Championship Finals (Wembley)
Squash – Drakkar Noir National Club Finals

25-27 April
Cricket – County Championship Season Opens

[redacted] April
Soccer – Turkey v England U/21

29 April
Soccer – European Championship Qualifiers, Turkey v England (Group Four)
Soccer – Group 4 N Ireland v Yugoslavia (Belfast)
Soccer – Group Six Wales v Czechoslovakia (Wrexham)
Soccer – Group Seven Republic of Ireland v Belgium (Dublin)
Soccer – England [redacted] Belgium U/15

29 April-2 May
Golf – WPGA Ford Ladies' Classic (Woburn)

Oscar, Charlie

Hit film tackles Vietnam horrors



IT'S TAKING America a long time to exorcise the ghost of Vietnam. Veterans of the war are still shunned and neglected, and the infantile revenge fantasies of the *Rambo* films show America's defeat still rankles – the whole episode [illegible] chapter of their history which they'd prefer to forget.

Now, at last, there's a film which takes an honest view of the war and of what it was like to be a 'grunt' (a foot soldier) fighting in the jungles of Vietnam.

Platoon, which follows the fortunes of a fresh and innocent volunteer (Charlie Sheen) as doing extraordinary business in the States, and with good reason.

First, for its brutal, graphically realistic depiction of violent combat. Second, for its honest portrayal of the atrocities against the civilian population for which American troops became notorious. Third, because it pulls no punches in showing the depths to which human beings will plunge during combat.

And finally because it reveals that another war was being fought in Vietnam – between the American soldiers themselves; *Platoon*'s plot centres on a dangerously violent personality conflict between the leaders of the platoon.

Platoon was written and directed by Oliver Stone, and based on his own experiences with the 25th Infantry in 1967-68. 'Vietnam messed a lot of our guys up,' says Stone, 'because it put us out of step with our own generation. The story's never been told. I wrote the script seven years after I'd come back. It took me that long to come to terms with the reality of what happened there.'

And it looks like Oliver Stone and the stars of *Platoon* (who underwent rigorous military-style training to prepare for the film) may sweep the boards at the Oscar ceremonies on 30 March – they've received eight nominations.

Platoon, which opens in London on 24 April, stars Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoe and Charlie Sheen, and was filmed entirely on location in the Philippines. Look out for the full review in LM Issue Four next month.

DAVID [illegible]





Brutally realistic: Platoon



Lloyd's Word up

WORD has certainly taken off this month! The variety of subjects, strength of opinions, the quality of ideas would be astonishing to who considers British youth a wasted generation. Having spent over three years answering letters and compiling a reader debate forum for computer owners, I'm well aware that people have things to say, and want to say them. Well this is your opportunity, and it seems to be working . . .

Picking a single letter as merit has been exceedingly difficult, so forgive me anyone who has missed and done by. Maybe next time . . .

Meanwhile, I chose this letter, not only because of its contents, but also because it is practically helpful. It is its writer the much-coveted Lloyd Mangram Letter Of The Month prize of precisely £19.99.

SOME MORE TV

Dear Lloyd,

I have read your articles on *The Prisoner* (Issue One) and Gerry Anderson (Issue Two) with great interest. The idea of treating such shows with respect, and of incorporating insights into their respective fan clubs is well worth supporting. May I suggest a similar article on *Blake's Seven*? Judging from occasional comments in your computer titles there seems to be a number of *B7* viewers in Newsfield.

I think that an interesting article might investigate the BBC's attitude to SF television. The BBC seems to consider that SF is beneath it, and confines major and extremely successful series like *Dr Who* and *Star Trek* to slots which are intended to catch an audience of children, despite the proven attraction of both to adults.

A further illustration of this theory is the childish and banal scripts that often prevent *Dr Who* from realising its true potential, and the ridiculous banning of two *Star Trek* episodes because of their 'unsuitability'.

Blake's Seven tried to extend SF series (as distinct from single plays, which are often big budget and brilliant) into a more adult setting and for the most part it succeeded. It took a realistic view of death, killing off several main characters and destroying a much loved space vehicle. There were no Goodies and Baddies, the Seven were always composed of criminals, and there were several pseudo-betrayals and much infighting amongst them, and although the Federation was clearly evil, it came out of many episodes on the winning side, finally winning once and for all when the Seven were wiped out.

Thanks to honest and brave scriptwriting and superb acting, *B7* survived four series despite all the Beeb's efforts to kill it off. Many fans consider the fourth series to be a great disappointment (it was severely under-budgeted) but despite this the BBC continued to receive mail from fans and still does get the occasional letter.

Those letters have born fruit in the shape of three videos (a fourth to come) and a 'what happened after' book, together with a reference guide to the series. To find out more background info please contact Ann Steele (publicity officer), Horizon (the *B7* appreciation society), *47 Aylward Road, Merton Park, London SW20*. Tel 01-543 1826 (evenings), or Diane Gies (Secretary and Co-founder),

Horizon, *18 Holt Road, North Wembley, Middlesex HA0 3PS.* Tel 01-904 5588.
Roger Cope, Exeter

■ **Great stuff Roger. I confess I watched almost every episode from the start. There were times when I found the low budgets got in the way of [illegible] stories; the studio stuff was fine, but exteriors in the *Dr Who* quarry smacked too much of – well *Dr Who*. Not the series' fault of course, and it was good enough in essence to surmount those drawbacks. Yep, I guess we'll be taking a look at *Blake's Seven* before much longer. The cheque will be in the post shortly.**
LM

TO PUT THE PICTURE STRAIGHT – THE [illegible] HISTORY OF THE NINJA

Dear Lloyd,
I've read your article and comments on Ninjutsu, and the letters they provoked, and thought it was time to get some facts straight. I'm sorry if this letter sounds like a history lesson, but I suppose it is because I'm trying to cram 7,000 years into a few pages. It's time the TRUTH about the Ninja should be published in your magazine.

Martial arts originated about 7,000 years ago in India with the Kshartriya warriors. Their skills were transported to China by Buddist monks, and were adapted to fit into Chinese culture, now forming the thousands of styles of Kung Fu present today. In turn, these arts were transported to Japan from China and Korea, altered to fit Japan's culture, and developed into the arts taught to Samurai.

They [illegible] Jutsu arts involving no spiritual training (*Jutsu* being a method while *Do* is a spiritual path) but Servechgas combat arts. It was the Samurai themselves who introduced Bushido and Zen. You find that Jutsu is the original, pure art form, and that the Do art forms were introduced much later in Japan's history, when the Samurai were no longer needed to fight but were encouraged to be scholars.

The Jutsu arts were taught to Samurai in Ryns (schools), which trained them in the complete method of warfare. The Samurai were not the noble heroes we think. They were often evil, callous and unfeeling megalomaniacs, who would kill men, women, children and animals with no remorse, and would kill a peasant for failing to bow, or merely to test a weapon.

Ninjutsu was developed first in the wilds of Japan where the Yamabushi of Japan (warrior-priests) trained in a form of warrior-asceticism in attunement with nature. These warrior-priests learnt the ways of spying and subterfuge from Chinese monks and warriors who fled to Japan, and their influence gave birth to Ninjutsu.

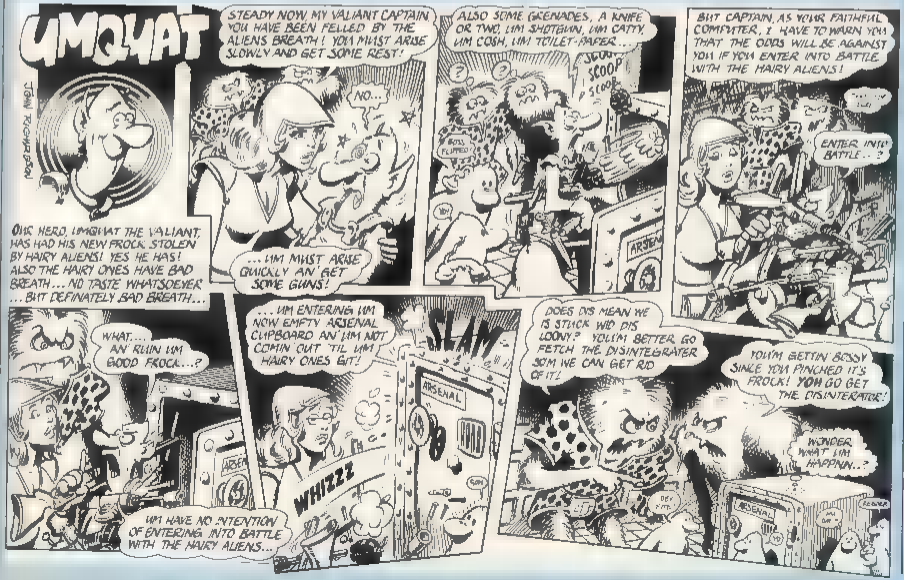
Ninjutsu usually developed within family groups after its appearance among the Yamabushi. Ninjutsu's main object was the attainment of a oneness with nature through Nimpo (the warrior way of enlightenment), and the protection and development of the Shinto religion. From about the 10th century Ninja families were persecuted for their religious beliefs by the Samurai and warring Shogunates. Heavily outnumbered, they were forced to develop Ninjutsu, which was used to defend their families and villages against Samurai attacks, which were often viciously horrific.

Ninja clans like Togakure Ryn, Gyokko Ryn, Kari Kiri Ryn and Fuma Ryn were often forced to flee into the mountains and forests to escape the warring Samurai, attempting to live peacefully there. The Ninja protected the poor and weak against oppression and aggression. But during the fifteenth century, some Genin (low level operatives) hired themselves out as assassins and spies, and broke away from their families and clans. It is these few who gave the Ninja their bad reputation, and often these operatives were not even Ninja, but common criminals cashing in on the Ninja's reputation. The Ninja clans however, still had to fight for survival.

After the Tukagawa Shogunate took power in the 1600s, Ninjutsu was outlawed and had [illegible] go underground. The Samurai found themselves not required as it was a time of peace and prosperity. As a result they turned to scholarly pursuits and the Samurai arts were changed to ways of moving Zen [illegible] meditation, (eg Kenjutsu changed to Kendo). From the beginning however, Ninjutsu had a strong spiritual side to it, and continued to develop.

In the 1980s Ninjutsu is taught in Britain in one form. That of Togakure Ryn Ninjutsu. It is taught [illegible] system of enlightenment and total self defence; defence on the spiritual and physical planes.

So, the pure forms of martial arts (both armed and unarmed) [illegible] the ancient skills of the Ninja and Samurai, arts transmitted unspoiled within the Ryn systems. In Samurai Ryn these are combat arts, but among Ninja, the art is a way of life. Originally a completely spiritual art, it developed into one in which the



methods of physical protection and spiritual development walk hand in hand. Whereas the Samurai developed their spirit with Zen Buddism. They used Zen as a basis to rid themselves of any fear of death, so that they could fight without inhibition. The Ninja however were Shinto, not Buddist, and cultivated their spirit to be at one with nature, loving life, viewing death as a part of life. While the Samurai prepared for death, the Ninja studied nature to enlighten themselves, improve their spirit and *enjoy* life.

The Ninja believe in developing a spirit which is gentle and loving. Today most martial arts, if they do study a spiritual practice (many don't or only lecture you about it), study a form of Zen, which although it preaches gentleness and kindness, preaches a sacrifice of life (sutemi) and a loss of any fear of death to allow you to fight better. Surely the way of Ninpo is the most beneficial. One which promotes life.

Ninjutsu has a longer and purer history than almost any other martial art taught in this country. Karate-do, Judo, Kendo and Aikido are young when compared with Ninjutsu, and the Chinese martial arts (Karate has only developed during the past 100 years).

I hope you now have a better understanding of the martial arts. You can now see that the Ninja [redacted] (and are) not the murderers that you thought they were. And their art was not developed for murderous and brutal acts of violence, but to protect themselves and the weak and poor against brutal Samurai.

Unfortunately we're fed bullshit by the media about Ninjutsu through films and novels about Ninja. In Britain Ninjutsu is practised only in one true form – Togakure Ryn Ninjutsu, and is controlled by the Bujinkan Dojo society. Training is of the highest standard, is carried out under regional representatives. The UK society is run by Shidoshi Bo Monthe, Brian McCarthy and Peter King – men who truly care about the art.

Remember, someone who puts on a black mask, makes a few throwing stars out of a bit of tin, grabs a knife and sneaks about in the dark is not a Ninja, a martial artist, or a practitioner of Ninjutsu. He is a common thing. Do not confuse a thing with a martial artist. Nowadays any thug who buys weapons and pretends to be a martial artist is labeled a Ninja by the media. Weapons such as Rice Flails (Nunchaku) Tonfa and Survival Knives are *not* Ninja weapons and never have been. I get very annoyed when people with no true understanding of the martial arts start bullshitting. I'm very glad that your magazine has not followed this trend. Great magazine, keep up the martial arts features.
Mark Davies, Montrose, Scotland

I don't think there's a lot I can add to that, Mark, except to say thank you for the erudite and interesting lecture. Perhaps you would be [redacted] kind as to send [redacted] further information [redacted] Togakure Ryn Ninjutsu and the Bujinkan Dojo Society in case there are any LM readers who would like to hear more, and may want to investigate joining. ▶ LM

OIZ A COVER

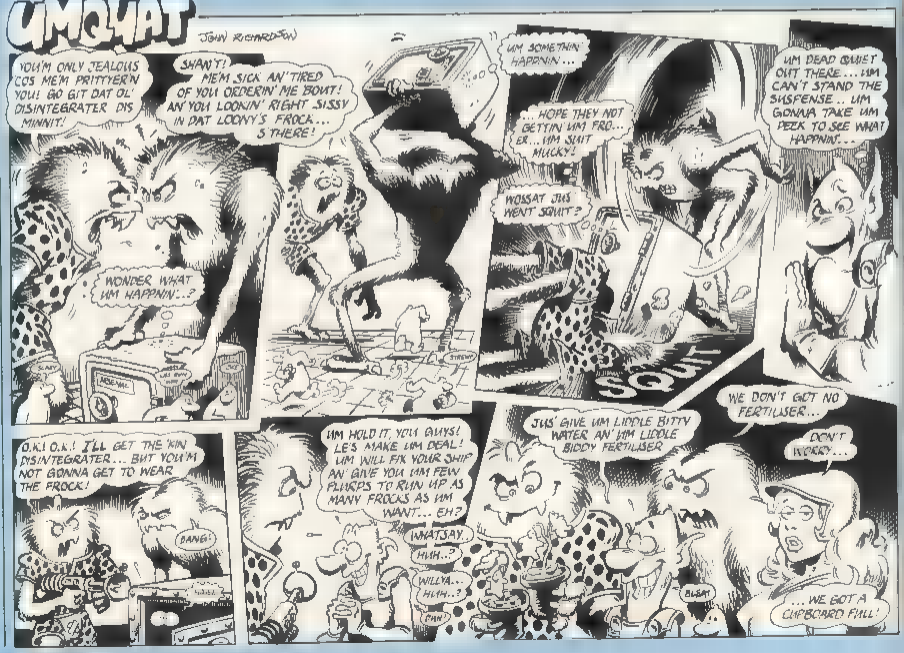
Dear Lloyd,
Good news! LM has been getting [redacted] nods of approval up here in the land of Scouse.

(How much do you want for the original artwork cover showing Frankie and McGann, with Number 6 in the background?)

No; serious question.
L Sidorczuk, Wavertree, Liverpool

I don't suppose there's much else to do up there except nod, is there? (No, Sorry, didn't mean it – controversial socio-political joke in bad taste. I love Liverpool, especially the Walker Art Gallery and all those Caverns you have).

The going price for an Oliver Frey cover would be about £350, were it for sale. But the LM London office staff have put in a bid for it. Sorry about that. ▶ LM



U2 = MORE NUDES PLEASE

Dear Lloyd,
First of all congratulations on the excellent [illegible] It's the best mag I've seen in ages. One thing you could add, though, is a female pin up of the month, featuring all those good-lookin' birds out there! I think it would go down well with all the readers. My mates at school reckon it's a good idea too.

Also Adrian J Lowery of Lancashire, I totally agree with you about Simple Minds being better than U2!
Scott Lawnceston, Allestree, Derby

Look, we've got into enough trouble having photographer Eldemak's nudie pictures in the first issue. Besides which, isn't sexism supposed to be bad for you? (unless you read the *Sun*).

Adrian Lowery's letter (WORD-UP Issue One) actll sparks argument. Without going into too much further detail on the subject, here's three more views to add to last month's bonanza Simple Minds v U2 argument . . .

Adrian J Lowery's letter (Issue One) left a clear impression. He states that 'the majority of U2 fans are a raving, macho, mindless army who have a narrow range of music tastes, and who are especially anti-Simple Minds'. So according to A J L'S unbiased attitude, the Simple Minds fans must be exactly the same as U2 fans and anti-U2. Not a bit of it according to A J L, ALL the 'devoted' SM fans are broad-minded and generally saintly.

His bias also shows when he compares consistency in the two band's songs. The 'mindless moron' U2 fans aren't likely to agree with him when he says that *all* SM songs are brilliant and U2 songs are generally 'iffy'.
Darren Hanson, Kidlington, Oxford

Thanks Darren. The 'saintly' reference struck chords in another reader . . .

Has Lowery read *Firework* the Number One U2 fanzine edited by 'SELMA'? I suggest that he'd better buy a copy, read it and find out. We're all caring people and it might just come as a shock to him to discover that quite a number are committed Christians, myself included. Okay, so there are one or two raving loonies who get off on shouting IRA slogans whenever they hear *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, but these are the ones who just jump from one fashion to the next like fleas on a dog's back.

Come on guys (and gals), there's enough slagging people down in this scummy world – let's pull together 'tonight we can be as one'.
Love and Thingies
Rick, Carlton, Barnsley, S Yorks

A noble sentiment, Rick. The next writer makes a response not only to Lowery's letter, but also to those in Issue Two . . .

I'm an avid Simple Minds fan myself, but I've heard enough U2 stuff to comment on their music. The point is, though, Adrian Lowery says his comments were 'based on fact, and therefore valid'. Where does he get his facts from? Surely his points be justified on the U2 fans he knows. It understandable when lots of U2 fans wrote in to LM, in outrage.

A lot of the points made by U2 fans were also unjustified! Jim Leavis said that SM's current album, *Once Upon a Time*, 'pretentious, American, commercial rubbish'. Okay, so it is slightly more commercial than their earlier albums, but not totally so. Just listen to *Ghostdancing*, and *Come A Long Way* – they're definitely not commercial. And if Bono is not a commercialised name, I don't know what is. As for American, I don't agree. Robin Clarke is used, but so what? She doesn't make the music American, she's just bringing a female voice into the band, and it goes with Jim Kerr's voice brilliantly.

What I think would be a good idea is an interview with both U2 and Simple Minds. This would probably be difficult, but then the readers could make up their own minds.
Neil Mcmillan, Bridge Of Earn, Perth, Tayside

Okay for and Simple Minds, you heard the man, get your people together for an LM debate/interview. Well, you but try.
▶ LM

CONSTRUCTIVE BACKLASH

Dear Lloyd,
In Issue Two of LM a group of letters titled CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM caught my eye.

I'm furious!! Who the hell does Richard Hoggart think he is? He says, and I quote: ' . . . Rid your mag of the two left-wing prats'. And goes on to call them 'left-wing arseholes'. He sounds to me like the sort of person who covers his walls with Edwina Curry posters (ie complete and utter bullshitting fascist.)

Personal politics can't be avoided in such a topical magazine as LM, and although Julian Rignall's review of *Rocky IV* was less than subtle, he has a right to air his own views – a review is another person's opinion to be used as a guideline. I also found *Rocky IV* a total waste of time because of its political aspirations, although I admit the fight scenes were quite good, taken with a pinch of salt.

So, Richard, don't be so naive as to think your point of view is the only one that counts, and listen to other people's views before spouting so much bullshit. If you can't listen, then it looks as if I'll be writing in much often . . .

What's this?! No article on the Housemartins?! Let's have an in-depth interview or at least allow Hugh Whittaker to have his own column in your mag, and Matt Johnson, Spear of Destiny and Iggy Pop.

LM does to journalism what the *Viz* comic does to the *Beano*. Keep it up.
Paul Mallinson, Doncaster, S Yorks

I remember you 'Mallo' Mallinson from many issues back in *Crash* – well over a year ago. You drew a cartoon strip called *The Day The Bugs Took Over*. Very good too. Nice to hear from you again.
▶ LM

JUST FOR [illegible]

Dear Lloyd,
Just had to drop you a line of congratulation on your first issue of LM. I picked it up thinking 'Oh, for – not another of those trendy, up-front, where-it's-at' mags. But I reckon it's great. Genuinely fresh, appealing quirky (nice to see feature writers being given their head with highly personalised stuff which brings out the individual character of the scribbler concerned), and dense, in the nicest possible sense of being crammed with goodies.

It should be way out of my league, I'm and square as an Oxo in many respects, but it struck chord. Instant empathy.

I write quite a lot for the *Guardian* and the glossy mags, but after 20 years in Fleet Street and 14 on *Daily Mirror* features I also enjoy turning on the wham, bam, thank you, ma'am style occasionally. Next time I get this kind of rush of blood to the typing finger or an idea which might appeal, I'll ring you. Meanwhile, best of luck. Keep being different. And bold. And imaginative . . . and of course successful.

Tell Sue Dando (any relation to Suzanne?) that next time she does members only survey she can borrow my pica rule – much more impressive results!
Godfrey, Seale, Fernham, Surrey

Thanks for your support Mike. It's always pleasant to receive praise from other writers. I've no doubt the LM team would be very happy to get copy from you when you're 'in the mood'.
▶ LM

AM I UNCARING?

Dear Lloyd,
After keeping some opinions to myself for quite a while I am very pleased that a magazine has appeared in which I can my views.

Racism in Britain's inner cities bad, but do people realise the ethnic minorities can be racist too? We see plenty in the news about race riots, but it takes two sides to have a fight, and those two sides must have a mutual hate for each other. When the resulting violence leads to the death of innocent people then both sides are equally to blame.

Also, why all the panic about drugs? These addicts have brought their problem upon themselves, if they want to go ahead and shit themselves up, that's their lookout. If they're willing to take the stuff they should also be willing to die. I may sound like an uncaring bastard but I think the money currently being spent on centres for the smackheads could be used for better purposes.

Well Lloyd, enough of the heavy stuff. Congrats excellent mag, and I applaud the team for not censoring the risqué language in the features
Paul ey (14), South Shields, Tyne & Wear

Any other readers ree with Paul's views. For what it's worth, I reckon most people are addicts of one sort or another – it seems to be a part of being human. The problem arises when the individual's addiction is inherently self-destructive. And some people seem to be more congenitally inclined to pursue addiction inwards, be unable to overcome its effects (and I'm talking about living life through *Enders* as much as heroin). If they are addicts by nature, then no amount of legislation will ever really help.
▶ LM

HIP-HOP PICKERS

Dear Lloyd,
I do like pop music, but I'd like to bring attention to the groups that don't seem to get much airing in the media. Groups like Run DMC, Beastie Boys, and L L Cool J. Please you do a large article on not only these groups, but the full history of hip-hop, graffiti – the written word, rap – the spoken word and breakdance – the expression. Not just a potted history, but the full history how hip-hop evolved, from the times of Grandmaster Flash to the present day with the likes of Schoolly D, Beastie Boys and Run DMC.

Rap has many forms and is the new youth sub-culture of today. The article you did in Issue Zero is just the tip of the iceberg. Books like *Subway Art* highlight these even more. The film *Style Wars* on Channel brought the hip-hop culture to light but I wonder how many people actually saw it.

If any other readers agree or disagree with my point, let them send letters
Matt Hayes, Bromley, Kent

Are the musicologists in the LM listening? Let's hope Matt, maybe you'll see an in-depth exposé soon.
▶ LM

Word up

LIFE IN A [redacted] TOWN

Dear Lloyd,
Remember [redacted] grumpy? Michael Barrett, tea-time, BBC? . . . 'Your own news and views [redacted] we go Nationwide' – Station to Station (Fels LM) would be OKAY [redacted] it weren't so – patronising. I mean, 'life in S E London' doesn't sound so cute, does it?

Newcastle (Life in a Northern Town) isn't [redacted] allowed to be chic narrow-lapelled Sixties; no, we are 'pure Thirties, drink canned lager, and press the stop button on the Metro-rail escalators. Preferable to hacking someone to death with the intention of sticking his head on a pole [redacted] burning Asians alive in their houses.

Let's say for 1987 the 'best places to visit' are anywhere except where you happen to be living. Trying to persuade the estimated 250,000 media-orientated zombies of greater London out of their damp infested Blofax bedsits and into the real world might prove difficult – especially if they believe what's hip depends on what the 'students' are wearing (who cares?) and how well the local football club is doing (really backwards traditionalism this). I kid you not, the Sixties are everywhere, [redacted] buy a BR saver return, or be really hip and [redacted] for a one-way ticket, then find out – for yourself.

[redacted] ***Millar, Darlington, Co Durham***

[redacted] Londoners can be very chauvinist when talking about the Great City, [redacted] then again, I've come [redacted] the same attitudes everywhere. STATION TO STATION has roused passions in many breasts, [redacted] some other [redacted] on these [redacted] indicate.
▶ LM

PATHETIC VERSE . . . ?

Dear Lloyd,
WORD-UP contained a rather interesting letter by some childish pseudonymn or other, titled NOT MORE [redacted]. I hope this refers to the content of the writer's letter, and not your magazine.

He showed himself to be a spineless coward by not printing his address at the end of his letter, and then in his equally skillful manner, he proved himself a hypocrite. In the first paragraph or two of his letter, he calls the magazine 'pathetic . . . drivel', and later goes on to write, 'I feel there is a good magazine trying to get out,' after condemning it by comparing it to the mindless 'teen magazines'. He does not sit on the fence, he jumps from side to side! He should try joining the Alliance, (if, of course he is not already [redacted] member).

He gives further proof that he is a loudmouthed, immature little git, by trying to be 'controversial'. He says that Julian Rignall is an egomaniac for expressing his opinion in these words: 'Fascist bullshit'. He goes [redacted] to say that [redacted] is unnecessary swearing. He could at least read his own letter! He uses the words 'Hell' and 'Jesus Christ' for what seems to me to be pointless [redacted]. I do, however, believe Julian Rignall was a little heavy-handed, but still the point remains that Freskowski has no right to assassinate Julian Rignall's character.

He then goes on, yet again to attack another victim. Gaz Top is described [redacted] 'the biggest cripple ever to appear [redacted] the face of the earth'. This is not only offensive to Gaz Top but also to invalids! This sort of crude use of language for no reason [redacted] what makes me [redacted] angry.

Finally he makes the biggest fool of himself by saying 'this letter is not smart-arsed, only different! Here he is right. The letter is not 'smart-arsed', only crude, rude and offensive. His signing off comment [redacted] also hilarious. After his torrent of abuse he says 'good luck'. Wow! How two-faced can someone be!
Nick Jones, Woodlesford, Leeds

[redacted] And I agree with you Nick. It's astonishing what [redacted] literary types have to put up with! 'Long-suffering' just isn't in it. You slave [redacted] day long, wearing your fingers to the bone [redacted] an unrelenting computer keyboard, searing your eyes with the lethal radiations of an over-heated VDU, and what do you get? The Freskowski Syndro[redacted]. Why [redacted] do [redacted], I'll never know. But [redacted]'t they type of guys – and Sue Dandoo – [redacted] [redacted] I suppose. Tremendous, isn't it?
▶ LM

GETTING BETTER

Dear Lloyd,
Having read Issues Zero and One of LM I noticed a substantial improvement from one to the other. I realise you had to keep it fairly clean (Issue Zero) because many young kids buy the computer magazine it came with and you'd be called a 'bad influence' on the young if you didn't. But I'm glad you have kept separate from your computer magazines, doing more interesting things.

The charts are a good idea and the features have been pretty good – overall a better mag than I expected.
The Running Hedgehog, Hedge End, Southampton

[redacted] What's with this 'fairly clean'? Are you implying LM isn't clean any longer? [redacted] on you – so who [redacted] your bad influence then?
▶ LM

[redacted]

Dear Lloyd,
Och Aye the Noo, and all the rest of it (just to please all you English people who think that everyone in Scotland runs around in kilts wearing daggers down their socks!) In Issue One you said that LM is not a London-based magazine and that you had reports from places much further away than London. But how far away were you meaning? I did not find any mention of Scotland or anything remotely linked with anywhere north of Carlisle. [redacted] is a great mag, but it would be even better if it had more articles concerning the many Scottish readers which you have. See what you [redacted] do, Lloyd!
Stephen Mccall, Newton Mearns, Glasgow

[redacted] Now there was the interview with Goodbye [redacted] McKenzie [redacted] Issue One – Scott-ish aren't they? And Issue Two had STATION [redacted] STATION reports from Edinburgh and Falkirk. Surely Falkirk is far enough north o' [redacted] border. Besides, my great aunt [redacted] a Scotswoman, and I've attended the Braemar Gathering [redacted]. That should be enough!

Still, you [redacted] more on Sonny Scotland, you'd better get writing. [redacted] about starting by telling us what happens of an eve in Newton [redacted]
▶ LM

A STICKY ISSUE

Dear Lloyd,
I am writing to you on the sticky issue of Big Willies. Isn't it amazing what they can recycle these days?

So Issue One of a new magazine for men, and what question is it raising? What burning social problem [redacted] it taking in hand? Big Willies! Does [redacted] Big Willy improve your banking potential? Maybe.

If you enjoy the frustration because she's too tight for you to get it in, no matter how much effort you put into getting her ready for it, or if you're kinky for the agony [redacted] your foreskin tears at the root when you CAN'T stand the frustration, then a Big Willy could be just what you need. Perhaps you would enjoy the pain [redacted] she tries to get her teeth round it, as well? Go out and get your Non-Doctor Big Willy kit now.

Just remember though, that once you've acquired your Big Willy, you still have to laugh at all the Big Willy jokes. You mustn't wonder what the hell you're going to do next (or, worse, shrink in fear) when you KNOW she's not ready, but she still won't let you go down on her (PARDON?). She's going to insist in a minute and of course you mustn't get bored (although I suppose it's Okay if you're bored stiff) when she wants to sit on it AGAIN!

Oh yes, you'd better be quite sure she's on the pill, because condoms, if they fit at all, cause more pain.

But, above all else, you must NOT lose confidence every time a survey, or another loud-mouthed old tart, tells you it's not what you've got, but what you do with it that counts. She might be wondering what SHE'D do with it, IF she ever met it.

Oh, well, the article gave me a (slightly cynical) chuckle. Keep it up!
YAWN! Pass the chocolate pralines.
'Big Dick' Clark, Polegate, [redacted] Sussex

[redacted] Thanks for the studied cynicism, Big Dick. You can't fool [redacted] with your refreshingly up-front but laid-back attitude toward this vital matter. Anyway, the old clichés [redacted] always the best, don't you think?
▶ LM

DEFINITELY [redacted]

Dear Lloyd,
What do you think you're pissing about at? I thought your [redacted] was supposed to be trendy and cool.

For a start *Police Academy III* is the best film I've seen since the ace *Crocodile Dundee*. And that penis C Hutchinson gives it five percent, while that Poulter twat gives it ten percent. Also, tell Poulter that House Music is cool, not to mention brilliant.

If Issue Two is no better, I'm going to trash [redacted] and buy something cool like *Gardeners' Weekly*.

By the way, American Football is the best sport since Poulter Bashing, and if you don't agree I'll set my defence to stomp on your bollocks, that's if you've got any.

Yours really pissed off,
Geoff 'Ace', no address

[redacted] I thought *Police Academy III* was bloody awful, whereas *C Dundee* Esquire le great fun. There's no comparison!

I've been thinking about starting a gardening column, SO hang around – you may not need *Gardeners' Weekly* after all.
▶ LM

[redacted]

Dear Lloyd The Tories are talking a load of bull and destroying Britain. Wake up dickheads, Britain is on a decline and will be until something [redacted] done about this bloody government and their 'I'm alright Jack' attitude. Did you see that speech made by Bobby Grant on *Brookside*? Bloody great I thought, made a lot of sense.

How's about some politics, then, as has been mentioned? Nothing too biased, maybe [redacted] write-in debates, you pick a subject, we all write [redacted] for the next issue.

Do you have any idea where I could get a Red Star badge from? I've [redacted] a good one on the Kelloggs cornflakes advert, the one with the Russians spying on the toy submarine, but I can't find one (a badge not a Russian or a sub [redacted] cornflakes) anywhere.

If you can tell C W I love her . . .

Pudsey is a town situated in northern England between Leeds and Bradford. Pudsey apparently has the most fish and chip shops [redacted] square mile in England, over 35 at the last count, and is home for Pudsey

Beer and the children in need teddy. (Just thought it was about time we were put on the map.)
Comrade Blanch, Pudsey, W Yorks

■ **Now that's a pretty good idea, comrade, a write-in debate every month, and why not? As to the Red Star badge, have you considered writing to the Russian Embassy in London? But watch out for Special Branch, they tend to photograph dissidents (whatever the political colouring) ■■ if there's ever trouble, they can round up potential problems immediately. Who's C W ?**
▶ LM

DISENVOMITED

Dear Lloyd,
As I shoved and pushed carelessly through W H Smith during my lunch-break, I scoured the shelves of arty shit for something even vaguely decent to read. Being a female, there happens to be a distinct lack of readable material available. Most of it is conventionally crass, depicting men as monster/sex beasts – *Jackie, Just 17* – or showing us 'girls' how particularly wonderful we can look in a 10-inch spread of make-up and £1,500 wardrobe.

For years I've been subjected to such blatant vomit as 'How to stop your mascara running when you frig at the Rank' – until NOW!

Alors! Qu'est-ce que c'est! LM? Great heavens above – that looks jolly different matey! So, in my ever so casual manner, I idly pick up this revolution in literary produce, and ■■■■ enough, I'm met with such anarchic sights as mice on forks, Percy Topliss in a giant hammock, Number Six, lager, lager, lager, lager and lots more lager.

I couldn't bear it any longer. I rushed to the cash desk, armed with my wages to buy a copy and I was NOT disappointed.

In fact, my dear Lloyd, I could say with gigantean enormous justification, that it's really rather damn good.

A Newsfield Convert Forever,
Shabeena Yuenf, Bassett, Southampton

■ **Come, come, Shabeena, such faint praise . . .**
▶ LM

LIVERPOOL SLAGGED

Dear Lloyd,
Re: STATION TO STATION, Merseyside (Issue Two).
Okay, so it's damn near impossible to fit all the good bits about Liverpool into one little column, but that humourless prick Neil Hughes didn't even try. In fact his efforts were so dire I have the sneaking suspicion that he doesn't even live here.

Couldn't you sack the stupid git and get someone who knows what they ■■■ talking about?
David Jones, Toxteth, Liverpool

■ **How about you, David? Nearly all the STATION TO STATION reports are from 'ordinary' people who have a yearning to write – and they all live in the place they write about. The point, surely, about STS is that there should be diverse views available – only that way can readers who do not live there, get some idea of a place. While we're on the subject, here's another view . . .**

Your Liverpool correspondent doesn't know his arse from his elbow. Furthermore *Brookside* is of no interest to a lot of Scousers, many in fact find it tedious, boring and not at all realistic.

His little bit of club news was not at all helpful, and is not going to have many people from other parts of the country flocking up here for the Nightlife. Surely this prat has noticed that Liverpool has a thriving club scene and that there are loads of live music venues all over the city with more opening every week? As for his claim that there are a lot of snakes strapped to thighs up here, it seems to me that *His* dick is strapped to the side of his head.

Your interview with Holly Johnson was a masterpiece of fawning, grovelling rubbish. I enclose a review of FGTH's *Liverpool* LP from a local fanzine to show you what scousers really think of FGTH.
Sean O'Connor, Garston, Liverpool

■ **Same applies to you Sean; if you don't feel like writing a full-scale piece on Liverpool music venues, how about a comprehensive list that we can attach to a local correspondent's article at the very least?**
▶ LM

BIRMINGHAM SLAG SLAGGED

Dear Lloyd,
I'm not usually too bothered about writing to magazines but I thought I should reply to Rob 'shoot the dickhead who wrote the article' Shepherd (letter compilation titled *Giving It The Needle*, WORD-UP, Issue Two). Has he ever been to Birmingham? Does he know anyone living in poor housing, on the dole in a depressed city? I doubt it, with all the rows of comfy B & B houses in pickly Sutton-On-Sea. I too come from a comfortable, middle-class background, although where I come from most people manage to keep their feet on the ground and their heads out of the clouds unlike Rob the snob Shepherd.

I've ■■■ been living in Birmingham for almost a year since starting university – again I'm fairly comfortable and have few complaints. But living here, you cannot fail to see how depressed the city is – people are not out of work because of their own fault, they're out of work because of dickheads with views like Rob the snob.

Keep up the good work, keep politics and heavy metal out of the magazine (HM freaks can buy *Sounds* or something if they're that interested), and how about more on the soul/punk/hip-hop scene?
Warren Shaw, Aston, Birmingham

■ **The voice of sweet reasons suggests that somewhere between your extreme views of each other's views lies a truth. Over the coming months LM will be looking closely at life in various of Britain's cities. There may not be answers contained in articles, but there will be opinions . . .**
▶ LM

SPRAYING TONIGHT

Dear Lloyd,
I'm writing about LET US SPRAY (Issue Zero), your story about the graffiti artist from Bristol, Delge.

I am also a graffiti artist and would like to get in touch with fellow graffiti artists. I also share an interest in a world exhibition of graffiti in Bristol. I hope you can put me in touch with Delge '3DEE'.
Michael Regan 'Rusto', Fallowfield, Manchester

■ **I'll get Sally Newman to pass on your letter to Delge via Beezer (who took the pics).**
▶ LM

HAVE PAL WILL TRAVEL

Dear Lloyd,
Your article in the February issue about travelling was really good. However, my problem is trying to find someone to travel with.

I've been planning and saving like mad for months and I'm hoping to take off somewhere this year. (Rather than a holiday, I want to travel around the world for as long as it takes).

So, to get to the point, I need to find people aged about 17 - 20-ish (male or female), who are interested in travel as much as me.

Please could you print this letter in your magazine or give me some addresses to help me find people.
Maxine Clews (17), 246 Longford Road, Cannock, Staffs WS11 1NX

■ **Perhaps some other LM readers will get in touch with you Maxine. However, the Student Travel Association might be a good starting point for advice and contacts.**
▶ LM

HOPE FOR A LONG ORGAN

Dear Lloyd,
Soft porn to vivisection – it's definitely all in LM.

It's good to see such a fresh new magazine, a good cross-section of writers, and pages of reviews. But stop!

Remember last year, a short-lived organ call *The Hit*, lasted nine issues? It followed your format, mainly boys but a few girly articles were slipped in.

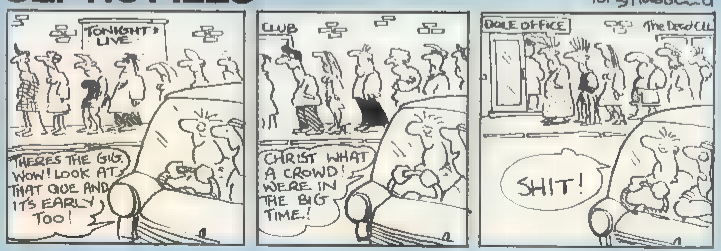
I usually buy *NME* but the political shit in there has increased. Hope you last out. Like to ■■■ plenty of real words – let's not pretend they don't swear, and if anyone says 'Fuck', let's not asterix it out – Okay?

The articles were all good – and there's loads of 'em, nice to see a good contrast in pop. Keep it up, fully erected of course – all six inches!
Simon Ward, Whitehaven, Cumbria

■ **Good heavens! Even famous ac-tors write to me**

SEPTIC PILES

Tony Husband



now. As far as I'm concerned, if people want to use words like '****', or ****, or even ****ing, **** , that's up to them. But there's a poetic balance in these things, you know, Simon. Too much becomes boring in print, and there's no [redacted] to give offence [redacted] it isn't needed. *The Hit* [redacted] weekly, which makes [redacted] difference, and I have to say, I don't think LM and *The Hit* have v[redacted] much in common apart from being aimed [redacted] a similar market.
▶ LM

UNKNOWNS

Dear Lloyd,
'First a 'thank you' to everyone buying [redacted] one of [redacted] and a 'hello' to those reading it'.

Oh dear.

Apart from that, the awful design, your total lack of style in any writing and the atrociously badly written and boring STATION TO STATION, your magazine is . . . well, let's say I won't be buying it regularly.

However, more importantly, I've always thought that someone who writes about, and reviews music should really *like* music. That said, I'd like to know what right Paul Strange has to review albums when he says (Issue One, page 106), 'I'm always wary of total unknowns who are unleashed on an unsuspecting public'. Apart from *East Enders* actors, Sam Fox and Julian Lennon, just about all groups and artistes are totally unknown before their first record. And look what happens when a 'known' makes a record: 'Every loser wins, once the dream begins . . .'
Roger Pebody, Oakley, Bedford

[redacted] We don't expect everybody to like LM, and certainly not to consider all its contents wonderful, but to lump the efforts of [redacted] 30 very different writers, unconstrained by [redacted] dictatorial 'house style', into the comment 'total lack [redacted] style in any writing,' [redacted] a patently childish attitude.

I agree that, by definition, unknowns must be so until they are exposed and become known, and it's unreasonable to be harsh about them. But I thought [redacted] sense of that piece read that: so much hype is often attached to the first efforts of 'unknowns' that it can make someone coming to grips with them in [redacted] review situation very uneasy.
▶ LM

[redacted]

COSTS

Dear Lloyd,
What [redacted] great mag. Just £1 for [redacted] whole pile of cans, doormats, goldfish, prisoners and Brummagems. Mail order offers: T-shirts and caps, Telstar records, subscriptions – good stuff. Nine compos, four write-in charts, WORD-UP and HASSLES.

I must take advantage of all this, but what do I see? All of these are addressed differently. That comes to 13p postage times 18, which is £2.34 – over twice the price of the magazine itself.

There would be less letter-opening for you lot, and it would be a lot cheaper for me if they could all [redacted] into one envelope. When this arrived it could be opened and the contents sorted and sent to the various departments.
Joseph Otten, Longright, Manchester

[redacted] **I've got [redacted] for you Joseph. You can send them all in [redacted] envelope – at least the competition entries, as long as each [redacted] clearly marked. It's much safer, though, to send any** WORD-UP, [redacted] or [redacted] **Order items under separate cover, because competitions only get sorted once a month! Any multiple competition entries should be marked on the outer envelope [redacted] 'MULTIPLE ENTRY, ISSUE (number) LM', and then the usual address.**
▶ LM

INCOMPLETE

[redacted]

Dear Lloyd,
Whose idea was it to give away a free issue zero of LM with the Christmas Special of *Zzap! 64*? Give this person [redacted] medal!

Issue Zero was really brilliant, although I didn't agree with, your review of *How to be a complete bastard* by Ade Edmonson. I got the book for Christmas, and it's brilliant.

I've just got Issue One and it is really fantastic. I loved the section on photography, not because it had topless women in the pictures, but because the pictures were very good and original like the Mouse and cheese on fork photo.

I think that an adverts section and chart would be terrific.

But how about an arcade game section? And in the music section, how about pop charts, indie charts and heavy metal charts each month? *Karl Cullen, Temple Wood, Cepel, Surrey*

[redacted] **Thanks for the kind comments Karl. Naturally, it was I who had the idea of giving away [redacted] complimentary copy – I is pretty good at thinking up these expensive little wheezes . . .**

Strikes me that receiving a book on how to be illegitimate as [redacted] gift to celebrate a holy day is a bit odd—but each to their own, I always say. Watch [redacted] ish for pieces on telly ads and a reader chart. Paul Strange hates heavy metal – so I don't know about that . . .
▶ LM

UNCLASSIFIED

Dear Lloyd,
I felt a bit let down after buying Issue One (February) of LM, when I found you had [redacted] classified adverts. You didn't [redacted] have a penpal page like they do in some magazines. I think you ought to have [redacted] few classified advert pages like they do in many magazines. I place a lot of classified adverts in magazines and maybe I'd use yours if you did this.
David C Mledzianik, Rotherham, Yorks

[redacted] **As I mention in HASSLES, [redacted] penpals column is under consideration for future issues. It's just that [redacted] things take time to organise, and it's nice to see whether there really is a requirement first. Classified ads, I'm told, are also being considered.**
▶ LM

NICICLE [redacted]

Dear Lloyd,
How in hell's name do you expect to get away with that slanderous attack on the Icicle Works? To kick off with, that Dando hussey even got [redacted] of their names wrong, it's Chris Layhe not Chris Layne!

Secondly, all through her interview she seemed to be putting down the North – especially Liverpool. I have but [redacted] answer to this – a line taken from *Up Here in the North of England* by the Icicle Works: 'The Southerners all hate us 'cos we're always in the spotlight . . .' so true, [redacted] true!

Finally onto the musical merits of the band. Has this Dando tart ever listened [redacted] an Icicle Works record? or been to an Icicle Works concert? I've [redacted] them twice on stage and it's only then that their true, brilliant talent [redacted] through to its fullest extent.

Mark my words, Dando, you are a marked woman 'Up Here in the North of England'!
Steven Kennaugh, Widnes, Cheshire

[redacted] **I'm sure Sue has nothing against the North of England, do you Sue? No, [redacted]'s shaking her head. And [redacted] site [redacted] the next desk to Richard Lowe, [redacted] man born and bred on Merseyside. Perhaps we'll send her up to do a [redacted] IN A HUTCASE in Liverpool soon, just to prove the point.**
▶ LM

[redacted] LABYRINTHINE

Dear Lloyd,
Having just found your complimentary issue abandoned at my local barbers, I picked it up and took it home to read, and I'd like to say thanks a lot for producing the first mag that actually puts together everything of interest in one, without subjecting people [redacted] the normal, 'we know best' crap and political clap-trap of a few other better known publications.

I particularly liked the David Bowie profile, but would not agree with David Currie on the review of *Labyrinth*, which as a parent I took my six-year-old son to see. He and all the other children seemed totally enchanted with the film, which proves the fact that if you're going to review [redacted] film of this kind, attend the film with the attitude of enjoying the film from a child's point of view, and don't look for hidden meanings [redacted] depth!

Curtis Hutchinson said if anyone could ID Bowie in *Virgin Soldier* he would give them a Bowie prize (Bowie is the poof holding hands on parade). I know it might be late but as I live in Germany, what's the chance of squeezing something out of him?

How about a review of *Crimes of Passion* with Kathleen Turner WOW!
A Downie, J BTY, 3 RHA, BFPO 16

[redacted] **Thanks for your kind comments. I'll have to check with Curtis, and if no-one's already collected that prize, I'll give him a squeeze on your behalf. *Labyrinth* was possibly a grey area – a film intended for young children, yet marketed generally. And I suppose the answer [redacted] to be, that if we're writing for [redacted] older age group, we have to take that into account – or not review something. In the context of the Bowie article, [redacted] inevitable that it should be reviewed.**
▶ LM

That's the lot for the April issue. Sorry to so many readers who wrote in but didn't get printed. Don't let that put you off. Your letters do get read in the office, and that's the way opinions impinge [redacted] the LM editorial team – and who knows, next time you may be unlucky enough to get your views aired on these hallowed [redacted]es, [redacted] other readers can slag you off!

Write to LLOYD [redacted] MANGRAM'S WORD-[redacted] LM, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*. [redacted] are to journalism [redacted] Viz is to the Beano – I still haven't figured that one out yet.



Win Win Win ON YOUR NIKE! Win Win Win

LM's dusting off its slobbish beer-boy image and preparing for a grueling summer of pectoral pulsating press-ups, sweaty sessions on the rowing machines, jocular jogs round the block and wacky work-outs . . . all thanks to **Nike**.

And here's your big chance to join in on the fun and get fit with some stylish Nike sportswear and sporting accessories.

Brill, eh?

Now the tricky bit. If you want to have a bash at winning one of our prizes, then you're going to have to think up a few well-chosen words and put them into this limbering Amazonian's mouth (all entries of an unprintable nature will be forwarded to Scotland Yard).

The entrant who gets the **LM** panel falling off their swivel chairs will win the first prize, and the entrant who raises the loudest chortle will win the second prize. The next 10 entrants who get mild chuckles will be sent runner-up prizes.

Can't be bad.

First prize:

A pair of Air Support trainers
A tracksuit
Two T-shirts
A pair of Fitness Shoes

Second prize:

A pair of Air Max running-shoes
A sweatshirt
A sports bag
2 T-shirts

AND the **10 runners-up** will win sports bags.

Send this coupon (or a photocopy if you don't want to cut up your **LM**) to **WIN A NIKE COMPETITION, LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*, to arrive no later than **15 April**.

My picture caption for the limbering Amazonian is:

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name

Address

.....

.....

Postcode

My shirt size: Small Medium Large (circle one)

My shoe size:

My tracksuit size:

STATION to STATION

of what's
and what's on at the
what's edible and where's
who's
what's on, what isn't and
the end your road



Glamorous figureheads: Liverpool hotties Derek Hatton (left) and Tommy Sheridan

NORWICH

Full of Ea promise

WHATEVER they say west of Cambridge, there's more to East Anglia than farms and country yokels. As the signposts proclaim, Norwich is a fine city – and it's booming with new business.

Norwich has two lively radio stations (**BBC Radio Norfolk** and **Broadland Radio**, the better), its venue for live big bands (the **University Of East Anglia**), and its nightclubs.

Hy's, **Rick's Place** and **Ritzy's** are all close enough together for a good club crawl, and **Henry's** and **Tudor Hall** are also popular.

These clubs are built around disco music and the bar, many pubs are almost discos now, too, and **The Bell (Hotel)** is good for a pre-nightclub engagement.

Look around, though: there's a pub on almost every street corner in Norwich. Crowds can always find room in the **Murderer's**, the **Mischief Tavern** or the **Micawbers** (and there are **others** not beginning with M).

Besides the usual ABC/Odeon circuit, there's a good film programme at **Cinema City**, which revives the management's obscure old favourites. Special-effects wizard John Dykstra paid Cinema City a fascinating visit, and they've hosted a nostalgic week-long extravaganza of *Doctor Who* shows.

The **Noverre** also shows some interesting films off the beaten screen as well as big-name hits, and it's popular for its café and meeting halls. Both these cinemas keep their prices low and offer reductions for the unemployed; the Odeon has cheap rates at its five o'clock showings, too.

There's been [redacted] good



LIVERPOOL

Mersey killing

AS everybody knows, Liverpool is the finest city in the world. We still have the best footie teams, bacon butties, pop groups, comedians and loopy city councillors (good pop groups and comedians are thin on the ground at the moment, anyway). The city has lost none of its pride; it knows it's the best, though the Government's trying to kill it.

Actually, most Scousers are too busy coping with the problems of existing to worry about the city's politics, the situation [illegible] more concern *outside* the city than within (despite the protestations of the *Liverpool Echo* and some of its Liberal readership)

Liverpool's used to glamorous figureheads (bar [illegible] dreadful Liberal leadership in the Seventies, who managed to underspend in a deprived city!), and there's a general feeling that **Derek Hatton** has sold out by pacifying Labour's national leadership.

The people don't mind him wearing flash suits and driving big cars so long as he fights, but now it seems that he's given up. **Tony Byrne**, the new council leader, not militant (but still left-wing), should do okay so long as he continues with the housing programme.

And while they're at it, they should build more venues. There's not much space for live music in Liverpool, and local groups receive next to no money for playing to audiences too *cool* to enjoy it.

I blame this on Julian Cope, Wylie *et al* for making **knobheads** of themselves all those years ago. Their legacy can be heard [illegible] local groups; yes, the Liverpool sound still exists.

Best local groups? **One Last Fight**, **16 Tambourines**, **Politburo**, **High V**, **The Farm** and a couple of others are dead good, but most bands play uninspired Spandau Ballet outtakes [illegible] outrevolver the Underground.

Best venues: **Bonapartes** (Tuesday, Thursdays, free admission), **The Everyman** [illegible] (Sunday, £1), **The World Downstairs** (Fridays, free), **The Café Berlin** (très trendy, occasional jazz, pop, etc), **The Fire Station** at Bootle (foul place, most nights free), and of course the biggies – **The Royal Court** and **The Empire**.

There are also millions of pubs where you can watch the locals get pissed or listen to awful pub-rock bands. I saw **Paul McGann** sing in one the other week; God, it [illegible] terrible.

A visit to the museums and galleries is a must, awe-inspiring and happy/sad, and so is a trip to Anfield or Goodison. Avoid **The Cavern Walks** (you'll be ripped off before you know it) and also watch out for the Bob Geldof and Beatles statues (I think they bite).

A visit to **Probe Records**, home of Half Man Half Biscuit, can unearth treasures galore – and if it doesn't you [illegible] always play spot-the-weirdo.

Here endeth the first lesson.

ROBERT LEE

DUBLIN

All this and U2

A FIERCE battle has erupted among Dublin's record shops. It began when **Virgin** opened a megastore in Dublin, **HMV** retaliated with a barrage of similar stores; and the Irish independent record retailers are caught in the crossfire.

But it's all good news for Dublin's record buyers, and the unbeatable choice and bargains have sent sales figures sky-high.

Richard Branson's marketing tactics will give his Virgin store the upper hand soon. Branson has just signed a deal with Ireland's nationwide all-music radio channel, Radio Two – now they'll broadcast live from the Virgin store every Saturday.

Dublin's live music scene is looking up, too; local bands take courage from the example of U2, Dublin's most successful group ever. Many bands are breaking free from dead-end Dublin and heading for the British circuit.

Touring in England during the next six weeks will be **Cactus World News**, **Aslan** (tipped for the big time) and **Light A Big Fire**.

But if they make it in England, it'll be Dublin's loss; the city's short on talent.

Coming here in April are Spandau Ballet, Paul Simon (sold out already, of course) and Howard Jones (who's also trying to buy a castle in Ireland). And Alison Moyet, away from Ireland for two years, is playing here again at last.

Aging rocker Suzi Quatro embarks on a tour of Ireland's ballroom circuit, stopping off in Dublin's Olympia theatre. This 1,500-seater is about to become another casualty of Dublin's shrinking theatre audience, and it'll close unless funds are raised to save it.

If you visit Dublin, look out for a strange breed of animal that lurks in the dark doorways of the capital's nightclubs. Bouncers dress in black monkey suits, they're generally big and burly, and their purpose in life is to stop people entering Dublin nightclubs.

So visitors find it hard to get into any club, and Dubliners find it even harder. You're barred unless you're a real regular – and you can't become a regular unless you can get in.

The bouncers have been criticised in the papers, but nothing's changed. Feelings are running high – recently a van drove up to the door of a popular club and a shotgun was fired from the window at the bouncers. Don't bother with a club where you [illegible] these animals at the door.

On the football front, the Republic Of Ireland have two major games during the next month – against Scotland and Belgium. But big Jack Charlton hasn't brought the country's best-ever squad up to an acceptable standard.

And word is that officials in the team's Dublin headquarters are unsatisfied. How long will it be before they call for Jack's head on a plate, as they've done with every other manager in the past four years?

J O'CONNOR



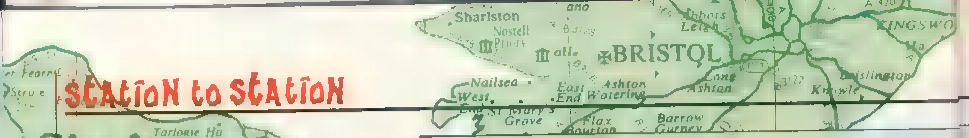
stern

live theatre in Norwich lately. The **Maddermarket Theatre** is very professional – they often tackle Shakespeare, and also produced a popular three-part version of *A Christmas Carol* around the New Year.

Norwich's **Theatre Royal** recently staged the *'Allo 'Allo* play now in London's West End, they're just wrapping up *Cinderella* and than- horror of horrors – who remembers *Guys And Dolls*? If you'd rather, you [illegible] join a Theatre Arts course.

And there's the fine city itself: the Castle Museum, the Cathedral, Bridewell Museum, Stranger's Hall, [illegible] within walking distance of the city centre. Buy *City Wise* magazine for thorough listings of what's on in Norwich, and don't believe the westerners!

MICHAEL CROUCH





CARDIFF

An easy

THEY made an odd couple, tucked into the plush corner seating of the third-floor bar in Cardiff's St David's Hall.

'But don't you see, man,' spluttered the youth, 'this bloody city is a classic case of the thin line between everything and nothing!

Just look at this hall! I rest my case.'

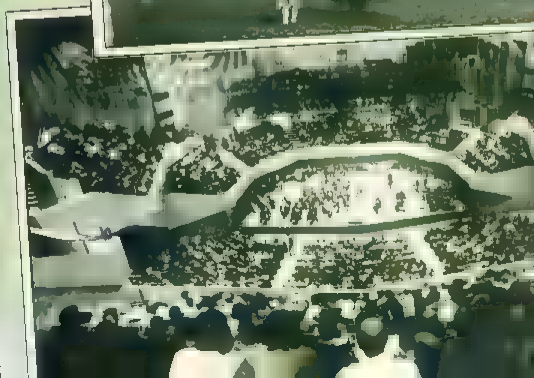
The sociologist fondled his stubble contemplatively.

'I don't know what you mean,' he said. 'They put on excellent classical concerts here, films, popular music . . .'

'Oh, sure,' spat the youth, 'those few bands that don't play the Newport Centre instead. And there's Tom Jones, of course . . .'

The sociologist smiled. 'Well there are plenty of *other* places you can go to see groups – Sam's Bar, P.C's . . . '





EAST LONDON

BowBellers

A Cockney has to be born within the sound of Bow Bells (in the tower of St Mary le Bow in Cheapside) – which means that either every East Ender has fantastic hearing, or there are a hell of a lot of people living in the East End who *aren't* Cockney.

There are a few more misconceptions about the East End to put right. It's nothing like the TV series (thank God), and not every East Ender is related to the infamous **Kray** brothers.

The press describes our Docklands area as 'grim wasteland' – but it's the home of the **warehouse parties**, the best entertainment to be found in the East End. Mr Plod has been closing them down, though, and soon these great parties held in empty warehouses, derelict buildings and anywhere with an open door will be extinct.

The East End is inhabited by completely hairless egglike heads, Kevs running shoes, and heavy-metal clones with enough hair for all those hairless. The **Petticoat Lane** market (every Sunday from 7am) does a roaring trade in Doc Martens, leather, jeans and braces: you can see the goths in daylight, too.

But the yuppie armies are trying to take over the East End (as they have other cheap London suburbs), despite the threatening hate mail that's pouring through their letter boxes – and they sip white wine at the **Prospect Of Whitby**, which has a violent past.

This pub, hanging out over the Thames, is the only picturesque part of the East End – and that only at high tide. It's a good place to overhear addresses of parties.

And the East End is a pub-crawlers paradise. On every corner is the bleak concrete expanses of 'rabbit hutches' (council flats) is a pub, or two. Ask any East Ender about entertainment, and they'll say: 'It's always the pub, ain't it?'

Try the **Still & Star**, in Jack The Ripper's Blood Alley, if that doesn't put you off your pint of lager and packet of crisps – or the **Blind Beggar**, where Ronnie Kray shot George Cornell.

After closing time, the best live venue is the **Bass Clef**, with Caribbean, African and jazz bands. But live music is pretty rare in the East End, apart from the pubs with stripteases and the famous music-hall singalongs. (Of course, the West End is only ten minutes away . . .)

Finally, another misconception: not every East Ender is called Smanfa, Kev or Keiff.

But most are.

JOE DUDLEY

option

'Yeah,' sneered the youth, but the town's crawling with R&B outfits and clever muso bands and their [redacted]. There's no

'That's the trouble with young people today,' sighed the sociologist. Cardiff's culture extends well beyond mere pop music. There's sport – world-class rugby, ice hoc[redacted]ey, football, almost. And there's Art – there [redacted] galleries everywhere – the Maritime Museum in Butetown, the Ffotogallery, the National Museum.

'And then there's theatre. St Stephens [redacted] the docks, the New Theatre – rather populist, I agree – and the Chapter Arts Centre for experimental stuff. They do art and bands there, film, dance, and food . . . as does the wonderful Sherman – two theatres in one, and it does cheap matinées occasionally. Actually it's pretty affordable most of the time.'

The youth shook his head sadly, and took a sip of warm lager.

'Yeah, but that place is part-funded by the University, isn't it? Your beloved University's had it too good for too long, what with that lavish Student's Union of yours off-limits for the likes of me most of the time.

'Face it. With two radio and three TV stations, Cardiff is overrun by pseudy, arty, trendy dickheads and media tossers, but where's the action?'

'But my dear boy,' said the sociologist, 'you must look to jazz for salvation. There's Gibb's Club, and the classy Four Bars Inn.'

'Sure, sure,' grumbled the youth, 'but neither my mind nor my body is sufficiently middle-aged to appreciate those places. Cardiff has lots for the undemanding, discofied, well-dressed alcoholic hedonist, or the patient, discerning aesthete, but there's no fire, it's all complacency. The rock scene is devoid of passion, the jazz scene is devoid of soul, the theatre is devoid of sensation, the media is devoid of

'Money?' suggested the sociologist, chuckling.

'Don't knock it, lad. Cardiff is full of colourful people having a good time.'

The youth gazed balefully into space.

T H O'NEIL

Nottingham.

Thinks: Robin Hood, Torvill [redacted] Dean, Brian Clough . . .

Answer: All three.

Nottingham is like any city [redacted] Friday and Saturday nights, full of the lads and Julies trying to down as many drinks [redacted] possible in their allotted time.

But we have [redacted] few brash and brilliant pubs. [redacted] you want glitz try **The Bodega, Old [redacted] Cross, Oscars** [redacted] **Vogons**. If you want in-between, go for **The Bell, The Dragon, Stage Door, Salutation, Newshouse** [redacted] **Langtry's**.

And you can pose at **Venue 53, Foreman's** and the **Café Royal**. University and poly students favour **Russell's** and **Gooseberry Bush** pubs.

If you want to hear chart music and be ripped off by an expensive club, the **Easy Street Ritzy, Astoria** or **Zhivago's** should suffice. **The Garage** and **Rock City** are better bets, though – you can wear what you want, they're less expensive and they have live bands.

After years of trying to eradicate the memory of **Paper Lace** (our last successful group), Nottingham's music scene remains pretty dead. The only saving grace [redacted] **Fatal Charm** – an excellent three-piece synth combo

NOTTINGHAM

Torvill or not Torvill

and a Janice Long fave. (And the delightful Corinne Drewery of Swing Out Sister was born here . . .)

But there's hope. **Rock City** has built up such a strong reputation [redacted] its five years that groups [redacted] out of their way to play there – Big Country and The Mission, for instance.

And then there are big shows [redacted] the **Royal Concert Hall** – Nik Kershaw, Cyndi Lauper, and the Psychedelic Furs performed during February, and The Cult, Go West and Simply Red [redacted] due this month.

The Concert Hall is a triumph of the Labour-controlled **City Council**, which resurrected a plan the Tories [redacted] scrapped. The Council is becoming [redacted] controversial by the day, and it's now on a Conservative Party hit list because of [redacted] supposedly leftie policies – gays-only [redacted]-ming sessions, for example.

Clothes? **Paul** [redacted] had his first shop in Nottingham and it's still going strong, round the [redacted]. Hockley is full of trendy boutiques, good for shoes, clothes and jewellery.

Sport, though, [redacted] the icing on this city's cake. **Nottingham Forest FC**, one of the best teams in English football, plays down the road at Trent Bridge; next door [redacted] **Notts County Cricket**, which [redacted] to supply England-class cricketers.

For the more arty, the **Royal** theatre and the **Playhouse** hog the limelight (and audiences). On the fringe there's the **Lace Market Theatre** and, for exhibitions and films, the **Midland Group** – [redacted] well [redacted] the flourishing Odeon, where admission [redacted] only a quid for students, UB40s, kids and pensioners.

ANDREW SAXTON

TAMWORTH

Tamwhere?

IT'S 20 miles north of Birmingham, has a population of 66,000, and – for the A J P Taylors among you – it was once the capital of Mercia. Sir Robert Peel, founder of our beloved police force, was born here (worth remembering next time you're stopped for not having a rear lamp on your bike).

Musically, Tamworth life revolves around the **Rathole** and the **Tamworth Assembly Rooms**; there's also an annual battle-of-the-bands contest at the **Arts Centre** and a rock festival in the castle grounds during August.

soul group **Dance Stance**, HM merchants **Kara**, and **XPD** and **Wolfsbane**; recent visitors include Dr Feelgood and Strap On Jack.

Tamworthians are a sporting lot, too, and the town has a BMX track (which has hosted national events) and facilities for windsurfing.

On the booze side of things, Tamworth's wide range of pubs and wine bars is supplied by a strong local brewing industry. It's well worth the effort of getting served at **Hamlets Wine Bar** – not wine, but the real ale. Further upmarket, try **Kimberleys** or **Corvettes** (if you can afford them).

There aren't many nightclubs (**Knights** is about it), but Tamworth has one of the highest concentrations of **chip shops** this side of Edwina Currie.

And there are some out-of-the-ordinary pastimes – for those who want to sniff them out – in **Hopwas Woods**, renowned in these parts for its naked occult rituals and armies of would-be soldiers armed with popguns and Michael-Hesseltine-lookalike combat jackets. Bizarre.

AB STRICKLEY

BELLSHILL

Hill's bells

SECRET: there's a celebrity factory in Bellshill, a small industrial town 12 miles east of Glasgow.

Its output has been minimal but noticeable: the legendary Sir **Matt Busby**, **Billy McNeil** of Aston Villa, **Craas**, **Soup Dragons** and, of course, **Kaston**.

More names will follow. Plans are in hand to increase production and new talent under consideration includes: **Finding Faust**, **Tribe Bann**, **Ceremony**, **Das Krieg**, **Bleedin' Hearts**, **Rhythm Method**, **Tom Tom Akoote**, **Turn Me Once**, **Silent Outcry**, **Fools Gold**, **Cuttin Loose** and **The Gift**. Some of these bands are very fine.

And Bellshill is a piss artist's delight. There are more than 20 pubs (an average of one every three quarters of a mile), though only [illegible] worth mentioning — **Franklyns** and **Rumours** (neither with live music).

Franklyns is the best lounge in town. There's a friendly atmosphere, the décor's okay and the booze isn't expensive. The DJ's music is naff.

Rumours is a less appealing lounge and dance hall. The décor's alright, but the booze is a bit pricy and there are plenty of bouncers to irritate you. Again the DJ lets the place down. (Morrissey's lyric 'Hang the DJ' springs to mind . . .)

Bellshill's pub- and club-owners should take heed, and invest in some good live musical talent (there's plenty around here). Who knows, it might even rain pigs.

PAUL QUINN



Made in Bellshill: The Soup Dragons

LEEDS

All roads lead to Leeds

[illegible] motorway city of the Seventies . . . that was the politicians' and planners' dream vision of Leeds, [illegible] so much a drive-in city as a drive-thru city, with advertising hoardings hiding the new system-built slums from the drivers' eyes.

[illegible] what's there for a poor boy to do in the hard-shoulder city of the Eighties?

Well, there's been a musical renaissance here in the past couple of years — especially welcome in the cultural oblivion of a city where seeing a decent film means a trip to Bradford or Sheffield, and where the plays at Leeds Playhouse might as well *all* be Alan Ayckbourn.

Though there are ten thousand students at Leeds University, they contribute little to the local scene. Discerning punters head to the east of the city, where promoters with real enthusiasm for music make a welcome change from those who could star in *Jaws*.

The Astoria has had memorable [illegible] staged by **Yan Rowntree** (including Ted Hawkins and Michelle Shocked), and **Terry Smith** could have filled the hall twice over for The Bhundu Boys at the end of January — for the third time in a year.

Smith also runs an Afro-Latin disco every Wednesday at the trendy **Coconut Grove**, and there's another Wednesday African disco at the **Phoenix Club**.

Even better is **Nads**, who spends Thursdays at the Phoenix controls, mixing and matching her [illegible] — from reggae to African to the Sex Pistols to The Pogues within minutes.

John Keenan is the city's longest-standing independent promoter. He graduated from mid-Seventies punk and lived through his gothic Futuramas to present some high-class gigs at **Leeds Irish Centre**.

Local bands who play to packed and sweaty houses include **Brendan Croker And The Five O'Clock Shadows** (they toured with Billy Bragg last year), **Zoot And The Roots** and their soul mates **Hat Crazy**.

The Mekons and **The Three Johns** don't play often, and when they do it's usually for a benefit.

Cajun [illegible] is becoming popular, pioneered at the new Wednesday nightspot **Colours** by **The Swamp Gaters**. They're a local 'supergroup', led by Mike Hirst (who plays in at least three bands) and including members of The Mekons, [illegible] **Peg Slax** and **Johnny Jumps The Bandwagon**, and Brendan Croker (who just keeps cropping up).

TONY HARCUP

CAMBRIDGE

Cam on down

TO the uninitiated, Cambridge means the **University**, class privilege and Hooray Henries horsing around in punts; like most popular myths, it's based on a little truth, but it's not the complete picture.

Certainly the city is divided. The University generates its own social life — college discos, film shows, gigs, societies — but most of it's exclusive to students and the humble Cambridge native is left on the outside looking in.

In the past this elitism has led to violent conflict between 'town' and 'gown', and bad feelings continue. While student populations come and go, the resident waits for something to happen.

Cambridge has no major venue, so name bands rarely perform here. There were high hopes for the **Corn Exchange** (recently reopened at great expense, complete with coffee lounges), but it seems unlikely that hundreds of young pop fans will be allowed to defile its sacred halls at large-scale gigs. (Corn Exchange shows have included symphony orchestras, Boxcar Willie and Lindisfarne.)

For live pop music in Cambridge, the pub circuit is your best bet. Try **The Alma Brewery**, [illegible] **Burleigh Arms** and **The Boat Race**, and look out for bands like **Double Yellow Line**, **Strange Brew**, **The Fridgidaires** and the irrepressible **Doctor Skull**.

Local bands are currently engaged in fierce competition at the annual **Cambridge Rock Group Contest**; around 50 bands are competing to follow in the footsteps of last year's winners, Double Yellow Line.

And then there's the **Folk Festival** weekend, normally at the beginning of August. It's expensive (about £17) — but you can see acts ranging from traditional folk music to The Pogues and The Men They Couldn't Hang.

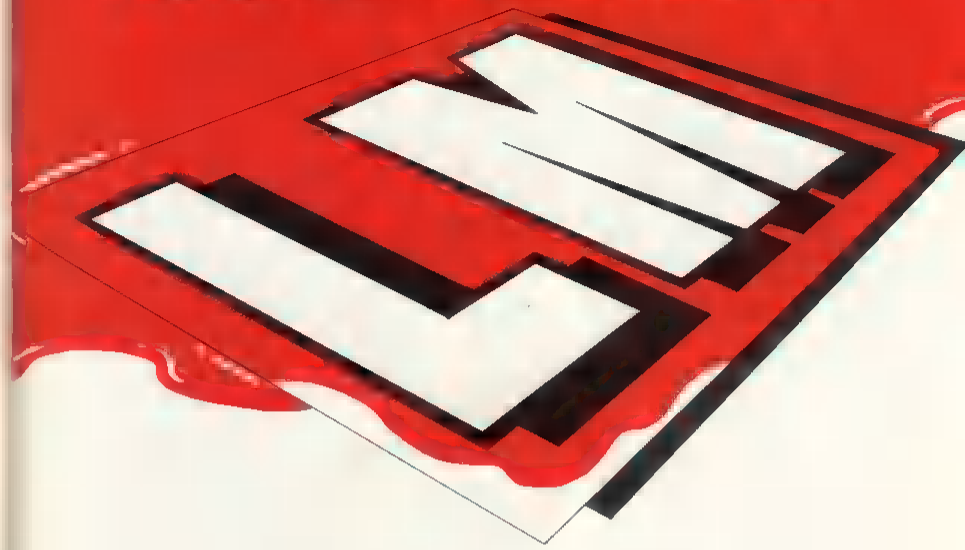
The city's [illegible] nightclub is **Ronelle's** (famed for refusing entry to Aussie cricketer Greg Matthews because he wasn't wearing a tie). A typical nonstop 12-inch disco-mix place, it's large, smoky and expensive.

If you're local and poor, the **Arts Cinema** offers the best value entertainment in Cambridge. It's only a quid to get in, the seats are luxurious, and the programme changes three or four times a week. Few of its films are general release — the Arts shows cult movies, foreign works and older films. It's warm, cheap and open to all, a rare thing in Cambridge.

VALERIE BROWN

Can you write for Station To Station?
[illegible]
Dalton, Stockport SY8 1QS.

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CLOSET CASES

The high-street fashion stores are well-stocked for spring. JANE BOOTH casts an eye over the best of the latest togs.



TOP MAN

Top Man have new looks for spring and summer.

City Smart offers coordinating jackets and single pleat trousers in neutral checks at £37.99 and £22.99 respectively, as well as double-breasted suits in pure new wool (a snip at £99.99).

And if you thought a duster coat was for doing housework in, check out the City Smart range to see how you can cut a dash in a downpour.

Safari Style features big, unstructured jackets in beige and stone cotton and linen with tortoiseshell buttons; they're complemented by loose-fitting trews with twin pleats and turn-ups or longer length shorts for warmer knees.

Look Denim has jeans and jackets in 'distressed' denim (whatever that means) – they team well with Bengal striped shirts (£13.99) and polo shirts (from £5.99).

Portfolio offers a nice bit of *shmatte* – boxy jackets in madras checked seersucker (£42.99) and chinos at £22.99.

Simply Cricket has clean-cut cotton jackets and trousers striped with pastel shades of blue, mint and stone (£18.99 and £19.99), and soft pastel knitwear from £8.99.

And **Rock'n'Roll** goes for a black-and-white colour scheme with diamond print cardigans (around £15), seersucker checked trousers (around £17) and royal-blue-and-white baseball jackets at £37.99.

HENNES

There's a strong nautical flavour at Hennes this spring. Light cotton navy blazers (£17.99) and white cotton trousers (£12.99) can be decked out with sailor hats for that authentic yachting look (*nice*). And the *Out Of Africa*s look is still going strong, with cotton and linen in neutral tones of beige and stone.

This season, epaulettes and brass buttons add a military feel to the loose-fitting, drop-shouldered blazers and roomy trousers. Thoughtful as ever, Hennes are selling clerk's armbands to hold up drop-shouldered sleeves – you don't lose the use of both hands in the quest for street cred.

MARKS & SPENCER

M&S also go with a nautical look, offering casual linen-mix trousers and knitwear in white and navy with bright green. The **Summer Club** provides an alternative look with lots of chambray and denim teaming up with Bengal striped shirts, brightly-coloured cotton crew-neck sweaters and polo shirts.

Colourwise, M&S will offer lots of pastel lemons, pinks and greys in the spring, moving into warmer shades of peach, beige and tan for the summer.

HORNES

To celebrate their centenary, Hornes have revamped much of their product. Spring fashions include cotton twill blouson jackets in neutral tones – with or without hoods and candy-stripe linings – at £39.95 and £45.

Coordinating chinos (roomy, tough cotton trousers with forward facing pleats) are £29.95. Pastels and primary bright cotton pique polo shirts are £12.95, while checked 'Turbo' trousers (an extraordinary description . . .) are £27.50.

NEXT

Next are offering a wide range of spring fashions, including an attractive range of crisp cotton shirts in white, lime, pink and blue (£15.99) and Fifties-inspired navy shirts with embroidered backs (£24.99).

There's also a sporting theme with rugby, cycling and polo shirts (£19.99, £16.99 and from £10.99 respectively), cream V-neck cricket sweaters at £22.99 and trousers £32.99, and zip-fronted cotton gardening jackets.

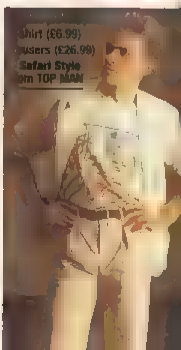
PRINCIPLES

Principles have prices just below Next's. Their **Associates** range provides a selection of casual jackets and trousers with fallen shoulders and roomy thighs in ecru, beige, white and navy, worn with polo shirts at £16.99. Smoothies can find extras such as tiepins alongside boxer shorts entitled 'Monkeys'.

BURTON

Burton are offering Levi denim jackets at £32.99, and 501 jeans at £29.99. They've also got deck-chair and Bengal striped shirts (£18.99 to £12.99), sweaters in pastel mint, peach and lemon (£15.99), heavy rib cardigans (£12.99), unstructured checked and striped blazers in seersucker (£16.99-£19.99) and checked, pleat-topped trews (£18.99).

And while you're at it you could invest in a Burton rucksack (£6.99) to cart around your many hundred polo shirts (also £6.99).





HENNES



Cardigan (£12.99), shirt (£7.99) and trousers with belt (£16.99 from BURTON



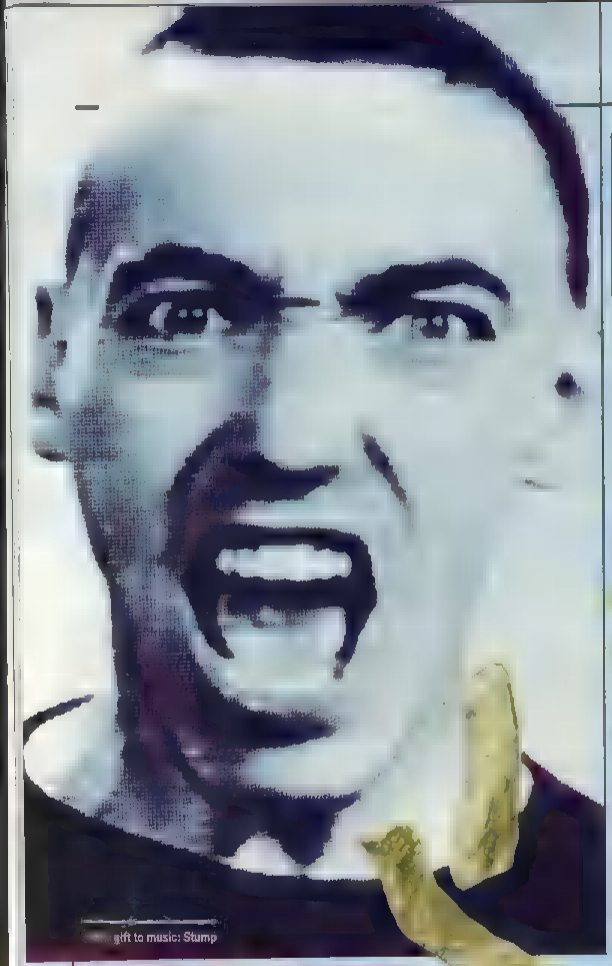
Ramie shirt (£17.95) and 'Turbo' trousers (£27.50) from



Jacket (£40), jersey shirt (£16.99) trousers (£26) from PRINCIPLES



Cream V-neck cricket sweater (£22.99), white shirt (£15.99), striped club tie in burgundy/blue/yellow (£12.99), plaited brown leather belt (£11.99) and cream cricket pants (£32.99) from NEXT



gift to music: Stump

65p

'How much is the fish? Does the [redacted] have chips?' What the hell are [redacted] on about? VICKI HILL [redacted] the boys from the weird stuff.

YES, I was stumped. To the core.

From the band's aggressive, almost grotesque stage act and weird, hard-hitting lyrics, I was expecting Stump to give me rude [redacted] and short shrift.

Not [redacted]. I'd made the mistake of categorising all up-and-coming bands as arrogant, pompous little upstarts, but beneath a light coating of egotism Stump are charming, calm, and utterly helpful.

'Well, what did you expect?' said drummer Rob Mckahey. 'We're just boring, ordinary people who enjoy performing.'

But a typical Stump performance would shock a newcomer. Vocalist Mick Lynch twists, jumps and wobbles, while the whole band sweat buckets.

Do they need any, er, *artificial* stimulants to help their extrovert act?

'Mick does need a drink or two [redacted] get himself up on stage,' says bassist Kevin Hopper. 'He did do [redacted] sober gig, but it turned into a complete disaster.'

What do they get from [redacted] stage performance?

'Adrenaline,' says Mick. 'There's absolutely nothing like the feeling you get from being [redacted] stage, you get up the next morning and still feel fantastic.'

Though he says he can't sing ('cos I smoke'), Mick's voice is tuneful, [redacted], and stridently clear. He needs that kind of delivery to put across his lyrics (to the uninitiated they sound weird and impenetrable, but stick with them and you'll soon find how powerful they [redacted]).

'[redacted] writes far more beautiful lyrics than Morrissey,' says Rob. 'Morrissey writes about middle-class problems, whereas Mick's lyrics are about alcoholics, wimps and people in a real state. I don't think his songs [redacted] grotesque, I think they're graceful and elegant.'

They shun my scorn
The strength of oration
My intuition takes control,
I lock [redacted] myself and by
sheer concentration
Mohammed that mountain
(Alcohol)

[redacted] formed three years ago when Kevin [redacted] guitarist Chris Salmon on a summer holiday. They auditioned for a drummer (the advert said *Drummer wanted with buckets of mental sperm*) and Rob appeared.

After trying out 'Nick Cave types and other various idiot singers' for a year, they remembered Mick Lynch. After a little persuasion (probably they threatened [redacted] reveal that he was once an actor), Mick decided [redacted] add his many talents to the line-up.

Their musical tastes and influences could hardly [redacted] more diverse. Rob likes traditional Irish and Scots music, and he's also played [redacted] soul and blues bands, as well as spending a short spell in Microdisney.

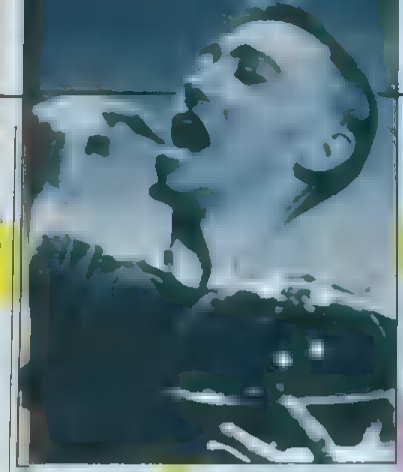
Kevin is into Tom Waits and Kevin Coyne, while Chris prefers older artists – Captain Beefheart (who Stump have been compared to) and The Kinks. Mick prefers The Birthday Party and punk. He, too, has played in Microdisney.

Stump quickly made a mark for themselves. Early on they were grubbing around for [redacted] few quid in seedy London dives, but now they play to audiences of up to 3,000 and are widely expected to break through this year.

The release of a highly successful mini-EP, *Quick Out*, [redacted] them a lot of recognition – not least a promotional video and then a live spot on *The Tube*.

'Doing the video for *The Tube* was great fun.'





remembers Kevin. 'We [illegible] shitting ourselves about playing live though.'

After *The Tube*, record companies started bidding for Stump – but since they'd produced *Quirk Out* themselves and had none of the usual hype, Stump were reluctant to relinquish their independence. Finally they signed with Ensign Records

> **Mick did ONE sober gig. It was a complete disaster.**

[illegible] believes that Stump [illegible] destined to become a 'movement in music'.

Like punk or soul or something?

'Yes, but it'll be known as 'Stump' music. It'll definitely happen, already some bands [illegible] starting to imitate [illegible]. The Chesterfields tried, but they couldn't work the rhythm out. I don't mind them trying to copy us if they haven't got the talent to do anything themselves. I just feel sorry for them.'

Stump rarely improvise on stage: their songs are painstakingly constructed. Basic guitar lines [illegible] carefully thrashed out by Kevin and Chris, and then Rob fits in a series of drum patterns to 'qualify the mood'. Then the instrumental material is presented to Mick, who tries to slot in a vocal line using previously planned lyrics.

'Half the lyrics don't get [illegible] and Mick gets very upset,' says Rob. 'We're always having fights about the music.'

'Yes,' says Kevin, 'we've had [illegible] *real* bust-ups.'

'Actually, we often get on each other's nerves,' says Rob. 'We've all got our little foibles.'

'Chris is a complete imbecile if he drinks,' says Kevin, 'so we have to be quite careful.'

'Chris is also a bit of a lad,' says Rob. 'Mind you, Kevin is eccentric a[illegible] Mick's very fatherly and protective.'

But what sort of people like Stump?

'A complete range,' says Rob. 'All sorts of people turn up at our gigs – hippies, old men, kids and punks, for example.'

What about groupies?

Rob grins sheepishly. 'Well, er, girls do seem to be a bit more *available* these days . . .'

Mick: 'Let's just say it's like suddenly being able to swim, when you've never swum before.'

Stump have throngs of people hanging around backstage, though they're n[illegible] ALL groupies. They band have even received some pleading love letters.

'It makes us feel very responsible to them,' says Rob. 'Some of them think we're the best thing that's happened to them, and if we changed our music it would really throw them.'

How important is the band's image?

Rob: 'We don't even think about that. We certainly won't start wearing leather trousers with loads of keys and metal bits clanking down or anything.'

'We're not in the pretty-boy league,' says Mick. 'Just the *original* [illegible].'

But you've discovered that semistardom has disadvantages . . .

'We have less time for rehearsing and writing new songs,' says Kevin. 'That's bad because it's so important. It's terribly sterile in a studio.'

Have you lost any friends?

Kevin: 'It's funny you should say that, because I have started to lose a few contacts lately, but the true ones see me as no different.'

STUMPIN' AROUND

[illegible] STUMP [illegible] the next few months. [illegible] March: Birmingham Bumbers's (7 April), [illegible] Centre (8 April), Leicester Pri[illegible] Chesilot[illegible] (10), [illegible]chester Apollo (11), [illegible]ndon [illegible] Alexandra (12 April), Glasg[illegible] Varbu[illegible] (30 May), Edinburgh Venue[illegible] Nothin[illegible] (14 May), and Kingston upon [illegible] they'll probably add more dates.

Does semistardom make you bigheaded?

'Ah, no,' says Mick. 'You just spoil it for yourself. I've started to get some flak in the streets, like 'Oi, hey, Stumpy!'. It's embarrassing, but flattering too.'

What are Stump trying to do?

[illegible]: 'We get across the message that you can do your own thing without trying [illegible] deliberately cater for anyone, and you [illegible] *still* get signed.'

> **We're not in the pretty-boy league. We're just original.**

Why's the band called Stump?

'Oh, I don't know,' says Rob. 'We just said it would do, and it kind of stuck. I mean, after a while th[illegible] name doesn't matter, no [illegible] thinks about the [illegible] at all. Look at Culture Club. You hardly think of *culture*, do you? [illegible]'s could have had a better name, though. It's very ugly.'

And would getting to Number One mean you're the best?

Mick: 'Can *you* ever see us getting to Number One?'

Maybe.

And what does the lyric 'How much is the fish?' (from Buffalo) [illegible]?

Silence.

For once, Stump appear stumped. Most peculiar.





WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

STEVE COPPELL



Playing a new game: Steve Coppell

IT WAS, as the commentators say, an historic night. Wembley was packed to capacity on a wet Wednesday evening in November 1981 to see England play Hungary, a crucial match in England's bid to qualify for the 1982 World Cup.

But the game was an anticlimax. The Hungarians were disappointingly timid and offered little resistance to the English onslaught. And the winning goal was laughable; midway through the first half, Paul Mariner skated across the greasy turf, his shin somehow connecting with the ball, which slithered past a startled Hungarian goalkeeper.

Still, England had the result they needed, and went on their way to the World Cup finals in Spain.

But amid all the headlines and hullabaloo nobody remembered Steve Coppell, the industrious, skilful little midfield player who'd had been carried off with a knee injury after a crunching tackle from a Hungarian defender. It looked like a nasty injury, but everyone assumed Steve would be playing again within a few weeks.

In fact, that tackle ended Steve Coppell's career as a footballer. He struggled on for another couple of years, having constant treatment, playing once a fortnight for his club Manchester United so that the swelling would have time to go down between matches. But in 1984, on doctors' orders, he finally called it a day.

Today Steve Coppell is 31 and the manager of Crystal Palace. In his third year there, he's the youngest nonplaying manager in the League. And though Palace are no more than outside promotion contenders, they can give most clubs in the country a run for their money – as Nottingham Forest, who recently lost to the South London club in the third round of the FA Cup, would testify.

But it's a far cry from the halcyon days at the beginning of the decade, when Crystal Palace were 'the team of the Eighties'. Then managed by Terry Venables, Palace had a youth policy that was the

After knee injury put paid to his [illegible] footballer, Steve Coppell went into management. And he's discovered that the English Second Division is no place for the faint-hearted. DAVID CHEAL met the Crystal Palace boss. Picture by BEEZER.

envy of most clubs in the league, and for several heady weeks in 1979 the Eagles dared to topple Liverpool from their perch at the top of Division One. The players were gifted, young and keen. And the crowds were rolling in, with attendances averaging 20-30,000.

Today Palace are lucky to get 6,000 through the turnstiles and, like most clubs in their position, they're struggling to make ends meet. Managing Crystal Palace might be as a comedown for a man who was used to playing his football in world-famous arenas like Wembley and Old Trafford.

But Steve Coppell doesn't see it that way. He's happy to still be involved in football, he feels lucky to be given a chance to prove himself as a manager.

'I always felt as a player that I would spend maybe 15-20 years in football, then I would have got out and done something different. But because I finished early I felt I still had something to give to football. When I did retire I spent three months in Amsterdam getting treatment on my leg, and it more or less three months in isolation away from football. I made a conscious decision then to get involved in football in some capacity and get it out of my system.'

He's grateful for the Palace job, but the gulf between what is and what could have been is enormous. So it's no surprise that this modest, soft-spoken man sometimes feels bitter toward the Hungarian defender whose boot connected so painfully with his knee.

'There have been occasions when I've been mulling over a Budweiser and thinking if it hadn't happened I would still be playing for Manchester United and possibly England with not a care in the world. It's inevitable that I'm going to feel bitter occasionally. I liked to think that I was invincible; I once played four seasons without being injured, and I thought I'd be one of those Billy Bonds or John Hollins types who went on playing till they dropped. So it came as a bit of a shock.'

Some players might have tried to plough on, going to specialists for treatment, deluding themselves that by some miracle they could ward off the inevitable. Steve Coppell was under no such illusions.

'The two surfaces of the bones in the knee should slide across each other – if you eat a chicken, you'll see that the two shiny heads of the bone slide very smoothly across each other. After the final operation the surgeon told me that the surfaces in my knee were like two pieces of carpet. He warned me that if I carried on playing I'd become a cripple. I didn't have any children then, though I've got a little boy now, and I was very much that I wanted to have the experience of *playing* with my own son, rather than limping with my own son.'

Steve has launched himself into his new career with energy, commitment and enthusiasm – the same qualities which made him an automatic choice for the England team as a player (Ron Greenwood once said that Coppell's name was always first on the team sheet).

'As a player you turn up at ten o'clock and go home at half twelve. You don't have to think about anything. As a manager you have to think months and years in advance. If we win on Saturday, even on Saturday evening I'm thinking about next week's game.'

And he has to think about money. A lot. In many ways, Palace still the team of the Eighties, because the changes at Selhurst Park over the past few years typify what's happening to football in England.

Their pioneering ground-sharing arrangement with Charlton ('no problem whatsoever', says Steve) will inevitably be followed by other clubs.

The proposed 'merger' with Wimbledon (Coppell's not so keen on that) is another trendsetting development.

And the low crowds, the lack of cash, the penny-pinching and the dependence on income from outside of sport (one end of the Palace ground is a Sainsbury's supermarket) are telling symptoms of football's recent decline.

'If we were just a football club, we'd be dead tomorrow,' Coppell says of Crystal Palace. 'Everyone says this club has huge potential, and that if you're successful you'll get good crowds; but it's blatantly obvious that if you're *not* successful you get absolutely average crowds. We've got to try, by the long, laborious route, to be successful, because we haven't got any benevolent millionaires on our board to give us cash to buy players. We need cash, and we need to generate an income independent of football. We'd love to just concentrate on football. But we can't afford it.

'Unfortunately the South London public are very much a 'theatregoing' public. If the product's good, they'll go and watch it; if the product's crap, they'll go and watch something else. We have a core of about 5-6,000 people who very loyal, but we've got a lot of floaters who'll only turn up if the product's good.'

Perhaps they're the people who've abandoned Palace because they've found the turmoil of the last eight years confusing and alienating. During one bewildering spell at the club, managers and directors were appointed and then sacked before they'd had chance to warm their seats. Steve Coppell agrees that these comings and goings may have frightened off a lot of supporters. He sees it as part of his job to repair the damage.

'We've done a lot to show people that we're not here as a one-hit wonder. Money is important, but it's far more important for us to get a club which the local community are proud of. And Palace are a club famous for their youth policy. We've got to get our youth policy back so that the kids who play football round here want to play for Crystal Palace and not Tottenham or Arsenal.'

The financial struggles of the pitch are depressing, and the football on the pitch rarely offers more excitement. But there's no other way, says Steve.

'If Palace want to get out of the Second Division, we're going to have to rely on fitness, hard work, organisation, discipline, all the words the purists hate. But it's the only way you'll get promotion.'

As this season's slight in attendances shows, there are signs of a revival in football's fortunes. Have we turned the corner? Steve is realistic.

'There's a long way to go. It's improving, but it's not as dramatic as turning the [illegible]. There are peaks and troughs, and we're just coming out of a trough. How high the peak will be is difficult to tell.'

Everyone has their pet solution for bringing out of the doldrums, from cutting the size of the First Division to increasing the size of the goals. Steve Coppell offers glib theories, but he has strong views.

'A lot of the people who run football haven't got their finger on the pulse of what the man on the terraces wants. And there are too many committees. We should take a leaf out of the Americans' book and have one man in charge of the sport, a commissioner, a supremo to take decisions and responsibility.'

Coppell is derisory of the Government's efforts to fight football hooliganism. 'They're totally clueless,' he says. 'Supporters should be stopped from travelling abroad, and supporters who cause trouble should have their passports taken away. I know it's an imposition on human rights, but if you can't represent your country properly abroad, you should be deprived of that freedom.'

The season is drawing to a close. Crowds are up, slightly. The England team are doing well, and their [illegible] is based on the attractive virtues of skill and technique as well as on hard work and fitness. Hooliganism seems to be less fashionable than it once was. All encouraging signs.

But the future looks tough for clubs like Crystal Palace. For them, promotion is the only hope of prosperity – and for managers like Steve Coppell, the name of the game is survival.

'That is my only objective. I'd love Crystal Palace to be successful, but I have reservations as to whether they can get back to the days when they were a force in the First Division. I started early in management, and I'm just getting to know what it's all about, and I hope the experience I've gained will bring the club some success.

'I feel as if I have a debt to pay to them. If I hadn't got this job as a manager, I wouldn't have got a job in football. Then I would have found out what I would have done with my life an awful lot sooner.'

His contract is coming up for renewal, so Steve Coppell's future is uncertain. But he's pretty sure of one thing: this will be his first and last job as a manager. 'When I get the sack from here,' he says, 'I'll probably quit football. I haven't a clue what I'll do, but I'd make a living, I know that.'

> **"We should have ONE MAN in charge of football, like the Americans."**

> **"When I get the sack from Crystal Palace, I'll quit football."**

FUNKY WEEKENDS

Soul weekend enthusiasts have big events to choose from this summer. SIMON GOFFE reports on Caister, Livewire, The Special Branch and all that jazz.

BUTLINS HAVE this advert on TV shows a outdated holiday camp exploding. 'It's got nothing to do with our weekender,' Livewire boss Adrian Webb. 'We hardly caused any damage. They to do it themselves!'

Livewire held two massively successful soul weekenders at Butlins camps last year, the at Bognor and the second at Barry Island, each attended by over 5,000 young people helibent themselves. Nothing exploded- in serious damage was done to brain away in a torrent of booze, and clothes drowned in a sea of foam.

This year's soul weekender, held over the Easter long weekend, won't be any more sedate. Butlins' major refit has meant a up the road Prestatyn smaller camp (for only people this time) but slightly more luxurious will be special soul to the site, and Livewire will provide their own station with programmes piped in to each chalet.

Adrian Webb what it is that nice young people into drunken, dancing loonies.

'It's a chance to get away from normal humdrum minded people. Basically, it's all about having fun, he replies. 'People look forward to it and often save up all year to and determined a laugh.'

Having a laugh (aka 'entertainment certainly what to the sound of the very best in dance music. There are theme parties based around the music in the large with its own distinct clublike The Warehouse, for recreate the trendy underground scene with ty of house and hi The Superbowl is the main arena and pla host to visiting Roy Ayers and his band, appearing exclusively at the weekender. And to highlight the of the event, Robbie Vincent's Easter Sunday Radio One show be broadcast live from Prestatyn.

The weekenders started ars ago, w an Adrian Webb was part Showstopper Promotions. They initiated the ideal Caister, near Great Yarmouth, where the original weekender still attracts two or three diehards twice a

Now coming up to its , Caister faces tough both the spin-off and from another organisation— The Special Branch.

The Branch's main, Nicky Holloway started by going to Caister w his mates. It wasn't lo before he moved deejaying (he now runs a weekly London club called The Special Branch), and now he's putting own weekenders.

'What's happened,' he explains, 'is th there's a group of who grown up g to all thos have now founc old and too sensible. So what we have come up with is an alternative weekender, for people who don't want to be surrounded by others doi themselves.

'About half of our people are ex-Caister goers. That's no disrespect to it's just we've moved on and are doing something different. We've suburban with the West End trend our own little scene, claims

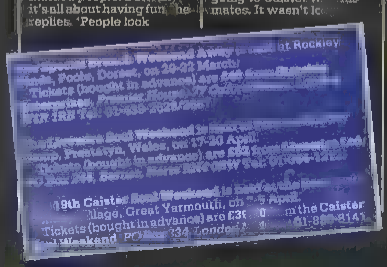
The Special Branch event takes place at Rockley Sands, near Poole in Dorset, the deliberately smaller scale than Livewire's, for just 1,000 serious trendies who'll up with instead four-star

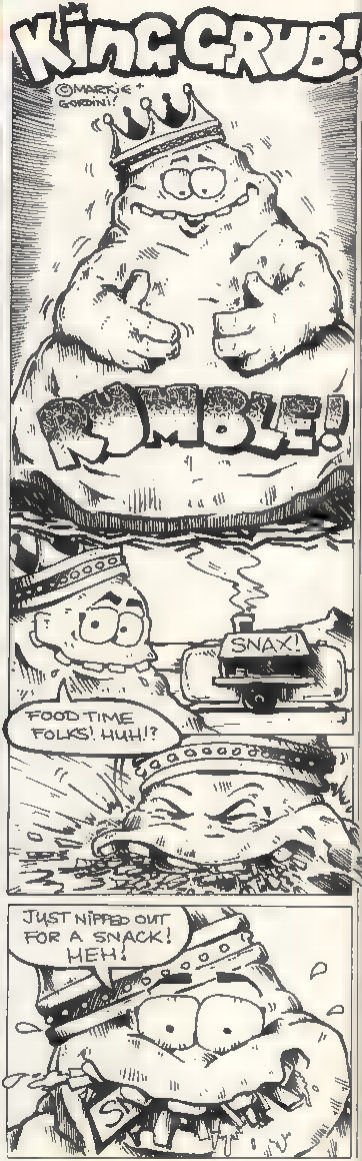
Be des the best soul, jazz , they'll get fashion shows and alternative cabare And we'll have our own décor and everything,' says Nicky. 'I like to we're doing something original and introducing people to too.'

Livewire's event is much big t inevitably less exc Being fashion-conscious there means ding matching eans. As out, our weekenders like a great big family that ther two or three times a year to be entertained. There'll be 30 or 40 people from Devon, and 30 or 40 from Northumbe d, and so on. On their own they're a small group, but together they'll have fun.

But the Special scene thrives on being small and specialist, while crossover to mass popular success has introduced a whole new audience to soul and to the wilder excesses of weekender life.

Probably the only sufferer from new weekender explosion will be the original Caister, have to catch up Eighties to you, I feel sorry for the people who live next door to the holiday camps.





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Love at first b

You can't just strap a couple of L-plates on any motorbike and ride off – the law limits the power of learner bikes. But learner needn't mean second-rate, says LAURIE CADDELL in this guide to street cred on a learner's licence.

LEARNER bikes can tie you down; most people want to pass their test as soon as possible and graduate to a more powerful machine. But Japanese manufacturers have enticed the monied novices with learner-legal motorbikes, which look like scaled-down versions of the big bikes – and might satisfy the owner even after the L-plates have been ceremoniously burned.

The 'Big Four' Japanese manufacturers are locked in a do-or-die struggle, aiming more and more bikes at fewer and fewer buyers in the UK. So prices are competitive, and more high-tech gismos are loaded on to each new season's models, even though learner-legal bikes are limited to a 125cc (or smaller) engine and no more than 12 brake horsepower.

In the learner league, there are three kinds of bike: the commuter roadster (low-tech, low-price, low-cred), and the sports style and the trail style (both high-tech, high-price and, the 125 label apart, with sky-high credibility). The sports bike looks like a one-litre howitzer shrunk in the wash; the trail bike looks like a refugee from a motocross Grand Prix.

Kawasaki, part of the Heavy Industries company which manufactures everything from the famous 'Bullet' train to quarter-million-ton supertankers, is battling for the street-cred end of the learner spectrum.

The racing-styled **Kawasaki AR125** costs a cool £1,219 and its trail-bike stablemate the **Kawasaki KMX125** goes for £1,269; both are available in non-learner derestricted form (ie with more than 12bhp – brake horsepower) for an extra £30.

The AR has the GPz styling of the big 'Kawas' and their Uni-Trak rear suspension. But whereas the big bikes are four-stroke motors, usually of four cylinders, the baby AR makes do with a single-cylinder, two-stroke unit which feeds on a diet of petrol and special two-stroke oil. (Most 'strokers' today have separate tanks and do the mixing themselves, which is a lot of messy fumbling on garage forecourts.)

Though the little 123cc water-cooled mill is restricted to a of 12bhp, it is cleverly designed and has a good spread of power through the rev range. It uses two reed valves and a rotary valve for induction, blessed with the acronym RRIS (Rotary And Reed-valve Induction System).

The Japanese manufacturers adore acronyms (some bikes *covered* in them), and the KMX has KIPS on its motor – but it's just the Kawasaki integrated Power-valve System.

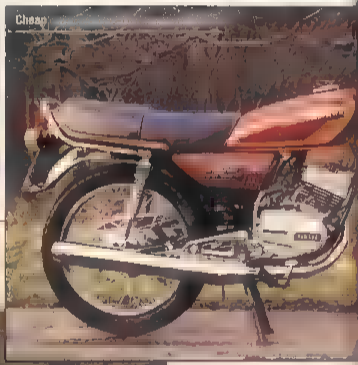
The KMX has a single-shock Uni-Trak rear end, too, and like the AR it's loaded with goodies – twin mirrors, a water-temperature gauge and a little nose fairing.

The KMX also has disc brakes at both ends; motocrossers started using those just a couple of years ago. Even the haven't got round to alloy wheels, though, so the KMX has trad spoked wheels, while the AR sits on a of stylish alloys.

The two Kawas are aimed at the same market and come from the same company, but they're very different animals. The KMX's 124cc motor is very different from the AR's; sometimes it seems the bike-builders are trying to make life harder for themselves.

Though both are feather-weights – the 235-pound AR isn't noticeably heavier than the 218-pound KMX – their seat heights are nificantly different. The AR's seat is 31 inches off the ground, the KMX's 34 inches; both heights are reduced a little by the weight of a rider, but it's difficult for an average-size (say five-foot-eight) person to get both feet firmly on the ground from the KMX's seat.

That's a real problem for the wobbly ; and, conversely, some riders find the high-set pedals of the AR make the riding position too cramped.


Cheap


Fast and noisy: the Kawasaki AR125

ike

Both bikes handle well, though the more upright attitude of the KMX it loses out on high-speed stability what it gains in manoeuvrability around town. The KMX is good for getting and out of tight and weaving round obstacles (cars?). And it *is* 'go' as well 'show'; the bike's competent off-roader, with supple suspension, generous ground clearance and low gearing. The KMX's road/trail tyres the open road surprisingly well, and even in



wet they make for rapid and safe progress; the discs stop the bike smartly and safely.

You a panoramic view from aboard the KMX and it's only on dual carriageway that the rider high above the bike, holds back progress, like a sail. The mid-60s are a comfortable cruising speed on the KMX.

But the AR can reach the mid-70s easily; it's got low-set bars and high-set footrests, so the rider tuck right down, and high-speed work is more comfortable. The AR feels quicker in its rev range than the trail KMX, but it's peakier, too, and needs much more cogstirring in its six-speed gearbox to extract maximum performance. And the AR makes more than the burbling



The AR handles wonderfully and makes larger bikes cumbersome and archaic. It stops well, steers crisply and calls for extra 40-odd horsepower! Still, its 12 ensure a top speed of around 80mph and both it and the KMX can manage over 60mpg (miles to the gallon).

Yamaha's RXS100 is a practical machine for learning, and it'll you money too. The Yam ages over 70mpg but costs just £759 – is a hell of a saving. Like light-weights, it handles neatly (falling midway between the AR and KMX in both manoeuvrability and stability), and its smaller 98cc motor (featuring YEIS – Yamaha Energy Induction System . . .) gets up to the learner limit of 12 horses.

But, just as the AR has a little less low-down power than the KMX, so the Yamaha is a little further behind again, and a bit of legpower is often necessary to help the bike's takeoff even on the slightest inclines.

Once it's moving, though, the Yam offers enough performance for around town – so don't believe stories about learner bikes not having enough power to get them of trouble.

Still, the Yamaha could do with a left-side mirror to make a pair, and a disc front brake instead of the small drum would certainly help stopping, even on this light (207-pound) machine.

Those the leading learner bikes; there are similar rivals in each class from all the Big Four, and there's not much to choose between them. Out of this trio, the Yamaha is the best value for money – but if practicality e everything, we'd all wear grey suits and England would look like Mao's China.

Can you afford either of the Kawasakis – or can you afford *not* to have one?







	Kawasaki KMX125	Kawasaki AR125	Yamaha RXS100
Price	£1269	£1219	£759
Capacity	124cc	123cc	98cc
Max power	12bhp/9500rpm	12bhp/9500rpm	12bhp/8500rpm
Max torque	11.6Nm/6500rpm	11.2 Nm/7000rpm	10.8Nm/8000rpm
Gears	6	6	6
Brakes	disc/disc	disc/drum	drum/drum
Weight	218lb	235lb	207lb
Seat height	34in	31in	31in
Max speed	75mph	80mph	72mph
Fuel consumption	about 58mpg	about 64mpg	about 74mpg

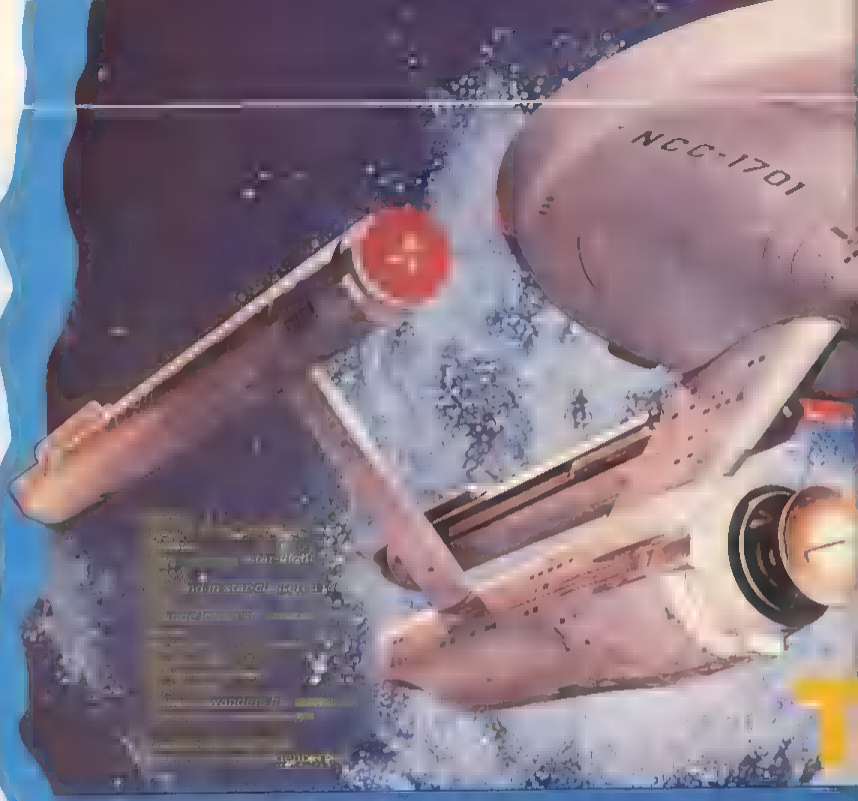
OUR MISTAKES

Licence rules and Honda mopeds

In Laurie Caddell's introduction to motorbikes last month (**EASY RIDING**, **LM** issue Two, page 26), we got mixed up about **learners' licences**.

The rules are: when you're 16, you can get a provisional licence and ride a moped (a bike of up 50cc, with a maximum speed of 35mph). Once you're 17, with a provisional licence you can ride a motorbike up to 125cc in the 'restricted' class – that means a maximum of 12bhp (brake horsepower). You have to take the test within two years of getting the provisional licence, or you lose it for a year.

Also, a **Honda bike** on page 27 of **LM** issue Two was incorrectly identified. The photo was actually of a Honda MT5 50cc moped.



Thousands of STAR TREK fans set ting phasers on Nostalgia as the cult hits its twentieth birthday the movie THE AGE HOME ROGER flips back through time for a look at th history behind the famous series and th astonishing of dde erry.

THINK OF THIS
In 1963,
Roddenberry
America
writer wit
new series to replace
that could
drama series was the
first that Roddenberry



THE EPISODES – COMPLETE

CAPTAIN'S LOG:

. . . All these are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise* . . . at least, as seen on TV. They're listed in the order they were shown on American TV in the first run.

It doesn't match the order of the BBC's first run, mainly because several episodes were banned (for reasons which today seem very strange).

And the first pilot episode Gene Roddenberry made with Jeff Hunter as the *Enterprise*'s Captain wasn't transmitted – but it should be available on video shortly.

FIRST SEASON

1 *Man Trap*
2 *Charlie X*
3 *Where No Man Has Gone Before*
4 *The Naked Time*
5 *The Enemy Within*
6 *Mudd's Women*
7 *What Are Little Girls Made Of?*
8 *Miri*
9 *Dagger Of The Mind*
10 *Corbomite Maneuver*
11 *The Menagerie (Part One)*
12 *The Menagerie (Part Two)*
13 *Conscience Of The King*
14 *Balance Of Terror*
15 *Shore Leave*
16 *The Galileo Seven*
17 *The Squire Of Gothos*
18 *Arena*
19 *Tomorrow Is Yesterday*
20 *Courtmartial*
21 *The Return Of The Archons*
22 *Space Seed*
23 *A Taste Of Armageddon*
24 *This Side Of Paradise*
25 *The Devil In The Dark*
26 *Errand Of Mercy*
27 *The Alternative Factor*
28 *The City On The Edge Of Forever*
29 *Operation Annihilate*

SECOND SEASON

30 *Amok Time*
31 *Who Mourns For Adonis?*
32 *The Changeling*
33 *Mirror, Mirror*
34 *The Apple*
35 *The Doomsday Machine*
36 *Catspaw*
37 *I, Mudd*
38 *Metamorphosis*
39 *Journey To Babel*
40 *Friday's Child*
41 *The Deadly Years*
42 *Obsession*
43 *Wolf In The Fold*
44 *The Trouble With Tribbles*
45 *The Gamesters Of Triskelion*
46 *A Piece Of The Action*
47 *The Immunity Syndrome*
48 *A Private Little War*
49 *Return To Tomorrow*
50 *Patterns Of Force*
51 *By Any Other Name*
52 *The Omega Glory*
53 *The Ultimate Computer*
54 *Bread And Circuses*
55 *Assignment Earth*

THIRD SEASON

56 *Spock's Brain*
57 *The Enterprise Incident*
58 *The Paradise Syndrome*
59 *And The Children Shall Lead*
60 *Is There In Truth No Beauty?*
61 *Spectre Of The Gun*
62 *Day Of The Dove*
63 *For The World Is Hollow And I Have Touched The Sky*
64 *The Tholian Web*
65 *Plato's Stepchildren*
66 *Wink Of An Eye*
67 *The Empath*
68 *Elaan Of Troyius*
69 *Whom Gods Destroy*
70 *Let That Be Your Last Battlefield*
71 *The Mark Of Gideon*
72 *That Which Survives*
73 *The Lights Of Zetar*
74 *Requiem For Methuselah*
75 *The Way To Eden*
76 *The Cloud Minders*
77 *The Savage Curtain*
78 *All Our Yesterdays*
79 *Turnabout Intruder*



THE SURGICAL SALTSHAKERS

THE EPISODE *Man Trap* required a disguised alien to give himself away through his craving for salt. The idea was that as someone passed by with a tray he would make a grab for the saltshaker.

But the production team were faced with a problem: what will saltshakers look like in hundreds of years? Props man Feinberg went out and bought several futuristic looking shakers, but Roddenberry realised that no-one seeing them on TV would realise what they really were, and the point would be lost.

In the end ordinary-looking 20th-century saltshakers were used, but the wonderfully exotic ones Feinberg had purchased became Dr McCoy's surgical implements.



WHY NIMOY NEARLY QUIT

Ear job for Spock

BELIEVABILITY

RODDENBERRY'S almost obsessive insistence on what he called 'believability' in *Star Trek* scripts was legendary. In early drafts, the *Enterprise* and its crew were armed with lasers, but the last thing Roddenberry wanted was the show being overtaken by progress – which might show up weaknesses in the *Star Trek* world.

And by the mid-Sixties lasers were becoming a reality. So the weapons of the *Enterprise* crew were renamed 'phasers' – phasing being the principle by which power can be increased. *Star Trek* was guaranteed a head start on science!

In most science-fiction B-films of the time, the 'female interest' was a dumb blonde along for the ride. Roddenberry was concerned that the Captain's Yeoman, played by Grace Lee Witney, should have a sensible function to undertake when they were on a planet's surface. The answer was the tri-corder, a neat, logical device which not only kept her realistically busy but also helped the action. And, as Roddenberry was well aware, it had vast merchandising potential – Christmas toys for boys *and* girls.

And actors caught the believability syndrome, even giving guidance to transient talent like directors. Once on a *Star Trek* set George Takei, standing at his helmsman position, was told to push a particular button which appeared in the shot. When George said no, the director became irritated. He wanted *that* button used, and was completely flummoxed when George still refused, because pressing *that* button would make *Enterprise* self-destruct.

Mr Scott, too, gave some directors a hard time. The camera was set up for a scene in the transporter room – but it all had to be reset when actor James Doohan explained that the director had it wrong. 'You push the transporter lever *that* way to beam down, and *that* way to beam up.'

William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy enjoyed a spot of director-baiting, confusing one man who'd never heard of the famous Spock nerve-pinch. Shatner explained how it looked by demonstrating on Nimoy, who stood smilingly unharmed.

Then Nimoy turned quietly on Shatner and showed how it should really be done. Before the astounded director's eyes, Shatner fell on the ground, unconscious. A director should really know better – never trust an actor not to be acting . . .





Trouble in the sickbay: Star Trek: The Motion Picture



Enterprise zone





Mightier than the phaser

The men who wrote [redacted] legend

ONE OF the strengths of *Star Trek* [redacted] its stories. Gene Roddenberry was concerned that his space opera should be believable, but he insisted that the plots should be enlightening and intelligent, hopeful about mankind and generally more philosophical than anything seen on TV before.

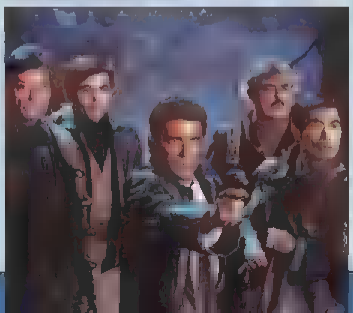
But to get episodes past his paymasters, men who preferred action and [redacted] obvious before all else, Roddenberry had to 'dress' the scripts conservatively – without losing his ideas.

Star Trek employed the talents of many fine writers, funneling them through the security gates of D C Fontana as script consultant (for the first two seasons) and Arthur Singer (for the third season). They and Roddenberry rewrote nearly all the submitted scripts. Indeed, [redacted] C Fontana wrote several stories herself.

The rewrites were necessary – commissioned writers rarely accepted Roddenberry's complete vision of the series. For the sake of a dramatic situation, a writer would invent some device or some military rank that contradicted earlier episodes, or didn't fit in with Roddenberry's conception.

This dictatorial censorship often led to problems. The famous SF novelist Harlan Ellison fell out very badly with Roddenberry over a story Ellison wrote for *Star Trek*. (Incidentally, they almost fell out again over *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* which Ellison thought was a dreary mess. [redacted] wrote uncompromisingly in the SF film magazine *Starlog*.)

The planet is newly [redacted] with [redacted] and dangerously unstable . . . Bones, Chekov, Kirk, Scotty and [redacted] prepare to take on the Klingons in Star Trek III, The Search For Spock

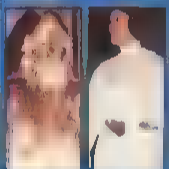


Nevertheless, *Star Trek* attracted top SF authors and the cream of TV writers. Ellison's contribution [redacted] *The City On The Edge Of Forever*, the wonderful episode where McCoy goes insane and flees back to Thirties Chicago, interfering with time itself. Robert Bloch, the SF writer better known for his horror st[redacted], wrote three episodes: *What Are Little Girls Made Of?*, *Catspaw* and *Wolf In The Fold*.

Another writer of bizarre [redacted] who involved himself in *Star Trek* was Norman Spinrad, who[redacted] up with *The Doomsday Machine*. And the much-admired veteran writer Theodore Sturgeon wrote two stories: *Shore Leave* and *Amok Time*.

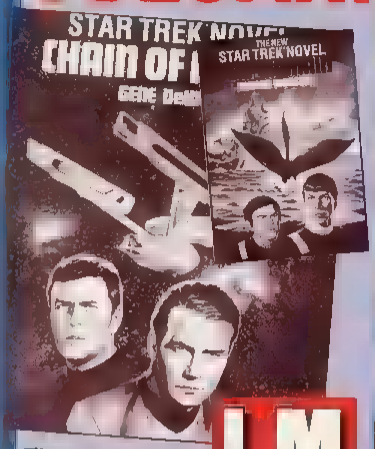
One scriptwriter also directed – John Meredyth Lucas, who came up with several stories, handled his own *Elaan Of Troyius*.

And then there [redacted] Marvin Chomsky. For *Star Trek* he wrote *Day of The Dove* and *All Our Yesterdays* – and [redacted] to direct big TV potboilers in the Seventies, including *Roots* and *Holocaust*.



Conventions can get a touch crowded when [redacted] Klingons [redacted] Data, [redacted] Picard [redacted] and the Wesley [redacted]

WIN A VULCAN!



Titan go Trekking!

Get into space on a postage stamp!

FOR *Star Trek* addicts unable to get enough of their favourite fix, **Titan Books** are launching a series of novels based on the Trekkie theme. The first is published on 27 March – *Deep Domain* by Howard Weinstein – and on 29 May out comes *Chain Of Attack* by Gene DeWeese.

Deep Domain sees the *Enterprise* on a routine diplomatic mission to the water-world of Akkalla. But it turns into a nightmare search as Spock goes missing (is he ever in, these days?) with Chekov. Deep below Akkalla's seas lies a secret whose discovery will mean civil war – and death for the crew of the *Enterprise*.

In *Chain Of Attack* the Enterprise is hurled through a time anomaly into a galaxy millions of light years away, without hope of ever getting back. A search of the surrounding star systems reveals dozens of scorched and lifeless worlds held in thrall by mysterious beings called the Destroyers.

When the *Enterprise* appears in their midst, the alien beings of the galaxy mistake her for a Destroyer craft and target the ship for destruction. Captain Kirk to the bridge . . .

The novels will cost £2.95 from your bookseller – but thanks to Titan Books, ten **LM** readers can get into space for the cost of a stamp. We've been sent some copies of *Deep Domain* and *Chain Of Attack* to GIVE AWAY to Trekkies who can answer these questions . . .

1) What name, other than Kirk, Springs to mind . . . ?
2) Which TV episode of *Star Trek* takes its title from Kirk's opening words?
3) Which *Star Trek* episodes won a Hugo Award?

The first ten correct entries pulled from the **LM** Wormhole will each win Titan's two *Star Trek* books. Send your answers on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope (not forgetting to write down your name and address . . .) to: **Trek And Treat Competition, LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DS*, to [redacted] later than **16 April**.

We'll reveal the [redacted] in Issue Four of [redacted], on sale 16 April. [redacted]am it up.

LM COMP

[redacted] the voyages of the DAVID CHEAL [redacted] mission: [redacted] boldly [redacted] watched.

STAR TREK IV: THE VOYAGE HOME



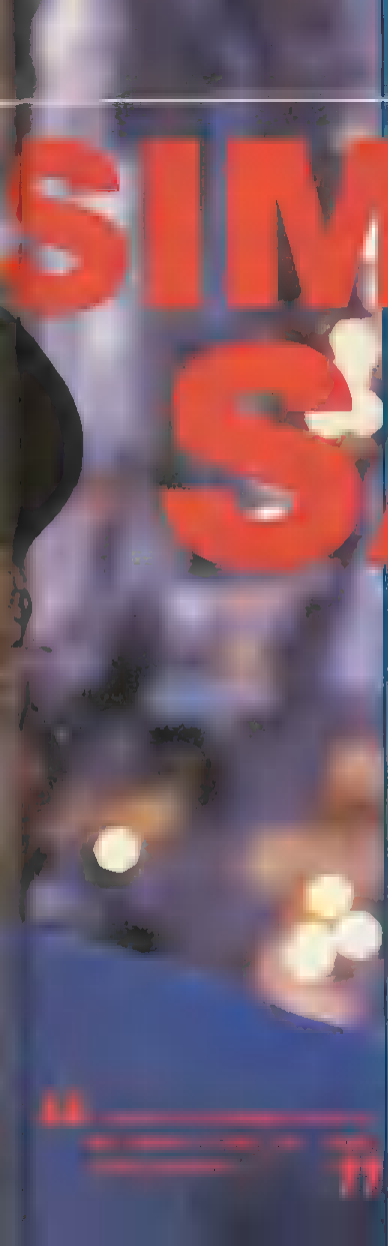
[redacted] Earth and [redacted] [redacted]



SIMPLY SAID

Politics, people, posing, pissedness – SIMPLY RED's Mick draw breath as the rants in his pants. SUE DANDO ways.

Pictures by BEEZER





Out of a picture book: left to right, Chris Joyce, Mick Hucknall and

believed the Pistols ... the tube of the bill ... I mean, when we started ... always mates ... we weren't going ... we have any ... arms, drop out ... and I weren't going to have ... people getting ... thing stroppy ... I'm ... things ... get ... mistaken for ... stroppy ... really ... just getting ... agitated ... because when you get ... certain level of success ... you're saying ... overbearing and ... never ... slightly anxious ... on being ... but it's not, it's a ... imagination ... think any the less ... of people these days, I don't ... think people are ... I just know what I ... hope ...

MICK HUCKNALL: ... and rants ... and rants and ... subject you care to ... are ... the Sunday Review ... themselves ... When they really ... a point, as a question comes ... their way, it's not long ... before Mick the Mouth is ... ranting ... and taking centre stage ... Do they get on this way ... the ... No way says Mick. "There ... bitchiness ... within the band. Un-internal wrangling ... if there is something ... I let wear ...

Do we ... right away. I think ... remarkable ... mean in a sense ... we've been created ... a trainwreck ... remarkable ... we've been touring ... of ... that ... before ... there's a strength ... between us, a bond where ... we ... each other ... there's a character ... like ... and we've all been accepted ... we've ... good ... and the ... attitude ... I know what I want ... of life now, and some ... people ... probably, and that is ... overbearing and ... never ... slightly anxious ... on being ... but it's not, it's a ... imagination ... think any the less ... of people these days, I don't ... think people are ... I just know what I ... hope ...

Paschetting ... drummer Chris Joyce could add ... chance ...

Mick: Tim, I love to ... when I think of yourself ... I wouldn't ...

... know where ... completely different ... the ... kitchen in that ... won't room in Manchester ... people ... like that ... in Southend, let alone ... Yorkshire ... probably neurotic because ... I worry about things ... to do ... and ... and other ... all the time ... I have to ... keep everything in check ... and organise everything ... everything very well ... Yeah, I'm probably neurotic ... really ... it drives me ... worrying ... quite character-stick ... quite ... anybody ... be ... anybody ... as learn ... don't ... over ... anybody ...

Chris: ... anybody ...

Tim: ... mmmmmm ...

Yes, I do ...

Mick: ... I don't know ... right? I think he's ... And I don't mean that in a ... nasty way. I'm ... you're incredibly ... with you ... Which ... something ... bother ... there ... because ... fucking ... anyone sometimes ... do you ... or take what?

Mick: ... they're ... things ... when ... someone ... to something ... I ... simply ... I ... easy ... with ... you ... to it ... myself ... beyond ... to think ... And ... everybody ... would agree ... with ... We ... just laugh ... now ... we ... think ... and ...

Tim: ... extremely ... now? ... So is this something ... which ... brought ... disrupt ... my future life, is this ... about ... in ... or future reference?

Mick: ... funny ... being neurotic now? ... It was ... really ... serious ... don't want ... about ... you worry ... To his credit, Tim ... you laugh ... witty. We ... these great ... mad conversations ... with Tim than with ... the ... room, talking ... absolute twaddle most of the time. It is the only way to stay sane ... ble ... sense of humour is ... there is ... of people outside the group ... It's difficult to relate ... particularly in the South ... just ... with me ... for ... whether ... being ... taking the ...

I suppose it's ... grant ... I'd ... for ... be ... on to with ... Hucknall again. After a ... more ... She's a professional ... sitter – he waits ... everyone's argued ... out of the way, takes a ... deep breath and ... sticks by ... After ... some very definite ... views ... himself ...

Is simply ... problem, I decide ... want to do something ... need to do it ... away. I'm very good at winding ... myself up ... to ... anybody else to ... for me ... Most ... the ... Englishman ... upon myself. I go in ... frustrated ... like ... It's really ... apart from ...

... just goes away and ... don't see him for a while ...

Simply everyone



DISCOGRAPHY



LM



LAUGHING MATTER

[redacted] knows there is only one Dawn in the whole world, but it is only in the Rubber Room that the Dawn can be [redacted]. It is an ancient parasitic creature, a bit like Joan Collins, only invisible, four-and-a-half inches long and with three pairs of scaly wings.

The Dawn lives between the buttocks and thinks very small thoughts, never eating, never sleeping, never playing the piano.

When the Dawn requires sustenance it flits about from person to person stealing a small quantity of energy from each unsuspecting host or hostess, before slowly moving on in its never-ending journey round the world. This is why two people can never yawn simultaneously, but each must wait his turn. It [redacted] also why yawning and buttock-discomfort often dance hand in hand.

LIFE MODULE

AT LAST! After years of patient research into socioeconomics, genetic engineering and compost, I have solved all the world's greatest problems at a stroke!

No more housing shortages, no more stinking cities, no more starvation; people and nature living together in harmony and peace.

It's all in this little packet of seeds that I hold in my hand, which I will be sending to the heads of all governments just as soon as they allow me some stamps and air-mail envelopes in the Rubber Room. I have successfully cross-bred an oak tree, an insect-eating Venus flytrap, a box of Swan Vestas and a banana.

This is how my seeds will transform humanity:

When a baby is conceived, one seed will be planted in a biodegradable grow bag. By the time the child is born, the seed will have sprouted and grown into a gently rocking cradle, warm and nourishing, weatherproof and free from greenfly. My wonderful hybrid will grow with us into a sapling, till our firm young trunks branch and interweave into bedsits, complete with fresh ground coffee and boxwood guitars.

By the time we are mature, its strong branches will have formed a great arbour of thick greenery, with integral garage and sunken bidet, as our bodily wastes and copies of *The Sun* are channelled to the roots. There will be no need for criminal estate agents, cowboy plumbers or Mafia-riddled town councils, because all our accommodation will be perfect, equal and free.

When we grow into our middle years, self-pruning will commence; small birds and bushy-tailed squirrels will peck our berries and handle [redacted] nuts till we decline gracefully into senility, and [redacted] old tree will cradle us once again, turning into a coffin.

And at the moment we go to our eternal rest, the tree will spontaneously ignite, and automatic cremation will refertilise the land. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, here to eternity.

Amen.

LAWMAN MESSIAH

James Anderton
Chief Constable
Letsbe Avenue
Greater Manchester

Dear Mr Anderton

I am writing to pledge my loyal support for your Holy Crusade against the nancy boys, liberals and filthy scum who are toying to crinkle the moral fibre of our Great Country, and I know that when you declare that the Lord God is speaking through your mouth you do not lie.

I myself am frequently spoken to by the Lord God, and I know it is Him because He has a beard just like yours. In fact, only last Tuesday, after tea and compulsory prayers, He visited me here in the Rubber Room, and revealed to me the identity of the Evil Friends who are behind the filthy conspiracy which threatens us all. It is my sacred duty to send this information to you, just in case He hasn't got round to it yet.

Please arrange for a few constables to accidentally shoot all members of the so-called B.B.C. Northern Dance Orchestra, for verily it is they who are subverting and corrupting innocent British children. They spread their evil messages by blatant invitations to perform unnatural acts, which are broadcast on the wireless and transmitted via the airwaves to domestic television receivers.

They play horrible modern music such as the Foxtrot and Ragtime, which I understand drives young people into a frenzy of desire, often with tragic consequences.

I distinctly heard the drummer sending out the sodomite instruction 'bum-diddle bum-diddle bum bum bum-diddle'; the double-bass-player kept repeating a thinly disguised 'dong dong dong dong'; and I saw large numbers of men inserting horns into their mouths in an utterly disgusting manner.

They did not even bother to conceal the nature of their bestiality in the title of the programme which was called, if you will pardon my language, Come Dancing.

Hanging is too good for them. C. Mouthpiece Of The Lord. Get your lads to cut off these perverts' goolies before they take them out to be shot.

P.S. Don't worry if you get the sack for being a raving loony. You can always go back to playing that nice teacher in Please Sir.

ONE

AT FIRST, Julian Clary (alias The Joan Collins Fan Club) wanted me to meet him over afternoon tea at the Ritz. Then he changed his mind – it would be the Savoy. And then, since I wasn't looking forward to the tab, I was relieved when this extravagant suggestion was withdrawn. In the end we had tea at Julian's place.

Julian is well known for his tea parties. He considers them 'an amusing way of passing an afternoon.' They've become the talk of the alternative cabaret world and are used as a kind of barometer for telling who's important and who's not.

In his soft, camp public-school voice Julian explains: 'They're very select. I wouldn't have any old riff-raff around. I've got to like you. I mean, there are certain people I can't stand. It's a sort of seal of approval to be invited to one of my tea parties.'

The Joan Collins Fan Club appeared in 1982, in embryonic form. Julian Clary was an unemployed actor, and decided to use what God-given talents he



E MAN AND HIS DOG

THE JOAN COLLINS FAN CLUB is the latest bizarre act to emerge from the alternative cabaret scene; CHRIS TWOMEY took tea with the man in drag with the mongrel.

had in an act he called *Gillian Pie Face*. It was pretty awful. He wore a blonde wig and kaftan with plimsolls to play the insensitive agony aunt.

But precious little of that repertoire is used in his act now. The name of The Joan Collins Fan Club was a bath-time inspiration, and seemed to fit in with his desire to perform wearing lots of make-up, and corner the glamorous aspects of cabaret – which no-one else was doing.

'Joan Collins was just a hook on which to hang it all, really,' says Julian. 'The act doesn't have that much to do with her. The idea of her having a fan club I thought was quite funny, but I've actually become quite a fan of hers over the years anyway.

'I've studied her more than I would normally have done. I think the whole Joan Collins industry is quite fascinating. She really *isn't* an attractive woman – it's a media hype telling us that this is what glamorous women should look like.

'I don't believe *she* believes it either. It's only make-up and soft lighting. The woman's an old bat really, but I'm sure she doesn't care. I think actually she's quite a nice person. She's probably got a nice soul.'

The background of this enigmatic cabaret queen is, well, not what you'd expect. Julian was educated by Benedictine monks – but he longed to do something dramatic and shocking, so grow away from his police-officer father and his Roman Catholic school.

After taking a degree in drama at Goldsmiths' College London, Julian followed his outsider spirit, and strove for something more provocative than the traditional stand-up comedy routine.

'I think my background made me more voyeuristic than I otherwise would have been,' he says. Bookings were hard to get at first, but the act grew more notorious and demand for The Joan Collins Fan Club snowballed.

And three years ago Julian incorporated Fanny The Wonderdog into the act. Fanny, a six-year-old mongrel from Battersea Dogs' Home, began her stage accidentally.

'I didn't want a dog that was shut up at home all the time, so she was coming round to gigs anyway and staying in the dressing room while I worked.

'One night I did a gig where there wasn't a dressing room so I thought I'd take her out and she could sit in the corner with a stool, which is basically what she does now, only now she's onstage with me.

'I didn't realise dogs could be funny. I didn't really think they could have comic timing, but she does.' Fanny's role is simple: she sits on her stool and performs uncomplicated impressions – like Tower Bridge, and Fergie (with the help of a small red wig) – rounded off with chocolate-drop catching.

Chocolate-drop catching may not *sound* very funny . . . but it ain't what you do, it's the way you do it. 'She doesn't mind a bit of degradation now and again,' says Julian.

From the opening burst of theme from *Gone With The Wind* that marks his entrance, Clary's aim is to insult the audience. And they love it. He reels out a list of tart remarks that veer from hilarious observation to startling cattiness: time-honoured put-downs like *What a lovely jacket you've got – and what a pity they didn't have your size*, and *Men like Gary over there don't grow on trees. They usually swing from them.*

The only open reference to Joan Collins in Julian's act comes during the reading of a vintage *Dynasty* script, for which a luckless (usually the loudest) male member of the audience is hoisted onstage to assume the role of Blake Carrington. The script – reworked to contain more innuendos and double entendres than a *Carry On* film – gives Julian his opportunity to play Alexis.

Julian considers himself a natural, if good-natured, bitch beneath all the foundation: 'Probably being the son of a policeman and going to the sort of school I did gave me an over-developed ability to cut people down rather than resorting to hitting them, which I wouldn't be very good at anyway.'

But inevitably some people's prejudices threaten the health and safety of The Joan Collins Fan Club. Recently, at the Limelight in London, Julian attacked onstage by someone who took exception to his denial of male sanctity.

Still, Julian came to no real harm (bouncers threw the assailant out), and he's learned to treat such instances philosophically.

'I'm setting myself up for that sort of reaction, really. There are people around who can't stand any sort of effeminacy. People who think men should be men and women should be women and never the twain should meet. So to see someone flaunting it brazenly can get them very riled. I think it's good that they get it out of their system.'

> **"The dog doesn't mind a bit of degradation."**

Later this year, Julian may shed the Joan Collins tag and become simply The JC Fan Club. And it already looks like being Julian's busiest year yet – he's got a recent appearance on Channel 4's *Saturday Live* under his studded belt, and a tour of the UK and special shows at this year's Edinburgh Festival to come.

The real JC fan club is growing all the time. And you can get a damn good cup of tea there.



Camp follower: superbitch Julian Clary (right) with Fanny The Wonderdog

DON'T INJECT AIDS



Imagine somebody who knows a bit about drugs. Somebody who's smoked, swallowed and snorted most things.

But so far, they've never used a needle. If they do, though, the first needle they use will probably be somebody else's.

At that moment, they'll be in serious danger of catching AIDS. Because sharing a needle or equipment with someone who carries the AIDS virus is the easiest way to get infected.

Now does this somebody sound a little like you? If it does, don't inject. And never share.

For more information and advice, please phone 01-981 7140 or 0345 581858. (If dialling from outside London, use the 0345 number and you will be charged at local rates.)

DON'T AID AIDS

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY

Jamie
Woodhouse
Sheffield.

Dear Lloyd,

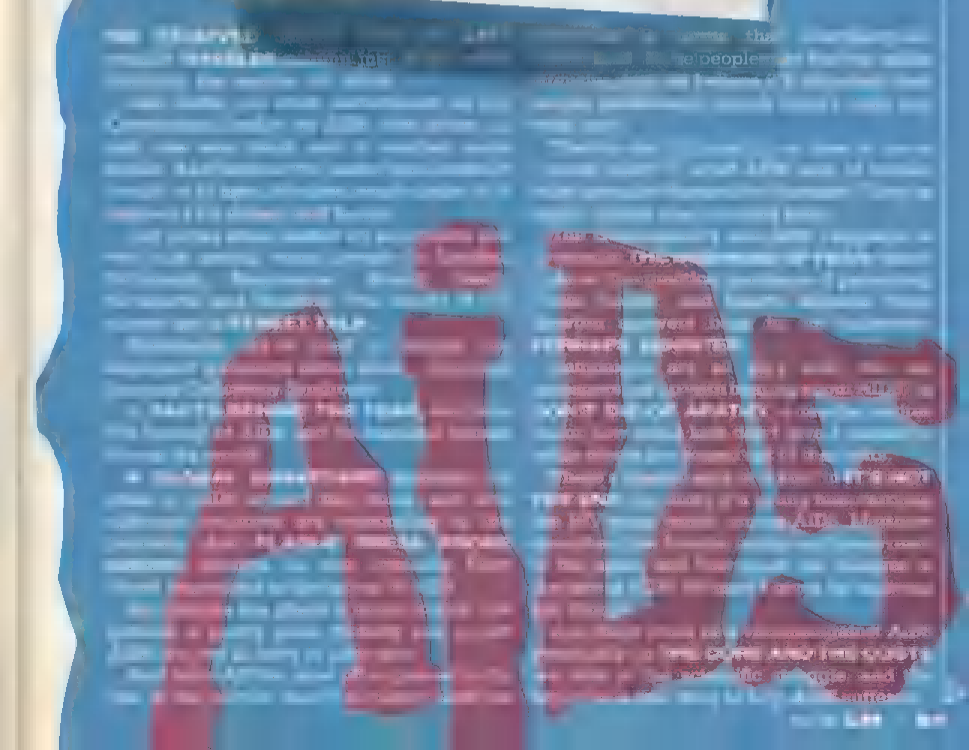
I am sixteen years old and confused. After getting the Governments AIDS leaflet, I thought I must have read it already because ~~a~~ nothing in it was new. It had all been in the papers before.

Please could you outline the highest risk groups and what is safe? In fact you could make a full article out of the truth about AIDS. I have had several girlfriends but am only now getting concerned about the spread of sexually transmitted diseases, especially AIDS. Let's face it, we all enjoy sex but ~~now~~ we ~~them~~ need to know the risks. Such an article can only be beneficial to this young generation in helping them realise the risks involved in sex now.

Thanks.

Jamie

(My full name and address doesn't matter, AIDS does.)



Facts behind the fear



TAKING THE TEST

IF YOU think you may have caught the AIDS virus, you can decide to have a test. But think carefully first, and be aware of the implications.

The test is a simple blood test. It shows if antibodies to HIV, the cause of AIDS, are in your body. A negative result usually means you have not caught the AIDS virus.

But there's a catch – it can take three months after the virus enters the body, occasionally longer, for antibodies to be produced. So you *could* test negative but really be HIV antibody positive if you had contracted the virus very recently.

If the test is positive, that means you're infectious. It doesn't mean AIDS will necessarily develop.

Health apart, being diagnosed as HIV antibody positive can cause serious problems at home and work. People often react badly out of ignorance or prejudice.

If you think you ought to have a test, talk it over first – you could ask your doctor, or one of the AIDS-help groups listed in this section of the.

To get an HIV antibody test, go to your nearest STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease) Clinic. It'll be in the phone book under 'venereal disease' or 'sexually transmitted disease'; you can also find out where it is by ringing the local hospital.

The clinic's help is free and confidential, but you may have to make an appointment

Sex — what's safe

HIGH RISK OF AIDS

- Fucking (straight or gay) without using a condom (rubber johnny/sheath). Also, don't do it if the woman is having a period.
- Any sex act which draws blood.
- Using enemas or douches (flushing out the bum or vagina).
- Contact with urine (piss) or excrement (shit).
- Using sex toys (including dildos and vibrators) with another person.
- Rimming (licking your partner's bum).

MEDIUM RISK OF [illegible]

- Someone coming in your mouth.
- Putting a finger up your partner's bum or vagina.
- Fucking with a rubber. Remember, condoms are NOT foolproof. The man might release sperm before he puts the condom on, and condoms can burst while you're using them (that's rare, though). See the advice on using a condom in this section of LM.

[illegible]

- Wanking (masturbation) together.
- Touching, body-kissing and nipple-nibbling.
- Going down on someone, as long as they DON'T [illegible] in your mouth.

[illegible]

- Massaging your partner away from their private parts.
- Wanking on your own.
- Using toys (including dildos and vibrators) by yourself, or long as [illegible] else uses them.

Remember — more sex partners means more risk



1. Never use a condom more than once.
2. Use a spermicide which is water-based, not oil-based. Oil-based spermicides may weaken the condom.
3. Open the foil packet carefully — there's no danger of tearing the condom inside.
4. As soon as your penis is hard and erect, the condom should be unrolled onto it. This should be done before the penis touches your partner's body, as sperm often released before ejaculation (in leaks).
5. Though condoms are strong, they can be torn by sharp fingernails or rings — so take great care.
6. After sex, your penis should be slowly withdrawn *before* it becomes soft (otherwise sperm can seep out into the vagina). While the penis is being withdrawn the condom should be held firmly in position at the base of the penis.
7. Wrap the used condom in tissue and dispose of hygienically (flush down the loo, or put it in the dustbin).

BUYING CONDOMS

YOU can buy condoms at any chemist's, and in some public places like pubs, discos and railway stations (usually from a machine in the men's loo). You can also get them free from your local NHS family planning clinic, which is listed in the phone book under 'family planning clinics'.

When you buy condoms, check on the packet for the 'Kitemark' (shown opposite). This shows that the British Standards Institution has approved that brand of condom — they'll work.

You have to make that check, because manufacturers have been flooding the market with poor-quality condoms. These 'condom cowboys' are cashing in on the AIDS scare and high demand for condoms.

This 'Kitemark' on the packet means condoms are reliable



CAN I GET IT FROM . . . ?

MOST everyday things are safe

SPIT?

- **NO!** The AIDS virus is NOT present in spit in large enough amounts to be infectious. You'd have to swallow litres to run any real risk. So pecking and snogging are safe, and it's also safe to give the kiss of life.

S[illegible] HANDS?

- **NO!** The virus CAN'T be passed on by shaking hands with someone who is infected, through coughs or [illegible], through food or drink, off toilet seats, through sharing cutlery, glasses or crockery, or in a swimming pool.

THE DENTIST?

- **NO!** It's completely SAFE to go to the dentist — the basic hygiene of British surgeries is enough to kill off the virus (but if you're HIV antibody positive, tell your dentist).

EAR-PIERCING?

- **NO — AS LONG AS** it's at a reputable place where they sterilise the equipment. If you must do it by the 'block of ice and needle' method, make sure you don't share the needle with anyone else.

GIVING BLOOD?

- **NO!** There's absolutely NO RISK in giving or receiving blood. Fresh needles are used for each [illegible]. And since last year all blood used by the Blood Transfusion Service has been screened for the HIV virus before it's used. Haemophiliacs — people with a blood disease which means they often need transfusions — used to be at risk from [illegible], but that blood is screened they're as safe as anyone else who takes care.

[illegible] A TOOTHBRUSH?

- **YOU COULD** It's NOT wise to share razor blades or toothbrushes, because of nicking the skin and bleeding of the gums.



It's not the end

How Matthew lives with AIDS

The cure and the costs

There's hope of a vaccine against AIDS – someday – and the [redacted] drug AZT may help sufferers. But drugs take time to develop, and scientific rivalry isn't helping, as GILL BARNES and ELAINE [redacted] explain.

THE RACE is on to find a drug against AIDS. For the first drug company past the post, the rewards will be high – millions of lives to be saved and millions of pounds to be made.

But time seems short when respected world experts like the American Dr William Haseltine [redacted] that AIDS could

PLAGUE PRESS PROBE SHOCK

GAYS [redacted] A SWE

'Work in you

gloves' order

60 [redacted] AID

Fam

AIDS links [redacted] Fleet Street's favourite emotive topics: [redacted] and death. It was [redacted] perfect subject for [redacted] sation-seeking gutter press – but, as GILL BARNES and [redacted] discover, [redacted] papers [redacted] responsible [redacted].

WHEN AIDS [redacted] wrongly labelled a 'gay disease' in 1983, the unscrupulous hacks were rubbing their hands together with glee [redacted] they 'unearthed' more and more outrageous stories and headlines.

GAY PLAGUE KILLS MAN AT BEEB, screamed one *News of the World* exclusive in February 1985. But the story [redacted] a fairly tame one about a BBC TV worker who'd died of AIDS.

Fleet Street myth told of AIDS victims and their friends becoming social outcasts. One particularly malicious *News of the World* yarn concerned a gay Royal manservant who'd been in regular contact with Charles and Di's two sons Prince William and Prince Harry.

The manservant had been secretly tested for AIDS, the paper said, the queer-bashing mood of the piece was barely hidden by a veil of hysterical [redacted] for the Royal family's safety.

Even the Prince Of Wales joined in the media [redacted] by giving a pint of blue blood in the full glare of the

wipe out the human race

A leading AIDS doctor [redacted] London's St Stephen's Hospital, Dr Charles Farthing, explained to LM:

The chance of a cure is pretty well nil, because AIDS is a virus infection and we've not been tremendously successful in finding drugs to combat this type of infection. I think a vaccine is likely to be years away.

'What we're looking for is a drug that is nontoxic enough for patients to stay on it for the rest of their lives without severe side effects.'

The biggest hope for AIDS sufferers at the moment is AZT, a new drug from The Wellcome Foundation Ltd, a leading British drug company.

AZT hit the headlines in 1985 when film star Rock Hudson, dying of AIDS, jetted across the Atlantic with hopes of getting the new drug. Sadly, it was too late for Hudson, but for others AZT may have arrived just in time. The Wellcome Foundation Ltd hopes to have a licence to sell the drug to hospitals by May th: . year.

They stress that AZT is NOT a cure, but will prolong life for patients who've had severe attacks of pneumonia – one of the major causes of death in AIDS victims.

The new drug will be marketed under the trade name of Retrovir and will sell for £125 a bottle – but one bottle of 100 tablets is only 10 days' supply for one patient.

'AZT can be used to treat the diseases which follow in the wake of the AIDS infection,' says Farthing, 'but it is no cure and does have s[redacted] serious side effects.

'It wouldn't be an ideal or model drug even if it *did* work 100 per cent. It's too toxic for nearly a third of AIDS patients, and some patients on it have died.'

But reports from Zaire in central Africa claim that a new vaccine, now undergoing tests, may keep infected AIDS patients from developing full-blown AIDS. And more new hope comes from the USA, where specialists think they've discovered a way to stop the HIV virus locking onto host cells in blood.

At Glasgow University, Professor Bill and Dr Ruth Jarrett (father and daughter) are developing an AIDS vaccine based on white blood cells.

Ruth Jarrett cautiously comments: 'The tests have still not proved to be conclusive but we are reasonably optimistic.' And the Jarretts' work is leading world research into a vaccine.

'I don't think we can realistically hope to see a cure for AIDS within the next five years,' she says, 'but there is a chance of developing a vaccine before then.'

All this may be good news – but the World Health Organization is worried by the cloak-and-dagger approach of drug companies anxious to find the cure first. They'll only find a safe and effective vaccine if all the drug companies and scientists put their cards on the table – but that's unheard of in the drugs business.

The winner in the AIDS vaccine race will reap [redacted] profits, and though testing drugs is a slow and complex business, the multimillion-pound rewards (and the glory) might tempt drug companies and scientists to take short cuts.

But a bad vaccine could set research back years.

So in the UK the Medical Research Council is valiantly trying to co-ordinate research. Specialist Charles Farthing explains: 'The Government's ten-million-pound expenditure on research was not before time, but it's not enough.

'People don't realise that the Medical Research Council has been making these recommendations for two years but hasn't had the money to do anything about it.'

And experts at a recent World Health Organization meeting warned that no-one has ever developed a vaccine for viruses that suppress immunity in humans. Latest medical reports say the HIV virus is constantly changing – and these changes could make the virus tougher and less easy to get rid of.

As Farthing points out: 'Even if a vaccine that works is found tomorrow, it would have to be tested for years before it would be freely available. That won't help the millions already infected or those who become infected during the waiting period.'

At the moment, then, as US Surgeon General Dr Everett Koop says: 'Information is the only vaccine we have.'



AIDS MAN [redacted] ON RUN IN WHITE PAPER SUIT, GAYS PUT [redacted] MOPPS IN A SWEAT OVER AIDS, and **TATT-[redacted] DRAW THE LINE AT GAYS,** Wapping's most-read [redacted] claimed.

But the hysteria had a sinister side. On the day the Government launched its anti-AIDS campaign, a *Sun* news story read: *Grim-faced ministers emerged from a Cabinet meeting fearful that the killer plague AIDS will spark violence on the streets of Britain. The prospect is of bloodshed as terrified citizens make 'reprisal' attacks on homosexuals and drug addicts . . . Victims of these attacks are expected to retaliate by spreading the virus to the rest of the community through 'revenge sex' with bisexuals.*

The *Sun* didn't give any facts to back their story up – it seems to have been simply a piece of irresponsible scaremongering, sure to stir up any closet fascists among the paper's 11 million readers.

And several papers, including *The Sun*, also ran passionate editorials calling for compulsory testing and isolation of AIDS carr-[redacted] and victims (*Today* helpfully suggested the Isle Of Wight as an ideal future AIDS colony).

Saddened and bewildered, AIDS expert Professor Michael Adler of London's Middlesex Hospital commented: 'AIDS has been blown out of all proportion by the media. The hysteria created by them has been irresponsible and often the information given has been frankly incorrect.'

It even seemed fact was mingling with fiction when the producers of Channel 4's hit soap *Brookside* announced they were planning to tackle the issue by having a character die of AIDS.

And the tabloids were still at it. [redacted] **PERIL OF RENT BOYS**, said *The Daily Mirror*, claiming that AIDS-infected rent-boys (boy prostitutes) in London were deliberately passing on the virus to male clients, to 'pay back society'.

The next day, though, *The Guardian* dismissed the same story as 'generalisations, not facts'.

But it wasn't just the popular press that melodramatised AIDS. The world's TV cameras. He [redacted] trying to calm unfounded fears that blood donors could catch AIDS.

Today went to town on AIDS with a special six-page section. A banner headline announced **SOUND OF DOOM AS THE AIDS [redacted] BEGINS**, and continued with gems like **IT COULD HAPPEN HERE, THE PLAGUE THREATENING [redacted] FAMILY** and **ALL SOLDIERS TO FACE TESTS**. Dramatic stuff—but doctors strongly criticised it as OTT.

The hysteria continued with *The Star*'s hyped piece on AIDS inside Britain's prisons, **JAIL AIDS TERROR SPREADS**, said [redacted] story in February. **FURY AT AIDS MAN DUMPED [redacted] JAIL**, said another.

Not surprisingly, the mass-circulation master-of-hype *Sun* came up with the most creative coverage of AIDS.

Observer, that backbone of yuppie and middle-class society, ran a headline (albeit fairly tongue-in-cheek): **CATCHING AIDS AT THE BARBERS**.

And despite warnings from medical experts, it wasn't till last September that the popular press realised AIDS can affect anyone – the virus doesn't distinguish between gays and straights.

Shocked, the *News of the World's Sunday* magazine dropped the bombshell simply **AIDS GOES STRAIGHT**. And press coverage has improved, now that the papers are forced to admit anyone – including women, and babies, and children – can be infected with the AIDS virus.

Dr Charles Farthing, an AIDS expert at St Stephen's Hospital in London, says: 'At first the coverage of AIDS was appalling. It was just used to scapegoat certain groups of people and was horrible. The main intention behind it seemed to be to stir up scares in order to sell newspapers. And to report that kind of thing is, in my opinion, delinquent from a social point of view.

'Some people obviously read that kind of rubbish and believe it and that's frightening.

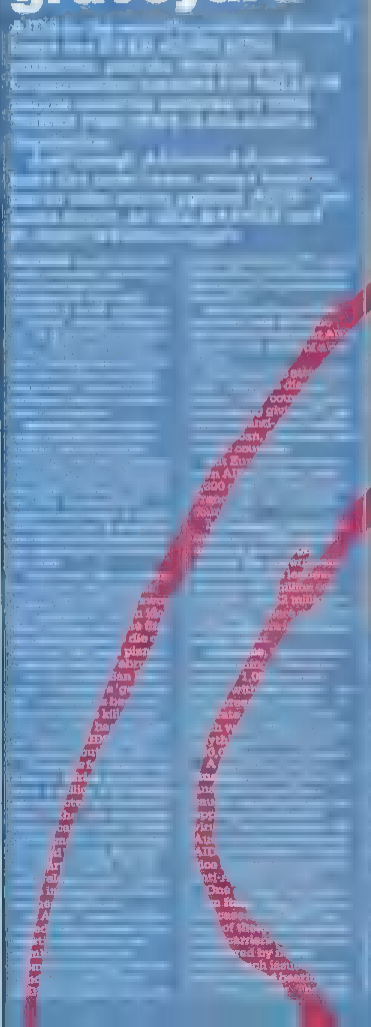
'Over the past six months, though, the papers have behaved much better – coverage has improve a hell of a lot, and they have printed some very good and informative stuff.'

Early on, TV documentaries like *Panorama*, *Horizon's Killer In The Village* and *40 Minutes* were bravely battling for sanity about AIDS.

And some of the most responsible and constructive coverage of AIDS came in February, when all four TV channels joined forces for a million-pound package of 20 programmes on the problem. Their week-long campaign included explicit details about the disease with documentaries, phone-ins and advice slots. That's what's needed.



A global graveyard



AIDS IN BRITAIN – THE TOLL

A recent Press Association survey assessed AIDS in Britain. There have been 686 full-blown cases of AIDS here, and 355 of those people have died.

There are also 2,290 *known* carriers of the HIV antibody in Britain, and probably tens of thousands more. These carriers stand a ten-to-thirty per cent chance of developing AIDS, and can give someone else AIDS through sex, or by sharing a needle for injecting drugs.

WHERE THEY ARE

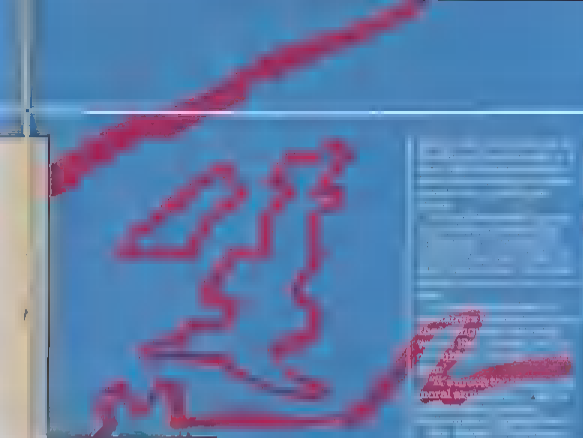
Regional Health Authority

ENGLAND

London and the South-East (four Authorities)
North Western (including Manchester)
Northern (including Newcastle)
Wessex (including Portsmouth and Swindon)
West Midlands (including Birmingham)
Mersey (including Liverpool)
Trent (including Nottingham)
South Western (including Bristol)
Yorkshire (including Leeds and Bradford)
Oxford
Anglia

SCOTLAND
WALES
NORTHERN IRELAND

STREET TALK



These figures refer to the end of January 1987

Total AIDS cases	AIDS deaths
536	252
26	13
20	14
16	11
15	11
10	10
10	6
9	8
7	3
6	4
5	3
16	11
9	7
2	2

The business of fear

AIDS TV

follow the

LESS THAN HALF

AIDS

Don't die of apathy

Has AIDS had TOO MUCH publicity? Some people – particularly under-20s – are bored of the whole thing, and they're ignoring health warnings. GARRY MARSH, a social-skills lecturer from Newcastle-Under-Lyme, describes the apathy syndrome.

AS a lecturer to 16-plus college I spend a lot of time with teenagers. And in the past year lessons – 'integrated studies' and 'social and life skills' – have come up against AIDS.

Teachers have to give information, but many of my students moan and groan at the very mention of AIDS.

'What the fuck are we supposed to do about it?' one of them asked recently. 'We didn't start it, you know!'

'It just gives your parents something else to moan about,' said another. 'It used to be "don't get into trouble", you know – pregnant. Now it's "don't do anything to get AIDS". I suppose they're scared of catching it from us.'

Teenagers are becoming bored with the AIDS TV ad, and many parents ignore the disease too – or at best leave leaflets in their kids' bedrooms and pass off-the-cuff comments like 'You'd better read that. It affects you, not us.'

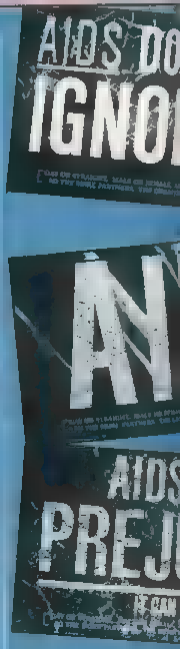
Not the visual impact of the great throbbing, phallic, pneumatic drill penetrating the virgin granite, with its deadly message, can stir a family into discussion.

It's a golden opportunity to leave the room. Go to the toilet. Put the kettle on. Make a cup of tea. Very British, very traditional.

After all, tea-drinking is part of our heritage, something to be proud of. AIDS is an unwanted import from the colonies, and maybe, just maybe, if we ignore it, it'll go away.

The AIDS campaign has made some teenagers apathetic; others are scared. AIDS is disrupting a generation's sexual awakening.

'I don't care about getting it,' a male student told me. 'If you do you do, but the worst thing is no-one's going to give me a chance to get it! All the girls have suddenly become as tight as a duck's arse; there's no crack about.'



'Everyone keeps telling us about safe sex,' confided another boy. 'I just *want* sex — safe or not. I've waited years to get my end away, and now no-one wants to know.'

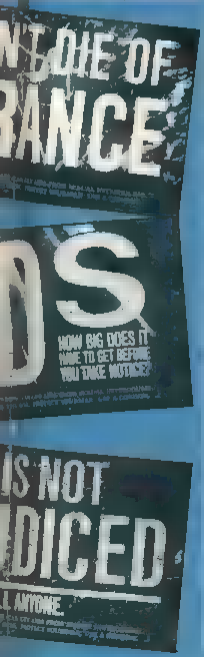
What do girls think about AIDS? Most girls I asked were reluctant to talk about it ('in case someone thinks you're a slag'), so for the moment I'm none the wiser.

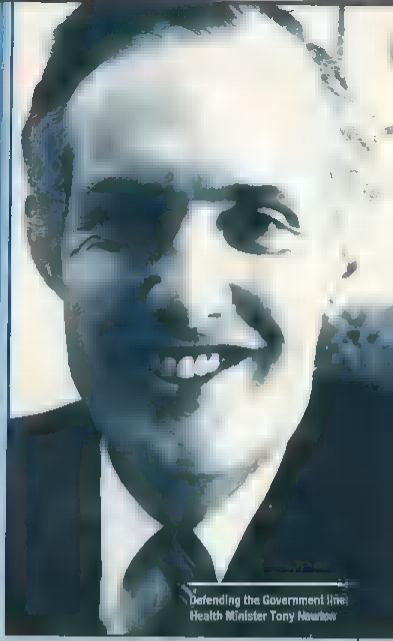
What I *do* know is that parents, teenagers and teachers need to talk frankly to each other for the sake of the future. We must get used to straight talk, using four-letter words to convey the reality of AIDS.

No more cloaked, suggestive messages about sexual practices, please. And the jokes ('Arse Injected Death Sentence') are getting stale. No-one laughs anymore. It's too close for comfort.

Go forth and multiply the truth. If in doubt, ask. Make sure you really know enough about AIDS, what it is, how to avoid it and how to reduce the risk of spreading it.

That way we all stand a chance.




Defending the Government line: Health Minister Tony Newton

Perhaps, Minister

Unlike the miners and the Argentinian army, AIDS won't give up to the Government. And the Government has been attacked for doing little, too late; TV ads against AIDS were ridiculed as melodramatic, and give practical help.

Minister For Health Tony Newton defends himself in this interview with SUE DANDO. The Government's public-awareness campaign about AIDS will work, Newton says, and his is funding research toward an vaccine.

How do you answer criticisms that the recent Government advertising campaign, and the leaflet in particular, wasn't direct enough, that it was too timid – that the Government was too frightened of offending too many people?

'You only need look at the adverts and the leaflet to see that that argument is nonsense. The leaflet has explicit reference to anal intercourse and to oral sex going well beyond what you would normally expect to find in Government leaflets, and I therefore just would not accept the criticism of it not being explicit enough.

What a lot of people *seem* to mean when they say it's not explicit enough is that we don't use a lot of four-letter



> We're encouraged by the anti-AIDS campaign. People are adopting safer sex.

words. But there's no point, if there are ways of communicating which will get your message across without causing offence. There's no point in causing offence just for the sake of it, in fact it would be counterproductive.'

But would it get the message across to people, like teenagers perhaps, who don't understand phrases like 'anal intercourse'?

'I see no reason to suppose that the words we're using aren't understood by people. They may not be the words that would be used in casual day-to-day conversation, there are probably very few people who *would* use the phrase 'sexual intercourse' to describe the activity involved. There are a whole variety of both four- and five-letter words that are used for the purpose, but I see no reason to doubt that people understand the words we've used.'

As long ago as 1982, the Communicable Disease Surveillance Centre was sending reports to the DHSS that there was going to be an AIDS epidemic. Why didn't the Government act earlier?

'A number of actions *were* taken, certainly from 1983 onward, by the Blood Transfusion Service telling high-risk groups not to give blood, and by issuing advice to professions about how to deal with AIDS. Then the public education campaign was a further phase after those early actions.'

What prompted the Government to adopt a 'public awareness campaign' in the first place?

'Simply the growing evidence of the spread of the disease. And, since nobody could hold out hope of the immediate prospect of either a vaccine or a cure, then public education was a crucial part of the fight to prevent the spread of the disease.'

Regarding Norman Fowler's recent fact-finding visit to the USA – what mistakes have been made there that we can learn from?

'I wouldn't want to get into the business of criticising the American government, but it remains the case even now – with an incidence and spread of AIDS there going far beyond anything in this country – that there has been no national public education campaign in the States at all comparable with what we're doing here.

'The American federal government has not mounted any campaign that remotely compares with what is being done here.'

How successful has the advertising campaign in Britain been?

'We're encouraged by the response, in terms of the number of people who have registered the campaigns, and by the signs that people are taking some of the key messages on board. But when I say that we're encouraged, we're not in any sense complacent or thinking that we've done all that needs to be done. We now need to build on that.

'It's interesting to note that in the States there is evidence to show, for example, the drop in the incidence of what you might call the conventional VD – and there are beginning to be signs here. This does imply that people are changing their sexual behaviour in a way which is reducing the spread of disease.

'At the moment it is impractical to demonstrate statistics showing that this is having an effect on the spread of AIDS, but the presumption is that if the amount of gonorrhoea and syphilis, for example, is diminishing, then it does imply that people are adopting safer sex practices.'

How much money is going to be put into medical research toward a vaccine?

'At the moment the Medical Research Council (MRC) has got about 21 projects in hand at the cost of about two million pounds; they asked us for an extra million pounds shortly before Christmas, which we agreed to be made available for the 1987/88 financial year.

'The Government is currently discussing with the MRC proposals for a somewhat different organised programme of research which is more the result of initiatives by the MRC and the Government, rather than just waiting for people to come forward with projects and asking for money to fund them. Those discussions are proceeding at the moment, and the amount of money that might be spent is in itself a part of those discussions.

'Also, a great deal of money is being spent by the pharmaceutical companies in a variety of ways. We currently have a product licence application *(ie a request for Government permission)* from The Wellcome Foundation Ltd asking to use the drug AZT, a drug which, while not a cure or a vaccine, is thought to slow down the impact of AIDS on individuals.

'Those issues of what AZT actually does is currently being studied by the Committee On The Safety Of Medicines.'

Would individuals have to pay for AZT themselves?

'I don't think the question would arise, as a drug prescribed by hospital doctors and supplied by the hospital service is not charged for anyway.'

According to recent press reports, the DHSS Chief Medical Officer has confirmed the possibility of introducing anonymous AIDS screening. Is this true?

'The Chief Medical Officer simply said to the Social Services Select Committee that this is an idea put forward by the British Medical Association, and of course we would expect that a proposal put forward by the BMA *would* be considered.

'However, it's already clear that there are many doctors – and other people – who see very serious ethical and practical problems in this, not least that if it was genuinely and totally anonymous we would be in the position of not being able to tell somebody. And that raises some very real concerns.

'The idea of the proposal is simply to form some better idea of the extent of the HIV infection in the population and to make some judgement about how it is spreading. Those objectives have to be weighed against the other considerations, including the ethical ones which many doctors feel quite strongly about.'

Can you not see this kind of anonymous AIDS screening being introduced, then?

'I would say no more than that I think there is significant difficulties that would need to be talked through before any policy of that kind could be adopted.'

Can the Government see any halt to the spread of AIDS in the near future, or is the disease going to continue to spread?

'We think there is good scope for slowing the continued spread of HIV infection, and that is the purpose of the public-education campaign. It's clearly too early to make great claims about whether or not it is having the effect we would like.

'Given what we know about the time involved from the individual becoming infected to actually developing the disease, which we think is around five years, then there is clearly no possibility of halting the spread of AIDS for two or three years to come. At least.'

> There's no point using four-letter words for the sake of it.

AIDS Day

It's AIDS Aid – a star-studded charity bash

AIDS DAY is more than a day. It's a Band Aid-style fundraiser – a massive series of London events supporting the struggle against AIDS.

The series kicks off at **Wembley Arena** on **1 April**. A crowd of stars has pledged to appear – including **George Michael**, **Holly Johnson**, **Julian Cope**, **Ruby Turner**, **John Entwhistle**, **Aswad**, **Womack & Womack**, **Hollywood Beyond**, **Simple Minds** and the evergreen **Paul McCartney**.

And it's rumoured that **Mick Jagger**, **Peter Gabriel**, **The Psychedelic Furs**, **Paul Young** and **Alison Moyet** will also be appearing. For ticket information, ring 01-902-8833.

The Wembley extravaganza won't be televised live, but an edited film of the show will be on TV the same week – and it may be televised live in Germany and America.

And more big names will back up AIDS Day with a string of gigs all over London – **The Communards**, **Swing Out Sister**, **Paul Weller**, **Microdisney**, **The Chiefs Of Relief**, **Spear Of Destiny** and **The Go-Betweens**.

Most of these dates and venues are still being fixed. The only one confirmed when we went to press was **The Blow Monkeys** – they'll be at **The Brixton Fridge**, *Brixton Hill, London SW2* on **1 April**. Tel: 01-326-5100.

Marc Almond hits **The Donmar Warehouse** on **2, 3 and 4 April** with guests including **Annie Hogan**, **Martin McCarrick** and **Billy McGee**. These not-to-be-missed events will be

recorded. The Denmar Warehouse is in *Eartham Street, Covent Garden, London WC2.* Tel: 01-240-2766.

Wendy May's 'locomotion disco' is at **The Town And Country Club** (*Highgate Road, Kentish Town, London NW5*) on **3 April**, rounding off a night which also features **Brendan Croker And The 5 O'Clock Shadows**, **Hurrah** and **The Dainties**. There'll be guest deejays, too. For information ring 01-267-3334.

The Limelight Club (*Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2*) promises a 'spectacular event' on **3 April**, but club staff won't say more – except that there isn't going to be a fashion show, as some publications claimed. Tel: 01-434-0572.

And it's not just music in AIDS Day. The twendy **Scala Cinema** (*Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London N1*) is planning an all-night disco and film show on **3 April** from 11.30pm to 8.30am.

The films will include *Mad Max II, Entertaining Mr Sloane* and *Can't Stop The Music*, and between the films there'll be entertainment from drag acts. Get details from 01-278-8052.

Even Shakespeare gets in on the AIDS act. On **12 April**, **The Sadler's Wells Theatre** (*Rosebery Avenue, London EC1*) stages **WILL AID**, a celebration of Shakespeare with opera, ballet, theatre and music. The WILL AID team hope to raise £50,000 – which should be no problem with their line-up including **Alan Bates**, **Felicity Kendall**, **Patricia Hodge**, **Dorothy Tutin**, **Claire Bloom** and **Francesca Annis**. Ring 01-278-8916 to book, and hurry!

One of AIDS Day's big sellers should be the *Hits Of 86* album they're releasing at the same time as the London events.

The album features **Depeche Mode**, **Big Country**, **Duran Duran**, **Peter Gabriel**, **The Communards**, **Tina Turner**, **Sade**, **Erasure**, **Hollywood Beyond** and **Pet Shop Boys**. All proceeds go to fighting AIDS, of course.

And **Stuart Adamson** of **Big Country** is getting together with **Hugh Cornwell** of **The Stranglers** to write a special song for AIDS Day. The ears boggle!

The AIDS Day organisers will be selling Filofaxes, duffel bags, T-shirts and even underwear, all emblazoned with the AIDS Day slogan: *Don't be a fool – be safe.*

The money raised by AIDS Day will be distributed by a committee made up of AIDS charity official, AIDS victims, and top AIDS expert Tony Pinching of St Mary's Hospital in London. The thousands will fund the fight against AIDS in Britain, and some will go to AIDS-ridden areas of Africa.

If you want to **help**, or get more **information**, contact **INTERNATIONAL AIDS DAY**, *90 Wardour Street, London W1* Tel: 01-734-3336.

GETTING HELP

Confidential help and information about AIDS

The Terrence Higgins Trust

The Terrence Higgins Trust, named after one of the first British AIDS victims, has regional AIDS support groups and publishes booklets of clear advice about AIDS and how to avoid it.

For any of their free services ring **01-833-2971** between 7pm and 10pm on weekdays, or between 3pm and 10pm at the weekend; or write to **Terrence Higgins Trust**, *BM/AIDS, London WC1N 3XX.*

Also ring **01-833-2971** for the trust's Helpline, provided mainly for people who are HIV antibody positive and their families.

The [illegible]

To back up the Government AIDS leaflet, the DHSS has set up two phone **Healthlines**. For basic facts about AIDS – what it is, how to avoid it, and so on – ring the **Information Service** on **0800-535-535**. Their large staff of trained advisers handles up to 500 calls a day. You can also ring that number to get the 20-page booklet *AIDS – What Everyone Needs To Know.*

More personal calls are referred to a 'sympathetic advisory line' (**0800-567-123**). This has a staff of doctors, volunteers, and representatives from organisations like the Terrence Higgins Trust. They'll give addresses of clinics, and offer help to victims and their families.

You can call these DHSS numbers free – it won't add to your phone bill.

The Lighthouse Project

This project is setting up a hospice and advice centre for AIDS sufferers – it should be ready by the end of the year. At the moment, they're training volunteers in counselling, and they offer help for anyone worried about AIDS on **01-221-6513**.

Or you can write to **The Lighthouse Project**, *179 Lancaster Road, London W11 1QU.*

The Lesbian And Gay Switchboard

Lines open 24 hours a day, for anyone needing help or information. The switchboard is run by a gay organisation, and they stress that the information they have for straight people is limited.

Phone the switchboard on **01-837-7324** – and do keep trying, even though the lines are very busy.

Body Positive

A support group for people who are HIV antibody positive. They organise everything from yoga to discos, information sessions, and also publish a newsletter. Contact them at the Terrence Higgins Trust number.

Scottish AIDS Monitor

General advice and information about AIDS. Scottish AIDS Monitor, based in Edinburgh, also runs a self-help group for HIV-antibody-positive people, similar to London's Body Positive.

You can phone Scottish AIDS Monitor on **031-558-1167** between 7.30pm and 10pm every evening. They also publish leaflets; write to **Scottish AIDS Monitor**, *PO Box 169, Edinburgh EH1 3UU.*

Welsh AIDS Campaign

This has two services. Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm, Welsh AIDS Campaign has an information line where advisers answer people's questions about AIDS and refer them to clinics.

In the evenings, 6pm to 9pm, the **Cardiff AIDS Helpline** has more detailed information, and a Welsh-speaking team.

You can call both these services on **0222-223443**.

Welsh AIDS Campaign is also setting up a support group.

AIDS THE FACTS

AIDS WHAT EVERYBODY NEEDS TO KNOW

CAN YOU HELP?

ALL the AIDS-help organisations need contributions and volunteers. If you'd like to help in any way, either with a donation or by doing volunteer work, give them a call.

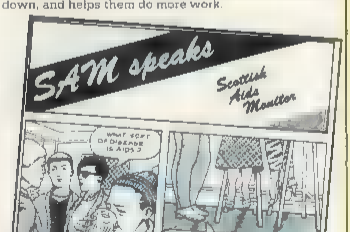
The Terrence Higgins Trust also needs **buddies** – people who visit AIDS sufferers and offer any help they can. As a buddy, you could be simply giving an AIDS patient practical help with housework and washing up; or your PWA (Person With AIDS) might become a close friend.

The trust will train volunteers, giving them basic medical knowledge, outlining the problems of people with AIDS, and preparing the buddy to face the eventual death of their PWA. The training involves a weekend course away from home. Not everyone's suited to being a buddy, so there are serious interviews to select the right volunteers.

There are 150 buddies in London at the moment. More are needed. If you can help, write to the **Terrence Higgins Trust** at *BM/AIDS, London WC1N 3XX.*

WRITING FOR INFO?

IF you're writing to any of these organisations for information on AIDS, remember to enclose a large envelope, stamped and addressed to yourself. It keeps their costs down, and helps them do more work.



CAR W

As the Grand Prix teams themselves for the year's first race Bra 12 April reports on the battles and business of the close season.

E him on the ine was firmly on course. The Sparks flew

nightmare. History prove that his whole career was ruined by the failure of a rubber

But that's enough now Get A usual thing to ge Many of course of the d they've is still

close season rubber

with uncontrolled sexual appetites young speed

And it the the famous 1976 tyre crisis

car was appearing in its sponsors the slogan The Small Family Car This crisis this with the race for only t Most pe consider £150 bill by covers a title keeping of Monte Marlo well-shod motorists' pockets A single Grand Pri tyre costs

tyres used to apply them but this year of the fra time competitors to pay for their tyres

the racers a whole evil blood was threatened by the tyre-hot are

There are perhaps four companies in the world capable of advanced chemistry

mand

boot to ma

The fou mark contract Goodyea

Goodyea ply them alone and ge oust fr sponsor interested in eight-ca of sales with which then teams use cou They coug up! There's no end to though. Not only d mula One have a fr and It's a funny lying type These tyre allies sponsor relation to speech shuttles Grannies are the ultimate

matter of minutes and they last But weapon in the short time between

mach-wide radials glued to a rim course 130mph while a race twice that long at grav

Since Tyre Wars broke 1977 Aston and Pirel They Now there simply n tyre around and even if there the life s length of one Grand Pri So Goodyea ply and

coming to the boil (literally and blistering temperatures) Goodyear, these super-soft super-sticky compounds are super-swift on a dry track can mean a final hundredths of a second and in qualifying laps That means rubberity and prize

Grand Prix paddock man in a Gdansk shopping

at the Five hour but controversy because the anti- practice ferociously denounced

wonders! The precious qualities were claimed for the revered Gi or Villeneuve accident in Be

Now Goodyear's cutting means qualifies will be effectively abolished will practice and race a spec tyre at's spec





Honda way up[illegible]n Senna's new Lotus hits the Grand Prix track in Apri[illegible]


Got
a new
motor?
ISTORY
This CAR
5 SPEED
GEARBOX

No, it's second-hand, says PAUL GUINNESS – and he gives the DOs and DON'Ts, MUSTs and NEEDN'Ts of finding a cheap car. But would you buy a used consumer guide from this man?

OH, if it's not the cost of the MOT certificate then it's the insurance bills, the tax disc, the garage bills and the parking fines, let alone the petrol and the maintenance and . . . buying and running a car can put you on a never-ending round of worries, if you're not sensibly money-minded.

But before all that, you've got to choose a suitable vehicle – and the first-time buyer can be overwhelmed by the wide, confusing choice as cheap as £500.

At that price you could grab a 15-year-old Jaguar XJ6 a one-elderly-owner Allegro, an MG Midget a need of attention or Austin Cambridge in need of style. The temptation tremendous – but with care you can pick up a useful, practical vehicle which'll do its job for a few years.

Few first-time buyers can afford more than £1000. *But can you really get a decent vehicle for £150?*

The answer is a very wary 'yes'.

UP TO £150

Forget the swarms of Marinas, Cortinas and Maxis littering the classified columns. The majority are high-mileage, ex-sales-rep cars with little more than two months MOT to run and no tax disc (or maybe an out-of-date disc, or a dubious 'tax in post' note where the genuine article should be).

Most people trying to sell cars this cheap know their vehicle stands no chance of passing another MOT – so they try to dispose of it onto unsuspecting first-time buyer.

And don't dream of buying a cheap sports car to 'do up' and put back on the road. £150-worth of MG Midget or Triumph Spitfire is really just a source of spares, and the insurance premium on a sports car could be many times the purchase price.

Stick instead to British cars from the early Sixties. The Austin A40, Triumph Herald, Hillman Minx and Ford Anglia are excellent value at budget prices. Some models are thought to be 'classic' and their prices have risen, but £150 will still buy a rough but roadworthy example with a few months' MOT and some fine motoring in it.

These cars have great advantages when MOT time comes round, too. The car may fail the test, but spares will be relatively cheap – there's bound to be a thriving owners' club for your particular model, and it'll help out with parts.

And if the car is just too derelict to do anything with, you can recoup much of your investment by stripping the wreck down and selling the usable parts through the club (or by selling the whole machine to a member to dismantle himself).

Over-21s can cut insurance costs dramatically on a Sixties model, too; cars more than 20 years old that cover no more than 3000 miles a year can be covered for as little as £35 a year by insurance companies. Shop around.

So older cars aren't a bad bet, but don't expect too much for your small change – anything costing £150 will need some work.



The semiclassic Ford Anglia


P-registered Daimler limo: the car's cheap, but running costs are high



This Citroen is cheap, but spares are expensive and repairs are complicated

WHEELING AND DEALING

FROM £500 upward, not only is the choice of vehicles larger but you can pick them up in many ways: privately, or from a used-car salesman, or from auctioneers.

But avoid auction rooms and 'back-street' garages (which invariably offer vehicles *they've* bought at auctions). Scratch your nose at an auction and you could end up with a car you'd never want.

And steer clear of smooth-talking, sheepskin-clad dealers selling cars off a plot of land. The Arthur Daley image of second-hand-car salesmen may have faded slightly, but there's plenty of them about.

Stick to private sales.



UP TO £500

At this price the choice is better, and the decision becomes harder.

If you stick with early-Sixties British cars, then for £500 you can get an extremely smart (if not immaculate) Austin A30, A40 or Ford Anglia. Keep the car in tip-top condition, and you might resell it for *more* in a year or two.

More modern cars are worth looking at, though. Avoid elderly Jags and sports cars (Midget, Spitfire, MGB, Capri et al) – they *drink* fuel, and insurance is pricy. Go for a run-of-the-mill saloon, instead; the insurance is pretty cheap, spare parts are easy to find at competitive prices (or in the scrapyard), the mechanics are simple and the petrol tank won't drain your pocket.

Try Marinas, Escorts, Cortinas and Vivas. They're all traditional, rear-wheel-drive, British saloons, and you'll probably find a presentable ten-year-old Marina or Cortina with a long MOT, likely to pass another test without much difficulty.

But remember: to choose a *simple* vehicle, economical with fuel, or the running costs could keep it off the road.

UP TO £1000

If you scrape together a four-figure sum, you can look forward to a reliable car in good condition which'll give you a few years without major trouble.

But avoid sports cars, even at this level. The insurance costs are horrific for under-25s; wait till money's not too tight to mention.

Anyway, the choice of simple, conventional cars is wide enough. A grand can stretch to an Escort, Chevette, Mini or Marina (1979 or 1980 vintage), and the more interesting options include a Fiat 127, a Strada, an elderly Ford Fiesta, a Peugeot 104, Renault 5, Talbot Sunbeam, Triumph Dolomite, Volkswagen Polo, Datsun Cherry, Sunny and Toyota Starlet.

Perhaps they're not exciting glam cars, but they're competent machines. Don't forget to check the prices of parts, though (particularly for foreign models), before you commit yourself.

'Oddball' and economy-priced models are often tempting, but they can lose value rapidly. £1000 would buy a 1982 Skoda Estelle or a 1979 Peugeot 604; they're at opposite ends of the market in terms of cars and original price, but both will be worth a *lot* less in a couple of years.

The same goes for the youngish Ladas, FSOs, Yugos and Dacias, though a decent Citroen 2CV/Dyane or Volkswagen Beetle could be a snip at under a grand.

Again, go for something simple. It pays off.

CHECK CHECK CHECK

WHATEVER car you go for you must make these basic checks before purchase.

LOOK everywhere for structural corrosion (the whole of the underside, the sills and inner sills, the door pillars, the floor and boot floor areas, the underbonnet sections).

DON'T be taken in by a good general appearance. Unscrupulous dealers, auctioneers *and* private sellers often try to disguise rust and other faults by tarting up and repainting the car.

ENSURE that the basic mechanics are in working order. An engine that burns oil by the canful and leaves a cloud of black smoke in its wake can be repaired (and even a clapped-out engine can make it through the MOT test), but worn-out brakes, dampers or steering are deadly dangerous.

ASK an expert or a knowledgeable DIY mechanic to inspect the car for you while you're there, if you're not sure what faults to look for.

Does the car *really* match your needs? Look at all the facts and figures before buying. Ask about parts (prices and availability), look into insurance costs, think about depreciation, economy and how long the car's going to last – and you're in with a chance of success. Spiralling motoring costs are against you all the time, so practicality is the name of the game.



Picture by CAMERON POUND

SHAVERS

What's the best wet shave? Our cutting crew reports

IT WAS inevitable: after a year when every guy was trying to emulate Don Johnson and George Michael by not shaving for days on end, the 'in' look was going to be either clean-shaven or the David Bellamy Facial Shrubbery Look.

Most style counsellors are now advocating the close shave, which means one thing: chemists, already enjoying a boom with the return of the condom, will be quids as we flock to buy those lethal pieces of steel.

We seem to take great pleasure in slashing our faces about in the half-awake blur; the new trend won't do any harm to the nippable-tissue-paper and styptic-pencil industries, either.

And the ever-style-conscious **LM** told a few



Thanks to Boots The Chemist PLC for selling razors.

of its writers to go away (Sue Dando declined the offer) and cut themselves to ribbons in the interests of investigative journalism.

Some sympathy, please, for those wimps who normally use electric shavers. Curtis Hutchinson hasn't been the same since this consumer test, and as for David Cheal . . . just call him Sweeney.

Anyway, there are five different groups of razor currently available to the morning masochist. We've taken a selection of the more popular brands, and compared each razor with other similar razors, using four different criteria:

1) **The closeness of the shave**
2) **How easy the [redacted] is to [redacted]**
3) **Ease with which the razor travels across the skin**
4) **Overall value for money**

Bearing these points in mind, we've chosen a winner in each category of razor.

And to avoid having the whole team bleating on about their fave shaves, we've taken the choicest comments for each category from two people.

One razor we *didn't* review was the good old attach-the-razor-blade-and-die type from Wilkinson Sword, which is still available. We omitted it for complex executive editorial reasons. The fact that no-one was man enough to risk their jugulars has nothing to do with it.

As Sir Robin Day would say, here we are and here we go . . .



SINGLE-BLADE, FIXED-HEAD, DISPOSABLE RAZORS

WINNER: *Bic Orange for normal skin* (31p for five)

LLOYD MANGRAM: The Bic Orange Normal produces a harder, less 'safe-feeling' shave than its sensitive-skin counterpart, and resulted in a rougher finish too. Created three minor nicks around the throat area.

TIM RICKS: My preferred choice, it's what street-cred shaving is all about! *(Do what? – Ed)* Also, it's easy to keep clean (ie you don't get bits of stubble, shaving cream, blood, skin, intestines, etc stuck in the razor).

[redacted] 75%

Bic Green for sensitive skin (31p for five)

LLOYD MANGRAM: I'm a bit sceptical about the real differences between this and the Bic Normal Skin razor. But this [redacted] certainly far softer [redacted] the skin. It also produces a smoother shave with less effort than the other one requires.

TIM RICKS: Very smooth, but not quite [redacted] close as the Bic Normal Skin razor.

Overall: 70%

DOUBLE-BLADE, FIXED-HEAD, DISPOSABLE RAZORS

[redacted] *Boots II* (42p for five)

CURTIS HUTCHINSON: The Boots disposable looks basic and feels basic, but gives a first-rate close shave which many more expensive razors would have problems matching. The only drawback of this otherwise excellent blade [redacted] that its hollow handle makes [redacted] too light. I would have preferred something heavier. Still, a first-rate budget-priced razor.

CIARÁN BRENNAN: Aaaargh! Pass the tissue paper! Shaving with this 'razor' was like driving a combine harvester over my face. Not recommended for those with soft faces or [redacted] nervous disposition. Make sure you live near a blood bank before using this cutthroat!

Overall 80%

Gillette Blue II Fixed (62p for five)

CURTIS HUTCHINSON: Light and effective, the Gillette Blue II's twin-blade action glides effortlessly to the places previously unreached by my trusty electric razor (ahem). The tilt of the fixed head allows you to shave up as well [redacted] down without getting masses of flesh caught between the blades.

CIARÁN BRENNAN: It's like ice-skating on a scenic lake on a winter's morning – the Gillette glides [redacted] one's chin with a graceful flowing style. Its akin to a manservant of old, efficiently accomplishing its task without [redacted] being noticeable. Use the Blue II, and wake up with a friend!

Overall 75%

Wilkinson Sword Retractor (36p for five)

handle and built-in black cover, the Retractor will immediately give your bathroom that *designer* look. However, what looks good with the jacuzzi doesn't necessarily give you a closer shave, [redacted] I found to my peril. The Retractor doesn't *glide* so much as *hack* its way across the skin. Styptic pencils ahoy!

CIARÁN BRENNAN: The Retractor looks stylish and the flick head is neat, but I was styptical – my face felt like [redacted] weatherworn brick wall after the shave. Still, it left me happily nickless.

Overall [redacted]

DOUBLE-BLADE, FIXED-HEAD RAZORS WITH DISPOSABLE CARTRIDGES

WINNER: *Gillette GII* (£1.09 for five)

[redacted] **KEAN:** Probably the original disposable, the GII needs an 'expensive' handle but offers more weight and a better feel than any other. The disposable cartridges work out slightly cheaper per shave than the 'one-shot' disposables. And the double-blade system still works best for me.

BARNABY PAGE: Travels over the skin AND shaves close. A good buy – *if* the blades last (sceptical sulk . . .)

[redacted] 80%

Gillette II Plus (£1.25 for five)

ROGER KEAN: Distinguishable from the other GII by this Lubrastrip thingy, it gives an impressively smooth shave. However, the lubrication takes away some of the cutting power. A novel idea, and it does inspire at least *some* confidence at that time of morning.

BARNABY PAGE: Not much different from the GII – perhaps a little smoother. (Isn't that an illusion created by calling it 'Plus', though?)

Overall [redacted]

DOUBLE-BLADE, SWIVEL-HEAD, DISPOSABLE RAZORS

WINNER: *Gillette Blue II Swivel* (67p for five)

DAVID CHEAL: The swivel head was rather abrasive [redacted] my skin, but at least it felt nice to hold.

RICHARD LOWE: Bit of a stubby handle, but a clean, close shave nevertheless, with a smooth swivel action.

Overall [redacted]

Wilkinson Sword Swivel (£1.10 for five)

DAVID CHEAL: I can see no advantage to the swivel head – this is an adequate, if rather lightweight, all-round disposable razor.

RICHARD LOWE: A rickety, flimsy little thing. You half expect it to snap halfway through the shave. The swivel action's clumsy, but you can always trust the good old Wilkinson Sword blade.

Overall 60%

DOUBLE-BLADE, SWIVEL-HEAD RAZORS WITH DISPOSABLE CARTRIDGES

WINNER: *Gillette Contour Plus* (razor: £1.39 cartridges: £1.39 for five)

PAUL STRANGE: I didn't think Gillette could improve the Contour, but they have. The addition of a lubricating strip makes the shave a bit smoother and slightly more comfortable. As with the conventional Contour, the razor [redacted] easy to hold and has a dependable swivel action. Make sure, though, that you keep the whole thing in a dry place – otherwise you'll find a disgusting white stringy mess the next morning.

SIMON POULTER: By far the smoothest shave I've ever had, but nowhere near the closest (that involved a spray can, right-on literature and [redacted] passing police car). A welcomingly comfortable experience in the prebrekky gloom, but it does leave a shadow come evening pub-opening time.

Overall 80%

Gillette Contour cartridges: £1.15 for five)

PAUL STRANGE: It takes time to adjust to the Contour, as to most swivel-heads. But it's definitely worth persevering. The razor is easy to hold, it's solid and dependable (particularly in the upgraded and heavier metal stain version) *(What's this? Paul into heavy metal? – Ed)*, and it can give superb results. A very fine razor.

[redacted] **POULTER:** The Contour has done me proud from my very earliest bum-fluffed days to the present dishevelled, sprouting mess. The closest of all, though its cutting life is short.

Overall 75%

Wilkinson Sword Profile (razor: £1.39 cartridges: £1.29 for five)

PAUL STRANGE: I wasn't impressed with this razor – it's hard to handle, very uncomfortable and too light. The amount of blade-swivel was less than I expected and it didn't glide particularly well over the skin. I've achieved much closer shaves with other razors – and, worse, I cut myself five times on the upstroke. *(Such a technician. – Ed)*

SIMON POULTER: If you're feeling really yuppie, then the Profile's for you. You don't even have to use it: the razor [redacted] in the rather Habitat shades of scarlet and black and would look dead good in the stripped-pine bathroom. But you'd be better off using tweezers to pluck the whiskers. A very shabby shave, but a good pose.

Overall 45%

THERE YOU GO, gang. Next month we'll be comparing the group leaders (Bic Orange, Boots II and a gaggle of Gillettes) to discover LM's top razor.

REMINGTON STEAL

You've read LM's guide [illegible] shaving, but wouldn't an electric do a smoother job? Victor [illegible] Remington [illegible] says 'yes' – [illegible] he's bound to. He bought the [illegible] pany. BOOTH comes in for a close shave.

WHAT can you do any time without being tied to the washbasin or needing Elastoplast?' asks Victor Kiam.

Sex? Wart-picking? DIY amputation?

Don't be silly, Booth. According to Victor Kiam you use a Remington Microshave, and if anyone knows what you can do with a Remington Microshave it's him. After all, he was so impressed with the product that he bought the company.

'Electric shavers really better than blades,' says Vic, 'and I'm old blade guy. With shavers, first you have flexibility of movement, you can walk around read your newspaper while you shave.

'Second, shavers are better for your skin. With blade you put shaving cream which dries the skin out, then the blade scrapes the skin off. Ouch!

'Third, some guys get a heavy beard and need to shave twice day. They can do that easily with an electric shaver. With a blade you have to stop everything, find shaving cream and a washbasin and strip off. Then when you throw on the aftershave you go up the wall!'

Tying yourselves to sinks? Stripping off?

Throwing yourselves up walls? I never realised the lengths you chaps go to in pursuit of the perfect shave. No wonder designer stubble caught on.

'The Remington makes life ,' Vic continues, 'because it actually shaves as close as a blade but more convenient to use.'

And – as he says in adverts – Vic is convinced his product shaves close a he'll refund the money of any customer who thinks otherwise.



But how many chaps, I wondered, feel their Remingtoned cheeks have more in common with a dog's bottom than a baby's?

'We get just four tenths of per cent back,' the answer.

I'm none the wiser, but Vic's looking pretty chuffed so the figure must be good.

Vic is pretty chuffed about the whole company, though Mrs Kiam can't have been when in 1979 her middle-aged husband risked everything he had to buy Remington and cope with its £20 million annual losses.

'When my wife brought home the shaver I flipped over it,' says Vic. 'Believe it or not, I had such faith in the product I met the full asking price for the company.

'It took me seven months make the deal and then hard work really started. I had to turn that company round. Remington had been pricing their shavers like everyone else. In the States their major competitor priced at £27 Remington was priced at £27. This meant they weren't enticing any new custom.

'Within a month of my purchasing the company we brought out a £15 shaver – and do you know what? That product soared. That's what really made us.'

In a few years the company showing profits of £9 million, and had received an award for the Outstanding Financed Company in the USA. The gamble had paid off, and Victor Kiam had proved he was smooth an operator his shavers.

Today Remington worth £150 million and Kiam, 57, still tirelessly seeking new ways to increase its value. As Chairman, President and Chief Executive Officer of Remington he makes pitch for sales worldwide, laying the 'Hello, I'm Victor Kiam' routine each country in own language.

'I do all my ads,' he declares gleefully. 'None of them dubbed.' Back home, time permitting, he likes to fit in a spot of shaver-flogging.

'Some people try to put down because I still carry bag and try to sell my shavers. But what the heck! If I gotta job to do, I'll do it.'

And of course there always new business ventures.

'We've just launched a new product,' chirps Vic enthusiastically. 'It's a spot-and-stain cleaner. We launched it in the States just before Christmas and it was a big success. It'll be over here in the spring.'

The VicVac is apparently 'great for pet stains' (a great relief Yankee pooches living in fear of the All-American Pooper-Scooper).

'And I've done another commercial' beams Vic.

I do my damdest to look excited.

'I'm not the star, though, my granddaughter is! She spills the gook we clean up with the VicVac. Her Jennifer Ellen but I call her JE 'cos she's gonna be a real power, a real killer, like someone else TV with mitails like that.'

By starting young, JE is following Grandpappy's footsteps. He had his first business at nine, hustling Coca-Cola on the streets of New Orleans, and his wheeler-dealing has brought in the big bucks. So what's the to cess? How can we all get rich quick?

'You tell these young people,' says Victor Kiam, 'that the world their oyster. They just gotta have the confidence and dedication get out there and make things work for them.

'Many people say they wanna be entrepreneurs and do their own thing but that's just the half of it, the verbiage. The doing it means really *doing it*, sticking to it when things get tough, being committed and willing to make rifices.'

And there's more.

'If you work hard and to the best of your ability, you'll not only be at peace with yourself but success and financial rewards should follow on naturally.'

For more advice, read Vic's book *Going For It*. It'll tell you how to win by a whisker.



GILLETTE BREAKS THROUGH AGAIN

BORN TO REIN

Now you can watch TV without ever having to watch TV. Two decades of telly hits are coming out on video, as SIMON POULTER reports.

ONE in every four British households owns or rents a video recorder – so it was inevitable that TV programmes would come out on video.

There are three benefits. Marketing: popular programmes to tape and sell Joughins Public is a very lucrative supplement to the sale of programmes abroad. It supposedly lessens the technically illegal practice of videoing programmes at home (the hypocrites and contradictions of which provoke endless discussion) and it helps reduce public demand for repeats.

The BBC's Enterprises department were first off the mark, with things like a set of the wonderful *Hancock's Half Hour* shows, *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, and of course *Fawlty Towers* – popular shows on BBC Video outselling (or outrenting) all others in the TV video range.

But though Auntie Beeb has only scratched the surface of her treasure trove of classics, there's already plenty on the market for the avid collector or anyone who missed out on a show when it was first aired. Recent titles include selected episodes of *Dr Who* and *Blake's 7*, and comedy from Spike Milligan's *The Best Of O* to more episodes of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*.

The BBC doesn't just offer comic classics. BBC Video has also released the award-winning drama series *Edge Of Darkness* in two parts – the series was widely considered the best use of licence money in the last 20 years. And for complete football fanatics, the BBC label has a selection of FA Cup Finals including the 1973 Sunderland v Leeds Final (1-0 to Sunderland, Porterfield in the 31st minute).

There are two price areas for BBC vids. The budget range (under £10) includes the Cup Final 'classics' (at £9.99), a *Three Of A Kind* compilation (£9.99) and a best-of-*Entertainment USA* (£7.99), though the thought of having a tape of Jonathan King in my home is not one to relish.

The higher-priced BBC videos include *Edge Of Darkness* – £39.50 for a two-tape set – the *1986 PGA European Tour Highlights* (seriously!!) at £24.95, and *Monty Python's Flying Circus – The Complete Second Round Set*, a snip at £99. The *Python* series is, however, available on three-episode tapes at a more modest £24.95 each.

The **Channel 5** label is releasing programmes made for the ITV network by mid-pendant TV companies like TTC. LM looked at *The Prisoner* in issue One and all those Gerry Anderson shows (*Thunderbirds*, *Terrahawks*) in issue Two – and soon you'll be able to see a pre-007 Roger Moore in *The Saint*, and with Tony Curtis in *The Persuaders*, all on Channel 5.

But only Thames Television's subsidiary **Thames Video Collection** has challenged the mighty BBC hold on this lucrative market. Some of its bestselling export programmes, like *Minder* and *The Benny Hill Show*, are appearing on the video shops.

The Thames Video Collection list doesn't match the huge BBC collection, but it's pretty varied, with titles ranging from highbrow highlights like *Sooty* and *Rainbow* to the hilarious *Benpar Mouse*, and more serious items like *The World At War*, *The Naked Civil Servant* and *The Agatha Christie Collection*.

Thames even have two tapes of *The Royal Wedding* on the shores item, though you have to decide whether Chuck'n'Di or Andy'n'Fergie is worth your money and your boredom threshold.

Nearly all Thames videos are available at the affordable price of £6.99.

So there you have it – TV programmes coming at you from the (until) aerial, from the table or satellite dish, and from your local video rental shop.

Happy fast forwarding.

This month's ■ video guide lists ■ top TV shows available on video

Agatha Christie, ■ A Class Darkly
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Agatha Christie, The Case Of The Middle-Aged Wife
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

All Creatures Great ■ ■ – The Homecoming
■ ■

The Ashes, Victory In Australia
BBC ■

The BBC Video ■ To Wildlowl
BBC VIDEO

Bell's Scotch Ryder Cup 1985
BBC VIDEO

The Best Of Wimbledon Doubles
BBC VIDEO

Blake's 7 – The Beginning
BBC VIDEO

Blake's 7 – Duel
BBC VIDEO

Blake's 7, ORAC
■ VIDEO

Cagney & Lacey
CHANNEL 5

Captain Scarlet Versus The Mysterons
CHANNEL 5

Danger Mouse
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Danger Mouse Saves ■ World
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Dr Who – Revenge Of The Cybermen
SCREEN LEGENDS

Dr Who – The Day Of The Daleks
■ VIDEO

Doctor Who – Pyramids Of Mars
BBC VIDEO

Doctor Who – The Seeds Of Death
BBC VIDEO

Doctor Who – The Robots Of Death
BBC VIDEO

Doctor Who – ■ Five Doctors
BBC VIDEO

Doctor Who – The Brain Of Morbius
BBC VIDEO

Doctor Who – The Day Of The Daleks
BBC VIDEO

EastEnders – The Queen Vic
SCREEN LEGENDS

Edge Of Darkness – Part One, Into The Shadows
BBC VIDEO

Edge Of Darkness – Part Two, Northmoor
BBC VIDEO

Entertainment USA – The Video
BBC VIDEO

FA Cup Final 1964 – West Ham Utd V Preston Nth End
BBC VIDEO

FA Cup Final 1966 – Everton V Sheffield Wednesday
BBC VIDEO

■ FA Cup Final – Sunderland ■ Leeds Utd
BBC VIDEO

1974 FA Cup Final – Liverpool V Newcastle Utd
BBC VIDEO

FA Cup Final 1977 – Manchester Utd V Liverpool
BBC VIDEO

FA Cup Final 1979 – Arsenal V Manchester Utd
BBC VIDEO

The Fall And Rise Of Reginald Perrin
BBC VIDEO

The Fall And Rise Of Reginald Perrin 2
BBC VIDEO

Fawlty Towers – Basil The Rat
SCREEN LEGENDS

Fawlty Towers – The Germans
SCREEN LEGENDS

Fawlty Towers – The Kipper And The Corpse
SCREEN LEGENDS

Fawlty Towers – The Psychiatrist
SCREEN LEGENDS

Flight Of The Condor
SCREEN LEGENDS

Jacklin And Palmer Play The Best 18 In Britain
BBC VIDEO

The Amazing Adventures Of Joe 90
CHANNEL 5

Joe 90 Vol II – Hijacked, International Concerto, Operation Mcclaine
CHANNEL 5

The Knowledge
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Last Of The Summer Wine
BBC VIDEO

Last Of The Summer Wine – Getting Sam Home
BBC VIDEO

The Living Isles
BBC VIDEO

Minder
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Minder On The Orient Express
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Monty Python's Flying Circus – Series 2, Episodes 1 – 4
BBC VIDEO

Monty Python's Flying Circus – Series 2, Episodes 5 – 7
BBC VIDEO

Monty Python's Flying Circus – Series 2, Episodes 8 – 10
BBC VIDEO

Monty Python's Flying Circus – Series 3, Episodes 11 – 13
■ VIDEO

The Naked Civil Servant
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Number 10 Downing Street
BBC VIDEO

PGA European Tour
■ VIDEO

Play Gold With Peter Alliss
BBC VIDEO

The Persuaders – Sporting Chance
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 1 & 2 – Arrival, The Chimes Of Big Ben
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 3 & 4 – A, B & C, Free For All
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 5 & 6 – The Schizoid Man, The General
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 7 & 8 – Many Happy Returns, Dance Of The Dead
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 9 & 10 – Checkmate, Hammer Into Anvil
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 11 ■ 12 – It's Your Funeral, A Change Of Mind
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 13 & 14 – Do Not Forsake Me, Living In Harmony
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episodes 15 & 16 – The Girl Who ■ Death, Once Upon A Time
CHANNEL 5

The Prisoner – Episode 17 – F■ Out
CHANNEL 5

Regan
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Return Of The Man From UNCLE
CHANNEL 5

Revenge Of The Mysterons From ■
CHANNEL 5

Ripping Yarns
BBC VIDEO

More Ripping Yarns
BBC VIDEO

Even More Ripping Yarns
BBC VIDEO

The Complete Ripping Yarns
BBC VIDEO

Sooty And Superdog
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

The Adventures Of Sooty
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Space 1999 – Destination Moonbase Alpha
CHANNEL 5

Spike Milligan In The Best Of O
■ VIDEO

Stingray – Invaders From The Deep
CHANNEL 5

Incredible Voyage Of Stingray
CHANNEL 5

Stingray Vol III – Sea Of Oil, Treasure Down Below, The Golden Sea
CHANNEL 5

Terrahawks 1
CHANNEL 5

Terrahawks 2 –The Menace From Mars
CHANNEL 5

Terrahawks 3 – Terror From ■
CHANNEL 5

Terrahawks 4 – Hostages Of Mars
CHANNEL 5

Three Of A Kind
BBC VIDEO

Thunderbirds – Countdown To Disaster
CHANNEL 5

Thunderbirds – Pit Of Peril, City Of Fire
CHANNEL 5

Thunderbirds In Outer Space
CHANNEL 5

Thunderbirds To The Rescue
CHANNEL 5

Unknown Chaplin
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

Vendetta For The Saint
CHANNEL 5

A Voyage Round My Father
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

■ World At War (13 volumes)
THAMES VIDEO COLLECTION

NEW GII PLUS WITH LUBRASTRIP

FIRST GILLETTE GII BROUGHT YOU A BREAKTHROUGH IN SHAVING CLOSENESS · NOW COMES A BREAKTHROUGH IN SHAVING SMOOTHNESS · BECAUSE NOW GII HAS LUBRASTRIP · THIS REVOLUTIONARY STRIP WORKS WITH WATER TO GLIDE THE RAZOR SMOOTHLY OVER YOUR FACE· GILLETTE GII PLUS · SHAVING SO CLOSE NEVER FELT SO GOOD·



A BREAKTHROUGH IN SHAVING SMOOTHNESS


THE MEAN

NG OF LIFE

As LEVEL 42 prepare for another globetrotting tour, SIMON POULTER charts their rise and rise. Pictures by BEEZER.

NOWADAYS, I doubt you'd find an empty month in a Level 42 member's Filofax. Mark King, Mike Lindup and the Gould brothers (Phil and Boon) are entrenched in the familiar album/tour/album/tour routine which many stars avoid simply by doing sweet FA.

Take last year, for example. In January and February Level 42 wrote new material, in April and May they played an American tour; in the summer they toured Europe; and in the autumn they wrote new material, which was then recorded and showcased in four sellout Wembley Arena gigs before Christmas.

Last month their *Running In The Family* single shot into the charts; Level 42 followed it up with a bout of European promotion (including an appearance at a nauseating back-slapping bash run by the BPI — the British Phonographic Institute).

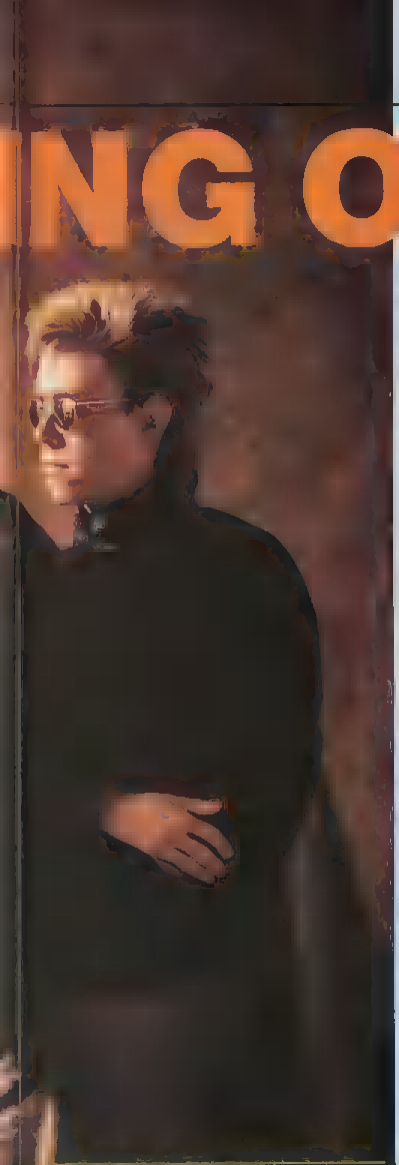
This month they're releasing a new album, also called *Running In The Family*, and then they start their world tour with 14 British dates (see LM's fact box **ON THE LEVEL**).

And next year they'll repeat the cycle. Level 42 have led the same gruelling life for a few years, though the royalty cheques and venues are getting larger and more numerous tour by tour.

But it wasn't always that way. Level 42 had it pretty hard in their early days, as a bunch of lads from the Isle Of Wight playing the music they liked, scratching round for the odd gig and taking jobs at a carpet factory to pay the bills.

Level 42 formed in 1980, taking their name from Douglas Adams's book *The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy*, where the number 42 is the answer to the question 'What is the meaning of life?'

At first the band were purely instrumental, jamming together without pre-



The great Wight hope: Level 42. L to r: keyboardist/vocalist Mike Lindup, bassist/vocalist Mark King, guitarist Boon Gould and drummer Phil Gould.

DISCOGRAPHY

	Released	UK Record Number
[illegible]		
Love [illegible]	August [illegible]	[illegible]
Trying On The [illegible] Of Love	[illegible]	POSP [illegible]
Love Games [illegible]	November [illegible]	[illegible]
Tune [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Starship Foundation & Empire (T & [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arc [illegible] Hearing [illegible] Tune [illegible] Of The Mind [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Weave Your Spell [illegible] Love Games [illegible] Tune [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
The Chinese Way [illegible] Living Nation	January 83	POSP/X 631
[illegible] Of Silence Out Of Mind [illegible] Peter Gabriel (remix) [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Out Of Mind [illegible] You Can't Shape Shape It [illegible]	April 83	POSPP 670
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Come Away With Me [illegible] Can't Walk Away From Love	July 83	[illegible]
[illegible] Turn It On (Live Version)	October 83	POSP/X 685
[illegible] Water Sticks To Your Face	August 84	POSP/X 697
The Chant Has Begun Almost There	October 84	POSP/X 710
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cry Milkmaid, Mr Pipe	[illegible]	[illegible]
Something About [illegible]	September [illegible]	POSP/X 750
Leaving [illegible] Sleep On My [illegible]	October 85	POSP/X 770
Lessons In Love Hot Water (live)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Running In The Family Dream	February [illegible]	POSP/X 840

Level 42 are on the Polydor label

ON THE LEVEL

LEVEL 42 start their world tour with a series of British dates. These are: **Birmingham** National Exhibition Centre (24, 25 March), **London** Wembley Arena (28, 29, 30, 31 March – first two shows sold out), **Manchester** Apollo (2, 3 April), **London** Wembley Arena (6, 7 April), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (11, 12 April), **Newcastle** City Hall (14 April) and **Brighton** Centre (15 April). Check with the venues about tickets.

conceived notions of becoming a jazz-funk band. Mark King wasn't even a proper bassist. A drummer by trade (he did a short bout with Reflex before joining Level 42), he lied to get a job in a music shop by saying he played bass.

By now record companies were interested in the band, though being an instrumental band proved a drawback. One label's A&R man suggested Level 42 should flash out their material with vocals, and reluctantly Mark and Mike became vocalists.

It worked. Polydor signed them in 1980 and the band emerged as early exponents of the Brit-funk lad, a mythical post-punk style for which everyone supposedly drove souped-up Escorts with dangling furry dice, decked themselves in Kickers and listened to Central Line, Freeez, Shakatak, and Level 42.

But the 'jazz funk' label was dished out ignorantly; the expected 'jazz funk explosion' never really arrived (it was more of a fart than a bang), and of the many groups tipped to succeed only Level 42 have survived (unless you count the Freeez remixed, reissued regurgitation).

Three years later, two albums on and after a lot of hard graft for Polydor, Level 42 had their first hit in 1983 with *The Chinese Way*. The single was a turning point for the band.

And Level 42 have never looked back. They haven't had a duff single since (apart from the *Physical Presence* EP), and their last, *Lessons In Love*, became their biggest-selling single, with seven Number One positions worldwide.

Their LP sales have increased album by album; their latest opus, *World Machine*, sent shock waves through the Polydor sales force. At the last count it had gone double platinum in the UK and sold a staggering 2.5 million worldwide.

The single *Something About You* gave them a Top Ten hit in the USA – surprising, considering that the band's 1982 album *Standing In The Light* wasn't even released in America because it didn't fit conveniently into radio airplay categories.

But despite their success, Level 42 have steered clear of overexposure: Mark King is the band's best-known face, and the others remain relatively anonymous.

The band are a mixture of mad and mild. Mark King is a sort of punchbag – belt him and he'll bounce back and forth for what seems like hours. He was voted world's best bassist by *Blues And Soul* magazine, and his hands are insured for a million pounds.

He plays so fast he has to tape his fingers up (sometimes they've bled during performances) and (believe it or not) *really* ardent Level 42 fans emulate Mark by wearing black tape on their thumbs at gigs.

He does some pretty odd things on the road, too. If his bleeding thumbs are up to it, Mark ignores the pleasures of the flesh and slots in a spot of abseiling up and down hotel walls.

Phil Gould prefers windsurfing to abseiling. Born in Hong Kong, he was previously in the group M of *Pop Musik* fame. He's married and has one child.

Guitarist Boon Gould and keyboardist Mike Lindup are sometimes more raucous. But Boon (who was born on the Isle Of Wight and worked in an electronics factory) devours Mervyn Peake's fantasy books and has his own record label to keep him busy; and Mike (who was previously a kitchen porter) has a passion for bird-watching.

Each to his own.

Level 42 could have sold out and become instant stars, but they preferred to work at it the hard way. Their persistence and seven years together have paid dividends, and Level 42 are earning the recognition they deserve.

DISCOGRAPHY

LEVEL 42
Heaven

THE EARLY TAPES
Fight Against Time

STANDING IN THE LIGHT
Machine Shop

TRUE COLOURS
The Chant Has Begun

RUNNING IN THE FAMILY

SOLO WORK

(Mark King solo)

are on the Polydor label



Level 21: Phil Gould (left) and Mike Lindup



The scientific sword, Edinburgh University parapsychologist Robert Morris

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Is there 'something new out there'? After decades of silence and scorn, scientists are taking the paranormal seriously—and there's more to it than ghostbusting, as DAVID CHEAL discovers.

SUDDENLY IT was uncanny. Robert Morris had just been telling me about a corner of [illegible] of people for whom equipment and machinery *never* seem to work. I emerged from his office at the University Of Edinburgh and played my tape of the interview.

Nothing. Not a sausage. Imagining that some inexplicable psychic force had exerted its will over my recorder, excited by this big story, [illegible] at button . . . and realised *that* was the only force stopping my tape. Pity.

Professor Of Parapsychology at Edinburgh, would have laughed at my naivety; he knows the value of caution, and he's frustratingly reluctant to slap the 'paranormal' these incidents.

'We're trying to develop a far better picture of what's *not* psychic but looks like it, looking at how we psychological procedures produce perceptual illusions,' he says. 'We also have to be aware of how other people the magicians, frauds, pseudo-psychics.'

The chair in parapsychology at Edinburgh University, only the second of its kind in Europe, is funded by a bequest from the writer and critic Arthur Koestler, who had a lifelong fascination with the paranormal and whose life was peppered with 'meaningful coincidences'. Koestler, suffering terminal cancer, committed suicide with his wife in 1982 and left [illegible] a million pounds to set up a parapsychology at a university in the Kingdom.

Edinburgh University had already done research in this area, and got the money. They appointed Morris, a genial, soft-spoken American psychologist who has recently turned his scientific attention to parapsychology in the USA.

[illegible]affable man, with a passion for Frisbees—but [illegible]lessness disappears in Edinburgh's hallowed academic halls, where his byword is caution and his motto is 'Beware The Newshound'.

Ask him what they're studying up there, and he'll reply with a precise but mystifying phrase:

'First,' he says, taking a sip of Coke, 'we call *anomalous input*, known as ESP way an individual seems to be taking in information [illegible] world in some way we don't understand. example, somebody becomes tense at a particular moment and has a vivid image of Uncle Fred, and it transpires that Unc has been in automobile accident.

'We're also investigating clairvoyance—an example of that is when you've lost your wallet, someone has a vivid image of your wallet behind the dresser, there's precognition—some people seem able to mation from the future.

'Those three are lumped together as ESP. Some people say it stands for 'extrasensory perception', say stands for 'error some place', and we've more than to the that much of what's happening *is* deception.

'What we're looking at *anomalous output*, where someone seems to be having an their environment. Examples of this are people who are always 'lucky'—maybe dice always falls right for them—or people who are very good or very bad with gardening, or with equipment. these claims.'

, Morris is wondering whether people can psychically influence the computers they use. In some offices, equipment just won't work—because *someone* doesn't want it there.

But Mor e are wary o there's 'something new out , as he it, had evidence. He tells the one about the computer and the mail trolley: was an office where every particular system would fail, and then later it would get again. So they called in and when the experts showed up the phenomenon wouldn't manifest itself; so obviously they began to think, 'Is this one of those odd events?'

was all because the office mailman would always come in at noon, on rounds, and slide his trolley against a power cable—that w causing the However, whenever the experts he'd politely wait outside till they'd gone away!'

Ask him for an anecdote which suggests things *do* go bump in the psyche, and Morris will refuse; he tri hard se unscientific weaknesses, those hunches, gut feelings glimpses into the future and which some of us experience but which none of us can explain. To him the rush of blood to the head, the exhilaration of and the almost-impossibly improbable coincidences are of little use to science, because they're impossible to verify.

And Morris is susp of anyone with a strong personal belief in the paranormal: 'Once people harden their views and become fond of the n interpre ford ing data.

So he t investigates any of the spectacular side normal, the lars (in his language spoons are 'small utensils'), radio psychics this world.

'They're too easy to fake,' he says. 'Some have been exploited by people who've co and either done a trick on them or perhaps shown some genuine ability then they're off—showbiz.'

Showbiz it ain't, but one of Morris's ideas had visible s. Volunteers and try by thinking it, push randomly-moving dots to side of the screen.

Half the volunteers are given 'high striving tions'—they're ing move the dots over to the side—whereas the other that it's no big deal where the dots end up.

'There's this notion that it is possible to try too hard,' explains Morris—and the results support it.

'We found that people who were given high striving instructions were unsuccessful ing the dots, while those with low tions tended to do better than you'd expect by chance. There is now evidence that people seem to be more receptive under states.'

It's hardly going to make the front page of *Psychic News* or the *News Of* but Morris would undoubtedly prefer to see his results published in some dry but esteemed scientific journal. Good science seldom makes exciting reading for layman.

Anyway, it's early days yet; Morris enough time and money Edinburgh to keep the project going, and don't want to rush it. We've attracted some people with great ideas, but sometimes quite so much patience.

'What we need is a thematic body of work strong enough to convince me.'

Professor Morris and his team would like to hear from anyone who's had an 'odd' experience, even if there turned out to normal explanation for the . Contact at *Edinburgh University's Department Of Psychology*, St Andrew's burgh.

> "People can deceive us—magicians, frauds, pseudo-psychics."

MAN IN A SUITCASE

This month LM checks out the sights and secrets of Bristol, centre of the South-West.

Reporter [redacted] LOWE and photographer BEEZER – a Bristol lad – visit Britain's eighth-largest city, and [redacted] time is had by all.



Brilliant corners: central Bristol

THE CHIC OF IT

THEY talk funny here. The Bristol accent is a peculiar version of the yokel brogue that rugged, rustic types use to charm buxom wenches in corny cider adverts.

And the city itself has the same twisted charm. The casual visitor isn't confronted with the usual bleak, ugly scene of many large cities. Bristol seems to have had less than its fair share of economic collapse and deranged town planners. From jumped-up Clifton to run-down St Paul's, Bristol is a very 'pleasant' city, shabby but chic.

And this air of downbeat gentility is no illusion. Like its old rival Liverpool, Bristol got rich off the slave trade and maintained its wealth through shipping business, but went into decline when the earning power of the docks dried up.

Unlike Liverpool, however, Bristol hasn't had to get on its bike and look for work. Bristol is close enough to the dizzy madhouse of London; it makes an ideal bolt hole for companies with the wit to realise that it's possible to function outside the capital, and pay a lot less per square foot. Even Lloyds Bank is planning to transfer its HQ lock, stock and black horse from London to boomtown Bristol.

And while business is booming, the old docks are blooming into a bourgeois bohemian paradise – theatres, cafés, 'craft shops', 'alternative cinemas', floating restaurants, etc – all 'very Venice'.

Culturally, Bristol's probably the most thriving city outside London, catering particularly well for the theatre and cinema crowds.

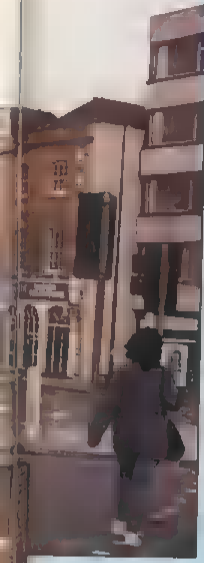
The music scene is varied and lively, too, with local bands like The Blue Aeroplanes and The Brilliant Corners commanding strong local loyalty.

Shame about the football teams, though. Bristol City may be gunning for promotion from the Third Division, but Rovers are nestled firmly in midtable no-man's-land after being shunted out of town to share a ground with nearby Bath City.

It's impossible to give the authoritative word on a city's real life if you're just visiting for a few days. So what follows are glimpses, a tourist's snapshots, of life in what seems to be a prosperous, friendly and lively city.



Twisted charm: the Christmas Steps in central Bristol. Julie want to come back to



Can't stop the Moon Club

The nerve centre of Bristol music



Indie prime mover life: music entrepreneur George Leonards

GEORGE LEONARDS may have his eye on the profits, but his heart's in the right place. His **Moon Club** was recently voted Bristol's best club by readers of the city's listings magazine, *Venue*, and Leonards owns what he describes as a "multipurpose music and video facility" (a recording studio, a couple of rehearsal rooms and an area for video production), where last year most of Bristol's top independent records were made.

'The Moon Club has succeeded because it's well-run,' says Leonards, 'and it's run *by* music fans *for* music fans. It's a live-entertainment club and not just a disco – late-night drinking club – people don't come here just to get a date for the night. And because of the nature of the place it acts as a focus for the local music scene. Obviously we put on a lot of local groups at the club, and then there's the studio and rehearsal rooms all in the same building.

'Before I opened this place a couple of years ago, I'd been involved with various bands as a manager, and I felt that this area really needed an environment in which musicians could come to rehearse, record, make videos and perform their material live. And I think a place like this is bound to strengthen the music scene by providing a venue to play live *and* the facilities to make a well-recorded demo tape – a good studio and a professional engineer.

'This place provides that focus and those facilities, and encourages and helps local talent to develop. And one of the advantages of this place is that it helps people to do it, rather than a small label that does it all for you while you sit back. And at this level I think it's important for bands to do it for themselves – it develops marketing expertise and gives them a little more feedback themselves on what it's really like out there.

'Being successful isn't just about writing great songs, it's about being successful in business, knowing how it works. We tell people – if they do a lousy gig and nobody comes along we tell them it was shit and that we'll book them for less next time.

'I think the music scene here in Bristol is getting stronger all the time and the importance of the indie scene as a whole is growing as the major labels get more and more out of touch with what's really going on in the marketplace.

'We have this place and, more importantly, an independent distributor in the city, **Revolver**, which is part of The Cartel. The fact that we have Revolver means that local groups like The Blue Aeroplanes, The Brilliant Corners, The Flatmates, The Chesterfields and Fear Of Darkness feature in the national independent charts, while the facilities here enable bands to progress from having a couple of good ideas and playing in a pub for a few mates to making a professionally recorded demo, playing in a good music venue and creating exposure for themselves in that way.'

An Aardman to please

Film animators go beyond SLEDGEHAMMER

MAYBE Bristol bands haven't set the national charts alight yet – but a Bristol firm, **Aardman Animations**, won the recent BPI (British Phonographic Institute) award for the best video of 1986. The winner was their video of Peter Gabriel's *Sledgehammer*.

'It was the first and only video we've ever done, though we're keen to do more,' explains Peter Lord, co-owner of Aardman. 'We have been offered video work, The Housemartins' *Happy Hour*, Billy Bragg, but the problem is that the timescale's always so tight.

They want the thing in two to three weeks – which we can do, and we did with *Sledgehammer*, but only if we've got nothing else on. If they approach us when we're really busy there's just no way we can do it.'

'But working on *Sledgehammer* was so enjoyable we'd love to do it again. It's so much freer than doing commercial work, which is very much dictated by the agencies. There was much more creative input from us and though it was frantic in terms of time, the atmosphere was much more relaxed.'

The *Sledgehammer* video has brought the ad industry to Aardman's door, anxious to use the hot new company, but Lord and his partner Dave Sproxton are keen to leave time aside for their own film projects. They're working on a pilot for a children's TV show which Lord describes as 'very expensive and very complicated, but quite funny and sharp'.

With this project Aardman returns to a familiar field – stop-frame animation using plasticine models. 'I suppose the plasticine stuff is our forte,' admits Lord. 'It's very difficult, very fiddly, very dirty and very slow, but it can be very expressive. You can get so much emotion into a plasticine face or body and if you've got the energy to do it you can do some weird transitions.

'A plasticine puppet is just such a great acting vehicle. And it's an area that's been very much underused in the past.

'Over the past ten years there's been much development in drawn animation, while puppet animation has tended to be very obvious – nicely done, but still barely one step up from *Camberwick Green*. And you can do so much more than that.

'I'd like to do more films like *Conversation Pieces* (*an excellent series of five-minute programmes for Channel 4, in which conversations taped from real life were acted out by animated plasticine puppets*), and making films for adults.

'We are, first and foremost, film-makers and the fact that are films are animated is just an interesting detail of how they're made. And after all, all those Warner Brothers cartoons were made for adults – they weren't originally made for kids at all.'

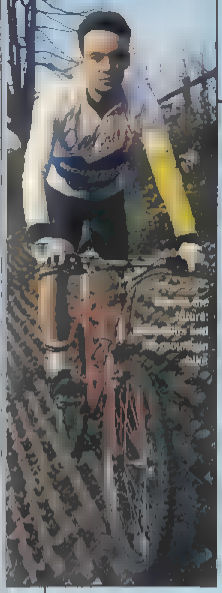
But commercial work is Aardman's bread and butter, and the path from the ad agencies to Bristol is well-worn now.

'It was difficult at first trying to operate this sort of business from a provincial city,' Lord recalls, 'but now all the agencies come scuttling down to Bristol to see us. It's a bit of a novelty for them. We take them down to York Cafe on Clifton Road and they love it – the food's good and they can't believe it's so cheap.'



Aardman video producer Peter Lord puts his money where his mouth is





An uphill struggle

Mountain bikes — a new adventure sport

IT LOOKS like any other bike – a bit chunkier, perhaps, but still pretty run-of-the-mill.

In fact, the rugged vehicle and its rider **Math** (22) have been pitched against cross-country runners and horse-riders in a 26-mile race through the wettest bogs and mountains in Britain.

'Last year,' explains **Math**, 'we could only do part of the course. It had rained there every day except one for a year and we ended up wading through mud up to our knees *carrying* the bloody bikes.'

Bristol is a centre for the sport of mountain-biking. Two of Britain's top riders live here – Math himself and Mike Newton – and **Overbury's**, a local firm run by Andy Powell and his mother Enid, is the country's leading manufacturer of hand-built models. Among their customers is UB40 bassist Earl Falconer.

But though the sport is well-established in America, there's not enough organisation or sponsorship for mountain-biking in Britain.

'It's still fairly new over here,' says **Math**. 'The bikes have been around in America since about the mid-Seventies and here since the early Eighties. How it started was that people started taking their cruisers onto the mountains and breaking them. So they began to reinforce the frames with tougher tubing and using a bigger gear-range to get up the mountains.

'Overbury's use a mixture of very strong heavy-gauge tubing and lighter tubing where the bike takes less stress, and then much lower gears than a road bike. Usually mountain bikes have 18 gears – that's three chain rings at the front and six at the back – because once you get down to a certain gear it's easier to run the thing. On the *lowest* gear of the mountain bike you're probably talking three revolutions of your legs to one of the back wheel.

'I suppose they're the sort of bikes you always wanted as a kid – big and chunky. I got into it through running and motorcycle trials riding. But trials riding is just too expensive, so I went for a mountain bike instead. These are expensive if you have hand-built – they range from about £300 to £1,300. But I don't have to pay for them anymore, because I'm sponsored by Overbury's.

'I think that if the sport is better organised it could really take off. It's a great spectator sport – all that ploughing through mud and over rocks with people falling off all the time.

'I get a real kick out of it – it's that being right on the edge of control. It's definitely dangerous. You have to wear a helmet and some people wear a lot of padding . . . but I haven't had a bad accident yet. It's surprising what the bike will get you out of; if you just relax yourself the bike'll do all the work when you're going fast.

'But the biggest problem in the future is going to be access to the mountains. In America, bikes have been banned from all the National Parks, supposedly because they erode the soil. It's more likely that hikers have been complaining about being pounced on by mountain-bikers. It's understandable, I suppose – we'll have to start letting them know we're coming.'

The gentle stroll up hill and down dale will never be the same again.

Quiche and tell

Films and flans at Bristol's open arts centre

IT SOUNDS a bit pretentious, and also a bit intimidating – a 'Media Centre' for 'independent' films, exhibitions of arty photography and learned discussion about 'aspects of the media'.

But publicist Sara Davies insists that **The Watershed** is more than just a playground and watering hole for students with artistic pretensions and the studiously cultured middle-class.

'The whole idea of The Watershed is not to be exclusive, not to be "high art", not to put people off by being precious about its activities,' Davies explains. 'The whole idea is to *open up* media activities – film-making, videos, writing and TV production, and to get people working in these areas to come and talk about what they do and in that way make it more accessible.'

'The whole idea of the place is to open up all these areas of the media to people who aren't part of that bourgeois cultural scene.

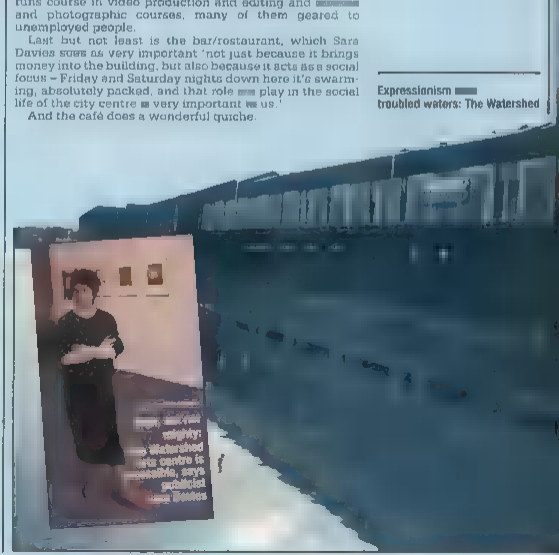
'The arts scene in Bristol is flourishing at the moment and will continue to do so and hopefully become less white-middle-class-oriented at the same time. Bristol has a very strong black community, large Asian, Chinese and Italian communities, and a large outlying area of working-class suburbs.

'It's a very good mix of people, and of course that mix contributes to the liveliness of the scene here. Places like The Watershed do have an obligation to reflect this by showing, for example, black photographers' work, and we do that – not in a patronising way, but because it's our duty to act as a focus for what's going on in these fields, particularly in Bristol.'

The Watershed has two cinemas specialising in new British and American independent releases; and a large gallery for exhibitions of photography, posters and mass-produced graphic work like album covers. The centre also runs course in video production and editing and photographic courses, many of them geared to unemployed people.

Last but not least is the bar/restaurant, which Sara Davies sees as very important 'not just because it brings money into the building, but also because it acts as a social focus – Friday and Saturday nights down here it's swarming, absolutely packed, and that role plays in the social life of the city centre is very important to us.'

And the café does a wonderful quiche.



Expressionism in troubled waters: The Watershed

Secret space for artists



TUCKED AWAY in the heart of Bristol's dockland is the **Sculpture Shed**, a disused warehouse that offers cheap studio space to local sculptors; nearby, its sister organisation **Artspace** does the same for local artists.

Sculptor Trev Roberts, 26, is a founder member of the Sculpture Shed: 'A place like this is obviously worthwhile; it means we can buy expensive equipment for things like welding, forging and lathe work, and share the cost between the members. Bristol is a great city to live and work in. There's loads going on and a lot of things like this place happening.'

He hasn't thought of a title for his curious creation, though, and describes it modestly as 'just an exercise in carving; really, I'll try to get a few pieces together and do an exhibition.'





In cider trading

A FEW YARDS from the Sculpture Shed, a stone's throw away from Bristol City's ground, is **The Orchard**, a pub specialising in the region's most cherished brew, cider.

'We have nearly all cider in this pub,' explains landlord Maurice 'Merch' Merchant, 'though we do a drop of beer every now and then. The stuff we have is from Taunton – a bit stronger than normal bottled cider. Three pints of this stuff and you know you've had a drink.'

Mike Rafter 'Senior' evidently has. As Beezer takes his picture, his cronies are taking the piss. 'I know what they want, Mike – a picture of you buying us all a pint.'

And 'He won't be selling us football coupons today – they could be from the social security, you know.'

Unfortunately, The Orchard's stopped serving the infamous local brew 'Natch'. According to Merch's wife Cath 'it turns people into lunatics'.



Not just hot air: the workshop at Cameron Balloons

Levis in the sky with Cameron

Balloon ads are flying high

THEY'VE BLOWN a pair of Levis high and wide across the sky; they've built a monster-sized replica Harley-Davidson motorbike out of high-tenacity nylon; and if you happen to chance upon a castle floating round in the sky, the Bristol-based **Cameron Balloons** are probably responsible.

Established by top balloonist Don Cameron in 1967, Cameron Balloons are now the biggest manufacturers of hot-air balloons in the world and supply balloons to 47 countries. And the success of Cameron has made Bristol a mecca for balloonists; the annual balloon fiesta which the city hosts (this year held on 14-15 August) attracts about a quarter of a million visitors.

Like many of Cameron's employees, director Phil Dunnington is a keen balloonist himself.

'I got into it like many people do, by going along to watch balloons, thinking I'd like to do it and getting a few friends together to chip in a bit of money to buy one.

'The main attraction of ballooning is the opportunity to see the world from a totally different viewpoint. It's gentle, it's quiet and you have a totally unobstructed view of the world below. You're out in the air, not like being in a plane when you're shut in, and you can smell all the smells and hear all the sounds. That to me is the attraction.

'Also, you never really know where you're going to land. Obviously you aim to land somewhere where you're not going to cause any damage or disturb anybody. I think it's the most pleasurable of aviation sports and certainly the safest. I've just got the figures from the Civil Aviation Authority – and unlike things like parachuting, hang-gliding, powered aeroplanes and gliding, there've been no fatal accidents from ballooning in the last six years.'

But the lion's share of Cameron's business comes not from pleasure punters but from commercial advertisers.

'A balloon is a very cheap form of advertising,' says Phil. 'A balloon costs about the same as a single-page advertisement in a colour supplement and lasts for about five to ten years – depending on how you treat it – whereas a magazine ad lasts for only two or three days.

'Some of the designs we're asked to turn into balloons are very complicated, but because we had so much experience in it we're the only people in the world who have the technique to do the very complicated ones.

'It's not so much creating the shape out of the material, which is fairly straightforward, as getting the thing to inflate properly and fly safely. Each one has to get its certificate of airworthiness approved by the Civil Aviation Authority, so you can't just make what you like and throw it in the air.

'So far, though, we haven't had to turn anybody down. I mean, if you can build a balloon in the shape of a Harley-Davidson you can do just about anything.'



RECOMMENDED

FOOD

Special K's *corner of St Michael's Hill and Perry Road*
Cheap and cheerful, and a hip hangout for students, truant schoolkids and local luminaries. Proprietor Kosta Fiakkos cooks a mean lasagne.

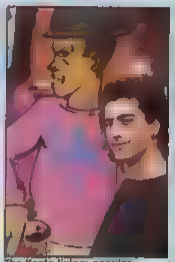
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Central Studio *bottom of Christmas Steps, Centre Gate, Colston Avenue* Tel: Bristol 292348
Put your head in the hands of the gifted Gabbie and his team of skilled stylists.

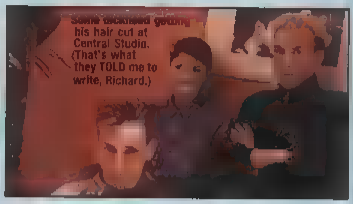
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Moon Club *Upper York Street*
Small, unassuming; live music most nights, and [illegible] dress restrictions.

Tropic *Hepburn Road*
Packed at the weekends, good atmosphere.



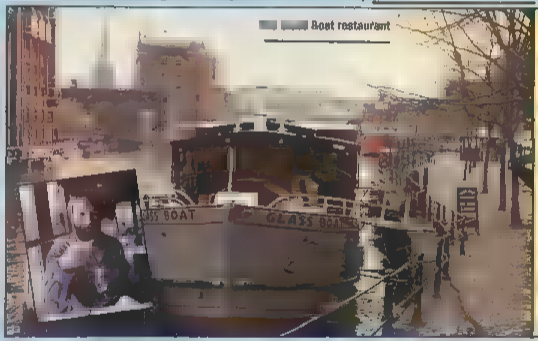
The Kosta living: popular restaurant owner Kosta Fiakkos of Special K's



Papillons *Nelson Street*
More upmarket (ie meatheads at the door wear suits and don't let you in if you're wearing jeans). Good for a serious night's posin' till closin'.

Studio *New Bristol Centre, Frogmore Street*
High-tech lasers and designer lagers. Bit of a meat market at the weekend, but isn't everywhere?

Fleece And Firkin *Saint Thomas Street*
Beer boys' paradise. Vast array of real ales, and a roll of honour for those who [illegible] sink them all in one night.



Don't throw stones . . .

Q: What do you get if you combine a deregistered dock in the heart of the commercial city centre, a builder with a sideline in outside catering, a horticulturalist and a legion of hungry [illegible]-ance workers?
A: A successful floating restaurant . . . presumably with some neat flower arrangements.

[illegible] from an empty shell by Magnus Macdonald and his partner Arnie, furnished with bits and pieces from all around (windows from the Courage brewery, ladies' loo door from the Royal hotel, lights from Royal Insurances, etc), **The Glass Boat** restaurant has been open for five months.

Magnus insists that the floating trough is more than a gimmick. 'We're a proper Bristol restaurant, servicing an area which there's a good demand for business lunches and a place to eat well relatively cheaply. If it [illegible] just a gimmick we'd have nautical knick-knacks and pictures of ships all over the wall.'

Just Venue thought it [illegible] safe to go back to the newsagent's

AN ESSENTIAL guide to what's going on in both Bristol and Bath is *Venue*, the fortnightly local listings magazine run by an enthusiastic and on-the-case team of drunkards and Bristol Rovers fans.

Now in its third year, *Venue* reflects and reinforces the strength of Bristol's arts/music/cultural scene, and it's one of the country's most successful listings magazines.

'There's a lot happening in Bristol,' says Deputy Editor Dave Higgitt, 'and it's up to us to encourage that and try to get as many people as possible aware of things like [illegible] music scene and get involved in it.

'We're sometimes criticised for going overboard in praising local bands like The Brilliant Corners and Chorchazade, but I think it's important for us to encourage local talent as much as possible. It would be stupid for us to just slag everything off.'

Dave is one of the many who came to Bristol as a student and never left.

'It's a great place to live. The people are friendly; it's a big enough city for there to be a lot going on, but it's easier, less dangerous in a way, than places like Liverpool and Manchester. People go on about St Paul's, but it's not a ghetto or a no-go area; the media tends to give a distorted [illegible] of things like that.'



There's no need to shoot yourself in the head when you're wearing [redacted] LM cap and T-shirt!



Guaranteed to make you talk of [redacted] town, [redacted] and soul of [redacted] party, totally irresistible and fantastically brainy – but Fiorucci stuff [redacted] [redacted] expensive, isn't it? LM-wear can't do any of [redacted] wonderful things, but [redacted] pretty serviceable and we've got sizes to fit anyone.† And it's [redacted] of attractive, and actually, it doesn't cost very much either. So why hang around? Order today (lots of them).

† Except super-big body-builders.

T-SHIRTS
Richly emblazoned with the red and black LM logo, served piping hot on a crisp bed of 100% pure, snowy-white cotton, garnished with double stitching on neck and shoulder seams for a more perfect taste. Comes in three sizes just for you.
£4.50

LM CAPS
Designed for heads that are going places. Also very useful for gently butting people who aren't listening to you properly. An adjustable strap ensures all heads can be made to fit. LM caps come in two astounding colours – bright red for show-offs, and a subtle pale grey for more introverted types – with a white LM logo embossed above the baseball-style peak.
£3.95

LM T-SHIRTS & CAPS OFFER

[redacted] quoted include VAT, post and packing (UK only) [redacted] Europe and Overseas, please add £2 extra per item ordered.

Please tick the appropriate box(es) and fill out the form in capitals.

T-Shirt size: S ☐ M ☐ L ☐

Chest sizes in inches: Small 34-36, Medium 38, Large 40

☐ Please send me LM T-shirt(s) at £4.50 [redacted]
☐ Please send me Red LM Cap(s) [redacted] £3.95 each
☐ Please send me Grey [redacted] Cap(s) at £3.95 each

Name
Address
.....
..... Postcode

I enclose [redacted] [redacted] payable to Leisure Monthly Limited
Cheques or [redacted] orders only please!

[redacted] DEBIT [redacted] VISA/ACCESS ACCOUNT _____
I [redacted] pay by Visa/Access (delete as applicable)

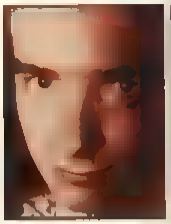
Signature _____
Expiry Date _____ VISA

Please Charge My Account No:

LM CLOTHING OFFER, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

Hunter S Minson's

Mondo Bizarro



Join our man with a stone tablet as [redacted] goes back to fundamentals . . .

In search of the New Messiah

[redacted] indeed. Since I last wrote, the Special Branch have entered the property of the British Broadcasting Corporation and taken documents, in a politically-motivated quest for retribution against an investigative journalist and his sources.

And in the same month, the Chief Constable of one of the largest police forces in the country has said he believes making paranoid psychotic comments about AIDS victims swimming in a cesspit of their own immorality may [redacted] doing God's will. Bad craziness.

But this talk of religion set [redacted] thinking. What has dominated this column for the last few months? [redacted]. Sex – from the frigid Californian style to Sweden's frozen but hot climate. Well, it's about time we gave it a rest.

That Great Editor In The Sky has been dropping the odd hint in my direction. There [redacted] the booklet that [redacted] slipped into my hand as I sat nursing a hangover on a bus recently. It's a buff-coloured publication, called *The Law Of God*, and sure enough it's filled with enough divine retribution to keep the most brazen sinner awake and sweating at night.

What I am getting at . . . what I am being told . . . is that this column needs some spiritual values. The forces of evil are all around us – and when the big day comes, we're going [redacted] have to get our asses in gear if we're to avoid the eternal fire, brimstone and Bon Jovi records. That's what first attracted me to the newspaper advertisement that announced 'The Christ is in the World'.

Now there is one thing that you have to realise when you go getting mixed up in religion and that [redacted] that you must never, ever piss around with God. Add to that a second commandment: tread very carefully when you piss around with those who claim to be God's representatives on earth.

There are reasons for these two simple rules. First of all, it's unbelievably easy [redacted] dump on religious belief from a great height. And those who make religion such [redacted] easy target are often the ones who claim to be doing God's work. Religions attract cooks and crooks, from the cynical manipulators [redacted] the totally screwed-up, stopping only to say 'Hi' [redacted] the gullible millions in between.

But saying that religion itself is a crock of shit is like saying you don't like the record industry because it's built [redacted] bribery, corruption and exploitation. Religion is in a no-win situation – it has to be big and prominent [redacted] gather followers, and yet any organisation on that scale is open to corruption.

So if you distinguish between religion and churches, you may get nearer to [redacted] sort of truth. But it's a truth you have to discover for yourself, which means not dismissing anything without investigation. Which brings us to the second commandment . . .

People who believe they [redacted] messengers of God tend to be understandably devoted, and if they think you're pissing them around you may well get into one of those 15-rounds/three-falls-or-submissions doorstep bouts so beloved of Jehovah's Witnesses! But it's better to thrash it out – because if you dismiss all the claims immediately, you may just miss out on that new voice in the wilderness. Which is why my attorney and I were wandering round the frozen wilderness of Brick Lane in London's East End, [redacted] search of salvation.

I'd phoned the number in the advertisement the day before – or, more accurately, the night before. Benjamin Creme, the [redacted] at the other end, certainly hadn't sounded like the complete yo-yo I'd half-expected, and though he did express surprise at the late hour of my call, he didn't let [redacted] what he must have thought . . . that the drugs-and-drink-crazed person calling himself a journalist [redacted] the other end of the line was in need of psychiatric help. After all, it was midnight!

But then, if you're a prophet of the New Messiah, you've got to expect the odd interruption of your daily routine. There's [redacted] guarantee that the Second Coming is pencilled [redacted] for 2.30 on a Thursday afternoon.

There's never a Messiah around when you need one . . .





My notes from my conversation with Benjamin Creme are fairly incomprehensible and my memories of it are worse, but this is what I can decipher: Maitreya, the Christ, is actually working among the Asian community, in the Brick Lane area, at this very moment. He's a teacher of sorts, people come to him for advice, and his reputation is spreading throughout the community. He's known as a very special man.

But I thought there was something in the Bible about not hiding your light under a bushel. Ben Creme has the answer. It seems that in the next two to three months the Messiah is going to go public – and, true to the times, he'll appear on TV worldwide in the marvels of satellite. I didn't dare suggest that there's a danger the mass of couch-potatoes will mistake the Second Coming for just another episode of *Dallas*.

Don't talk about having sided with the Catholics only to find that God is an Orangeman, either. The Messiah is the embodiment of all religious groups, according to Creme. And His message sounds sane: changes in society that will lead to more sharing. I can't see Thatcher liking it!

How did you get the enviable job of PR to the Son Of God?' I asked Creme. After all, it's not the sort of thing you'd expect to see advertised in Monday's *Guardian*.

'It started in 1959,' Creme explained to me with extreme patience. 'A disciple of His in the Himalayas contacted me.' He added that now many journalists are prepared for the Messiah. 'By the way, when's your deadline?' he asked.

'Oh – real soon,' I said, trying to sound like a hard-pressed hack, and rang off, letting him get back to his sleep.

So it was that my attorney and I met, to discuss how we were to join the ranks of those prophetic journalists, in a dark panelled bar, just off Oxford Street, surrounded by tourists. We were drinking lager with bourbon chasers, to get into a suitably spiritual frame of mind, when my attorney pointed out that recognising Messiahs is not something that either of us had had much practice at.

It was for this very reason that I'd asked him along. I wanted a legal mind with me. The night before had left me fairly crazed, and I reckoned the skills of a trained barrister could only be to the good, if by chance we should find the Messiah.

'So what do you suggest?' I asked him. 'Think biblical,' he suggested. 'That particular bestseller must be packed with clues.' And yes, the Son Of God did go in for some fairly flashy behaviour. However, the papers hadn't been overcrowded with tales of miracles in the environs of Aldgate Station . . . probably because none of the cast of *EastEnders* were involved.

We drew up a plan of action. We'd start at a swimming pool, I'd involve the attendant in some general conversation, so as not to make him suspicious, then casually ask if any of their punters had taken to walking on the water rather than swimming through it.

We were going to try the same tactic with fish shops. 'Hi, I'd like a bag of chips. And by the way, you've not had anyone order a couple of pieces of cod and a roll, then feed the crowd of West Ham supporters outside, have you?' Off-licences were a possibility, too. Big party. People coming in asking for bottles of . . . water! These could all be valuable pointers.

Of course, when it came to lepers, the whole thing got more complex. You can hardly go up to somebody in the street and say, 'Excuse me, are you a leper or is that just a bad case of acne?' But my attorney (by now asking for pints of Jim Beam) pointed out, we wouldn't be looking for lepers much cured lepers. I wasn't convinced it would be any easier to go up to somebody and ask if they'd *ever been* a leper, though.

Stopping only to pick up a bottle of Jim Beam (because, my attorney slurred, He might want to turn it into water), we drove off toward the East End. I was still uncertain that we'd got enough to go on.

'What about gold, frankincense and myrrh?' my attorney suggested.

'What? On LM expenses? They'll try not to pay for the drinks.'

'But we should have a gift for Him.'

'Okay,' I said, 'there's a shop.'

Two minutes later we were out in the street again, armed with a Crunchie bar, a packet of joss sticks and some throat pastilles. Neither of us knew what myrrh is, but we thought it sounded vaguely medicinal, so a pack of Fisherman's Friends seemed like a reasonable substitute.

'You're not just going to go up to people and ask if they've seen the New Messiah, are you?' said my attorney incredulously, taking another swig from the bottle.

'Just you see. I'm a trained investigative journalist,' I shouted back as I strode across the street.

Half an hour later we were cold and closer to the New Messiah. The most satisfaction we'd had was pissing on top of a multistorey car park – a physical relief, but nobody has ever suggested the bladder is a spiritual organ. My questioning had received the odd look, but no firm leads. We could have done with, 'Oh yes, try the next street on the left. There's a bit of a crowd. He's the guy with the halo.'

Brick Lane seemed a particularly godless area. There were boxes of decaying fruit from Spitalfields market everywhere. 'It could be a sign,' I said hopefully. 'A reminder of the frailty of the flesh.'

'It could be waiting for the street-cleaners,' my attorney said. We also found a church, but its doors were closed and a notice said the building had been condemned.

We met a few down-and-outs. One sidled up to us as I stood taking a picture. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'Can I help you?' A sudden thought went through my brain. Could it be that the Messiah was about to declare himself to me through one of His disciples? After all, during the First Coming He'd hung out with the layabouts and hippies.

'Sure,' I smiled, 'We're looking for the New Messiah.'

But instead of the look of enlightened bliss I'd hoped for, I received an expression of slight panic. 'I think you should ask him, there,' he said nervously, pointing vaguely into the distance. Then he turned tail and scampered away, without even trying to hum the price of a cup of tea.

'Strange person,' said my attorney, taking another mouthful from the bottle.

I stopped and turned to him. It was getting dark. A good journalist will chase a story to the end of the earth if need be – but it was freezing cold and the pubs would be opening again soon. 'What say we call it a day?' I asked.

He looked at the last quarter-inch of bourbon, then briskly raised the bottle to his lips. 'Sounds fine by me,' he said. 'Just let's ask him over there.'

Him over there – the tramp stood warming himself by a fire, made from orange boxes from the market. He eyed us suspiciously as we approached. 'No photographs,' he said.

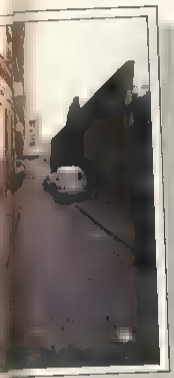
'Excuse me,' I said, trying to look as trustworthy as possible, 'we've heard that the New Messiah is working somewhere in this area. Do you happen to know where we might find Him?'

The tramp exploded in rage. 'New Messiah! First you've got to find the Old Messiah.'

'Er, thank you,' said my attorney, dragging me away. The tramp watched us fade into the distance.

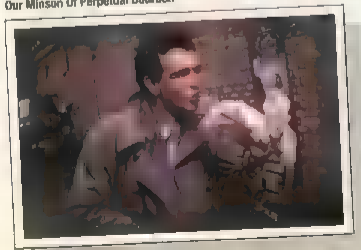
It's now several days later and at last the deadline has arrived. But I'm left thinking that maybe the tramp was right. Perhaps we didn't approach the task in quite the right frame of mind.

I think I understand why the Messiah wouldn't want to present Himself to us, even though we were willing to offer Him the cover of this magazine. So we'll carry on looking. And I'll keep an eye on the TV, waiting for that very special announcement. Providing They don't crucify Him with the Official Secrets Act first.

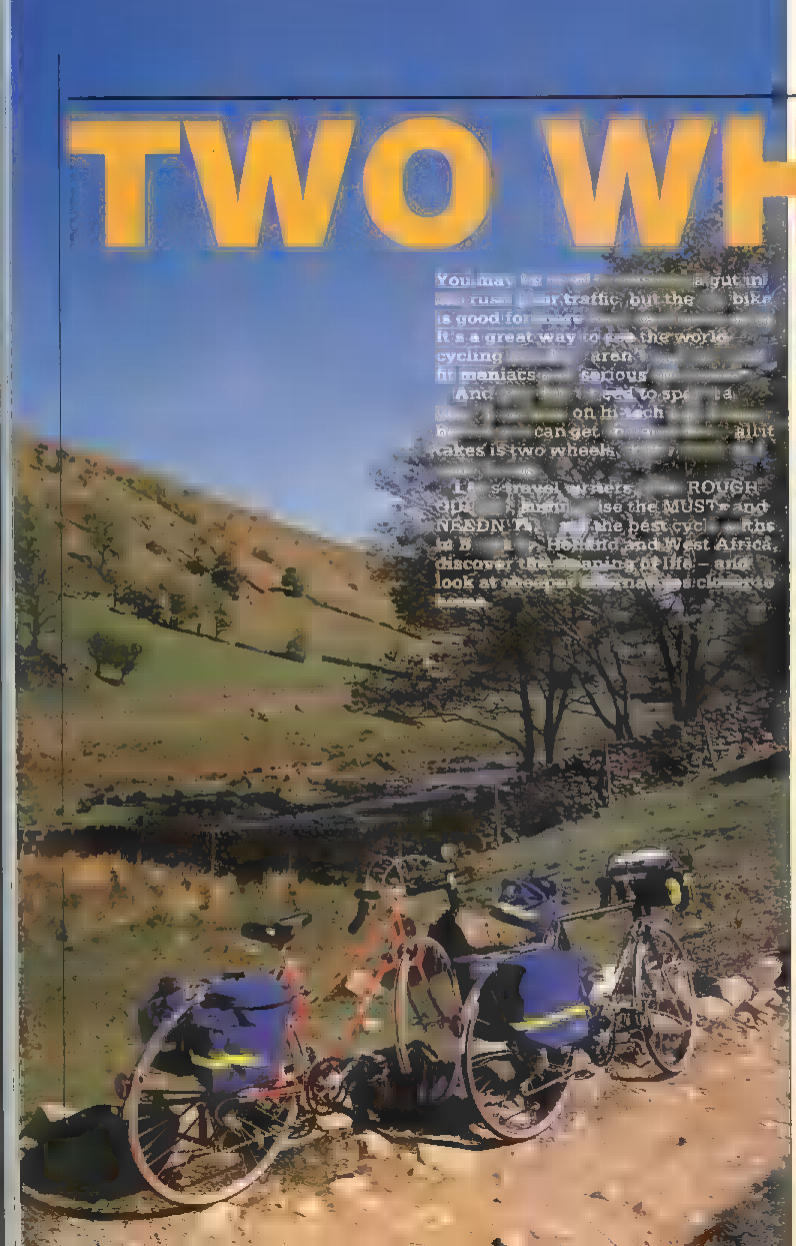




Our Minson Of Perpetual Bourbon



TWO WHE



HORSES was our first idea. We would ride down the banks of the Niger like romantic explorers, from Upper Volta to Ghana and the coast. But the first problems were simple ones: most horses we saw could barely support their own weight, let alone ours.

The rows of put-put mopeds in the market at Ouagadougou looked promising, too. But there's no petrol in Ghana.

So we bought two bikes in the market – gigantic, earnest Chinese ones – and set off, destination Accra and the Atlantic.

The bikes had no gears (but we expected to be going downhill most of the time), and only the crudest of brakes. On the back we put stone-age carriers, made from wood and bits of inner tube. They were basic but effective, and we grew to admire our bikes; they were called Phoenix, and true to their name they rose again from every calamity.

Concealed potholes, jagged road edges, spiteful white thorns, frequent blowouts on the boiling tarmac, endless falls on sandy tracks, the insane weight of rider *and* food *and* baggage *and* water – they got to us sometimes, but nothing bothered the bikes much.

We rumbled with satisfying momentum through the dry bush and savannah lands, making as much progress as we felt like (or were able to), parking by trees or in villages. It worked out fine, though neither of us had ever cycled further than Clapham.

We had to fix up plastic hoses from our water-carriers to save stopping every few hundred yards or passing out from dehydration. We cycled early and late, hiding from the killer midday sun while we stuffed ourselves with bread and margarine and mangos. We learned to eke two showers out of a gallon of water, standing on a rock in the middle of the darkest, starriest Africa. It was bloody romantic.

The worst thing – and the weirdest – was when

ELS GOOD

WEST AFRICA

RICHARD TRILLO is our man in savannah



half my spokes collapsed suddenly, outside the village of Prang. I pushed my crippled mount up to the mango tree ■ the village centre and found that Prang is the bike-repair and rejuvenation centre for the whole of northern Ghana. With a name like that it had to be.

A little further on, half-asleep in the usual noon glade of mango trees, ■ heard the primal crackling of fire advancing through the bush. In the minutes it took to gather our stuff the fire swooped around us and the only exit was onto the road, where locals were desperately trying to save their trees.

The fires ■ deliberately started to encourage new growth after the rains, and for miles the ground was dusty with a layer of fine black soot.

Things were more welcoming further south, and whole villages turned out to yell and wave at us, having been warned of our existence by bush telegraph – or, more likely, by the occasional passing lorry driver.

In the hills we saw steaming valleys of brilliant jungle, and acres of banana trees and sugar cane on the slopes. Hornbills dipped ■ ■ the road and monkeys scattered from our path. We ate plantains (like huge, unripe bananas) in all their roadside varieties – fried, grilled, roast, boiled – and nearer the coast we got to know coconuts well.

We became Coke addicts, expert at tracking down the signs of a fridge – a humming generator or trails of cables strung through the trees.

Finding clean water ■ sometimes ■ hassle, but finding somewhere to camp was always easy. And though our meetings with people were usually brief, they were always infectiously good-humoured. They would never believe two Europeans could possibly be cycling through Africa by choice.

Was everything okay? Where was our car? Where were our children? What ■ our mission? Our tale that we'd cycled from Ouagadougou, hundreds of kilometers to the north, ■ obviously a smoke screen. Just what were we trying ■ discover?

By the time we finally got to the beach – ■ almost nauseatingly perfect palm-fringed paradise – we were old hands. Three more months looping through Nigeria, stunningly beautiful and fascinating as ever, we took in our strides. We got to know several Nigerian lorry drivers well as we crawled our way back north – and they came ■ useful when we were *really* stuck.

What finally stopped ■ in ■ tracks was the rain. We realised ■ had to give up when we found ourselves hiking up a near-vertical escarpment into Cameroon in a torrential thunderstorm ■ pursuit of two porters who were carrying our bikes on their heads.

We cleaned the mud off the Phoenixes and sold them two weeks later – our tears dried by the profit margin – to the gardeners at the British Embassy in Yaounde.

REMEMBER . . .

1 . . . It's not half as crazy as it sounds
2 . . . Give away half your belongings
3 . . . Take a tent
4 . . . Take a kerosene lamp and an old plastic oil jar for carrying water
5 . . . *Keep* taking malaria tablets
6 . . . Don't lose your pump



BRITTANY

GREG [illegible] spent six weeks [illegible] cycling round Brittany, [illegible] the northwestern tip of France

I'D NEVER thought of trying a cycling holiday till I went on a 60-mile charity bike-ride and found how easy it is. You just sit on the bike for a bit longer than usual and end up miles from where you started. Cycling about 40 miles a day takes amazingly little effort, and it makes for a great cheap holiday.

So when I hit Brittany I didn't plan a route to follow – if anywhere sounded interesting, I just went there, and if I got into a conversation, I stayed talking. One man showed me a garage full of deafening mechanical [illegible] instruments, another showed me a vast collection of rusted old English bikes, including one in the shape of a fireman's helmet. An ancient white-bearded sailor told me the meaning of life (you'll just have to find it out for yourself).

Summer days with fresh-bread-and-fruit picnics on the green verges of tiny roads . . . a mouse that crept into my pannier and came along for the ride . . . purple and yellow heather on windy clifftops, islands in the distance and the sandy beaches below . . . a pain in the bum . . .

You can get a ferry to either of two ports in Brittany, St Malo or Roscoff. The fare is low, your bike is carried free, and you're ready to bike off into France the same day. From one port to the other is about three days cycling, and the southern coast is only two days away, so in a week you can get anywhere you like. You could head in search of the Fountain Of Eternal Youth in the Forest Of Paimpont near Rennes (it's there somewhere, but you also feel rather dumb wheeling your bike along a forest track and asking a bent old woman with a huge bundle of sticks for the way to the Fountain Of Eternal Youth).

You can explore the ancient megalithic sites and stone pyramids, deep in the heather around the Gulf Of Morbihan in the south; follow the rivers through the centre, and swim in the tree-lined Lake Guerledan; tour the wild coast of Finisterre; or ride the [illegible]e forest of Huelgoat or the weird eroded pink rocks in Perros Guirrec in the north.

It's not the sights that matter, though – the cycling itself becomes addictive. For once in your life you're entirely in control; you don't have to wait hours for the only bus of the day, which doesn't go where you want to go anyway. It's rare to find a hill too big to climb, and if you do you can always walk it; and there's not a feeling in the world to beat coasting downhill or speeding along the flat.

And you can always find somewhere to stay in Brittany, though if your French isn't brilliant some people take great delight in pretending not to understand what you're saying. (It can drive you mad, being forced to repeat '*une chambre*' over and over again in every conceivable accent, while the whole village gathers round and tries to guess what you could possibly want.)

All towns have at least one hotel, and if there are two of you it shouldn't cost more than three or four pounds each. There are plenty of youth hostels, and also *gites d'etape* – very cheap communal dormitories for travellers. You can get lists from the local *Syndicats D'Initiative* (tourist office) wherever you are.

Or you could camp – but a tent and sleeping bag will weigh you down. It's not much fun hauling yourself up hills on a bike festooned with excess panniers, bags, and strapped-on kitchen sinks.

There are holiday resorts in Brittany – chic expensive ones like La Baule, and cosy little seaside towns all round the coast. The beaches are there if you want them, too; but really, on a cycling holiday you just keep on moving, and that's the joy of it. Just as well – in Brittany there's no nightlife to speak of, and everyone goes to bed at sunset.

In one town where I stayed, Saturday night meant one open cafe where the only other customer was a large white hamster. And he hardly said a word all night.

I came back from France bulging with muscles I'd never even known existed, and healthier than I'd ever been, though I'll been pigging myself on all that wonderful Breton seafood. And I had to be restrained on the ferry from going down to the car deck and cycling round and round, just to use up some of my new-found energy.

Brittany Ferries operate services from Plymouth to Roscoff and from Portsmouth to St Malo – contact them at *Wharf Road, Portsmouth* Tel: Portsmouth 827701. On both runs the single fare with bike is £26, and at the same cost there's also a special excursion fare allowing up to 60 hours in France. **British Rail** carry bikes free if you've got a ticket for yourself.

And you can send your bike anywhere in France by train for 30 francs, as long as you have a train ticket yourself – so you can take a train south and cycle back north. Most French railway stations also hire out very good bikes quite cheaply. And you can return the bike to any station, not just the place where you hired it.



BRITAIN

Cycling from home is e[illegible] less complicated than going abroad

ALL you need to do to take a cycling holiday in Britain is wake up one morning with the urge to go . . . and go. Take with you a copy of one of the books packed with bike [illegible] around Britain (*Cyclist's Britain*, Pan/Ordnance Survey £5.95; or *CTC Route Guide*, Penguin £3.95), and you might end up somewhere worth getting to, with a youth hostel or other cheap accomodation in which to recover from your exertions.

And even if you don't fancy a holiday in the rain and smog, it's worth trying at least a day's outing before you commit yourself to weeks in the saddle, just to prove to yourself you can do it. Pick somewhere 15 or 20 miles away, head off in the morning, look around, and come back; you'll surprise yourself.

Almost every town has a bike club which organises days [illegible] – normally you take your bike on a train to some scenic spot and ride around there. The routes range from deall[illegible] (to the pub and back) w[illegible] mountain-climbing; at the end everyone meets up again for a slap-up tea. Fun, huh?

Get details of these from your local bike shop or from the **Cyclists Touring Club** (*69 Mead Row, Godalming, Surrey GU7 3HS* Tel: Godalming 7217), which has branches throughout Britain. They also organise longer tours around the country and trips abroad – even to Nepal, they claim. For more general information check out *Cycling* magazine, which'll list what's happening near you.

HOLLAND

MARTIN DUNFORD takes the low road

'LAND Of Bicycles', the tourist blurb goes. And there are few countries more suitable for the sport, especially for beginners – given Holland's flatness, its 6,000 miles of bike paths, and its easy amiability toward its cyclists (11 million of them).

Dutch people actually *use* bikes: distances are short, and the countryside is gentle, so for many it's the easiest and most economical way of getting around. Dutch bikes are heavy, solid and rehable, any colour you like *so* long as it's black, without gears and often with back-pedal brakes. Flashy racers are, on the whole, kept for high days and holidays.

Those who can't bear to ride without campagnolas can take their bike to Holland on the train and ferry. A word of warning, though: *always* lock up your bike.

Bike-stealing is a national pastime in Holland, and in Amsterdam particularly you can often *see* parts of dismembered bikes still chained to their railings, the victims of sharp-eyed gangs armed with bolt-croppers – who afterwards roam the streets touting their prizes at suspiciously low prices. It might be profiting from someone else's misfortune, but this is the cheapest way of all to pick up a bike in Holland – and you can always sell it (often at a profit) before you return to Britain.

Another warning: don't imagine that just because the countryside in Holland is flat the going will always be easy. Strong winds can sweep across the Dutch polders, and riding against them is more backbreaking than any hill.

Like most people, we started our tour in Amsterdam, the capital of Holland (the Netherlands) and centre of action. Dope has been decriminalised here and there are dozens of bars and coffee shops where you can buy – and consume – the weed. And the city's also alive with music and clubs – and cheap hostel accommodation – geared to the many young people passing through.

The rest of the country can seem dull after Amsterdam, but the scenery is pretty, and with the wind behind you it's easy to cover at least fifty miles a day. We headed north, through the villages of Volendam and Marken – clogs, cheese and tourists, for the



most part, and not specially interesting – and across the barrier dam, which protects much of the country from flooding.

This is the most gruelling part of any trip, with the IJssel Lake basking calm and untroubled to one side, the North Sea surging ominously on the other – and, always, the wind tugging at your wheels with alarming gusto.

On the other side of the dam lies Friesland, ■■■ of Holland's overwhelmingly *flat* areas, cut by lakes and giving access to some of the country's most beautiful countryside in the islands which lie just offshore. You can walk across to these if the tide's out and you're brave – an activity known as *wadlopen* and not to be tried without an experienced guide.

Regular ferries will take you and your bike for a small fee, too, and cycling conditions on the islands are perfect. Here, perhaps more than anywhere else in Europe, the cyclist is king (queen?); cars are actually forbidden on a couple of the islands, and all the locals ■■■ bikes.

If you've made it this far, you might have had enough of the buffeting wind – so just load your bike onto a train in Leeuwarden, the Frisian capital, and take the easy way back to Amsterdam, three hours to the south.

Or go just ■ few miles further east to northern Germany and, beyond, Denmark – more excellent cycling country. A couple of days, and you could be in Copenhagen . . .

Rates per person with bike on **Sealink**'s Harwich-Hook of Holland service range from £23 to £26 one-way; **British Rail** ferries carry bikes for free; **Netherlands Railways** charge two ■■ three quid for the bike per journey.

But it's a lot easier – and cheaper – to hire your bike when you get out there. Most towns, even the very smallest, have bike-hire shops, and all Dutch railway stations rent out machines for around £2 a day or £8 a week (less if you have a valid train ticket), plus ■ £15-£70 deposit (at ■■■ of the small private firms a passport will do just as well, though).

Further information and details of all-in packages – hiring a bike complete with panniers, route description and maps – from the **Netherlands Board ■■ Tourism**, *25-28 Buckingham Gate, London SW1* Tel: 01-630-0451.

EQUIPMENT

CYCLING is simple, but you must have some basics. Apart from a dependable bike – it doesn't have to be a racer, or particularly flash – the big essentials are panniers, and a rack to attach them to. Cycling with a rucksack on your back in the hot sun is unbearable, yet you hardly notice the same weight balanced between a couple of small panniers.

Then you need a pump, a water bottle, a spare inner tube or two, and a tool kit; you can get by with a box spanner, or set of spanners, and a puncture-repair kit. Pedals can fall off, brake cables can snap, and the whole saddle can collapse (the joy of cycling while perched on a jagged metal tube is definitely an acquired taste).

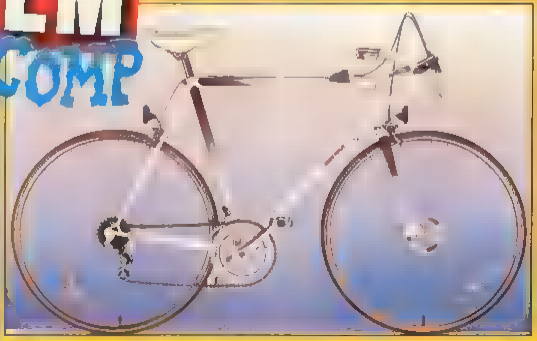
You can't predict everything that might go wrong – though you can cycle for a month without anything going wrong at all.

Still, there are bike shops everywhere, and even if you're sitting hopeless in the dust at the side of the road, futilely waving an oily rag in the general direction of your mangled back wheel, chances are some caravanner will turn up to sort you out with a cup of tea and a complete socket set and power drill.

Richard's Bicycle Book (Pan £3.95) makes good reading while you wait for help – and if you get round to reading it before, it might keep you out of trouble.

WIN A BIKE!

LM COMP



CALLING ALL CYCLISTS! Being the caring, sharing magazine you've grown to love, **LM** has acquired a unique piece of technological wizardry to give away as a token of our respect for you cyclists' devil-may-care, get-out-in-the-cycle-lane-and-breathe-in-that-lead attitude.

We're giving away ■ BIKE WITH BRAINS!

The Raleigh bike people are a hundred years old this year – well, no, not all of them, you know what we mean – and to celebrate they've produced the **Sensor**, ■■ all-singing, all-dancing high-tech fitness machine with an onboard computer.

It's painted a brilliant white with subtle shades of grey and red here and there. (**Go Faster** and *Danger, Driver Eating Yorkie* transfers are, alas, not standard on this model.)

For about £145, you could buy this lightweight, ten-speed bike with a computer measuring time, speed and distances.

OR YOU COULD WIN IT WITH LM.

We've got one of these bikes to give away (though who'll wrap it and take it down to the post office is a rather thorny subject on Grovel Hill). **Just answer these insultingly simple questions and the bike could be yours:**

1) According to The Rough Guides' bicycle travel feature (**LM** page 86), what do you need to take a cycling holiday in Britain?

2) What do The Rough Guides advise you don't lose when you take a cycle safari in West Africa? (Pervy answers will be ignored.)

3) Siouxsie And The Banshees had a recent cycling hit with *This Wheel's On Fire*. Who wrote it?

4) Which Tory MP advocates cycling ■■ the solution to unemployment?

5) Queen had a hit in 1978 with a song about bikes. What was it called?

6) And because we want to make sure this bike is going to the right sort of person, we'd like you to complete this **tiebreaker**:

I think I'm the right person to own ■ Raleigh Sensor because . . .

In up to thirty words, tell us why you should win the Raleigh Sensor; and when you're sure, send your entry to **ONE OF THOSE WITH A BELL PLEASE■■ COMPETITION, LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB* to reach us by 16 April – no later. Get pedalling.

Reviews



Steve Martin in
Little Shop Of Horrors

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DAVID CHEAL [illegible] this month's [illegible] crop – [illegible] and [illegible] ones, monsters, Deep Meaning, [illegible] of the world, Sly Stallone, [illegible] Bojolay Noovo.

ANOTHER MONTH, another dozen glasses of Beaujolais, another clutch of films. Not a bad bunch this month, with a good selection of comedy, adventure and a bit of *heavy drama* thrown in.

That's the nice thing about working from [illegible] London office; we may be a long way from the throbbing heart of Newsfield's operation in Ludlow, but we do get to see some good films and meet some nice people like Oliver Reed, Paul McGann and Mary Whitehouse.

And in my forays into the basements of Soho, I've stumbled on a previously unknown law of nature. I've decided to call it Cheal's Inverse Law Of Gastronomic And Cinematic Reliability. It goes as follows: the quality of the food and drink served at a film preview is inversely proportional to the quality of the film being shown. Thus, if you get served with a better class of roast-beef sandwich, the film is likely to be pretty unpalatable; whereas if you're only dished up cheese footballs and orange squash, chances are you're in for another *Citizen Kane*.

Such was the case with my first film this month. The coffee dished up at the Sunday morning preview of ***Little Shop of Horrors*** (directed by Frank Oz) was atrocious; the film is a classic.

This story of a boy, a girl and a man-eating plant from outer space was first a cult American B-movie, made by Roger Corman in 1960. Then it was a successful off-Broadway and West End musical for years. Now (with three new songs and some alterations to the script) it's been made into a big-budget film. And it's one of the funniest, most entertaining movies I've seen for years.



Rick Moranis in Little Shop Of Horrors

But what IS *Little Shop Of Horrors*? The plot, basically, is this: business is bad at Mushnik's flower shop in New York's Skid Row, and owner Charlie Mushnik is on the point of making his staff, Audrey and Seymour, redundant. Then, while Seymour is making [illegible] rounds of the flower wholesalers, there's an eclipse of the sun and a peculiar plant appears outside one of the shops. Seymour buys the plant, and puts it in the window of Mushnik's flower shop. Its effect on business is extraordinary, and Seymour becomes an overnight celebrity. But the plant wants its pound of flesh . . .

Confused? Incredibly, it

works, but I'm not really sure what the magic ingredient is. *Little Shop Of Horrors* isn't exactly spoof, pastiche or a send-up, but everything is stylised, eccentric, just that little bit over the top – from the way Seymour walks to the Greek chorus of three girlie backing singers who lurk in the background for most of the film. Ellen Greene recreates her stage character of Audrey in a performance of real class; she's a teetering blonde with a heart of gold and a taste for high heels, leopard-skin skirts and dreadful nylon bedspreads.

And the songs are great. The scene with the sadistic dentist (played with gleeful maliciousness by Steve Martin) and the masochistic patient had me in convulsions. The skid-row set (built inside Pinewood Studios) is magnificent. And Levi Stubbs (of the Four Tops) provides the plant with a voice (yes, it talks – and sings!) which is gutsy and desperate. I was moved, thrilled, I laughed myself silly and I want away with a nice warm feeling and a host of great tunes swimming round in my head. Go see.

The blurb for ***Personal Services*** (directed by Terry Jones) says it's "inspired by" the life of Cynthia Payne, who ran the notorious Luncheon Voucher brothel in Streatham (and [illegible] business cards with the legend *Cynthia Payne LV*).

Julie Walters plays Christine Painter, who earns her cast (and pays for her teenage son's school fees) by waitressing and renting out flats to prostitutes.

At first she regards her tenants with a mixture of distaste and curiosity, but eventually Christine herself has to take up prostitution to pay the rent, and after a few hiccups she becomes established in the vice world. Christine makes a speciality out of catering for men's more eccentric preferences and, along with her friend Shirley (Shirley Stelfox), sets up shop in suburban Streatham.

This is a *very* funny film. And the hilarity is usually at the expense of the men, most of whom are the kind of pathetic lowlife characters you can spot hanging around the peepshows of Soho. Christine, mystified by their bizarre sexual tastes (one man likes to be dressed from head to toe in rubber, bound and gagged, then locked away in a cupboard), takes pity on her customers – though this doesn't stop her making a handsome living at their expense.

But though we have plenty of laughs, *Personal Services* is a very sad film. For the social and sexual misfits of London (judges, diplomats and a double-glazing salesman) the house in Streatham becomes a sanctuary, a place of blessed relief, where they can act out their fantasies, dress how they choose and mix with like-minded citizens, people who, in all other respects, are perfectly normal (in fact, the film begs the question: just what is normal?).

It's moving to see these men achieve sexual fulfilment, but there's something rather tawdry and pathetic about the way they have to achieve it. Surely it's something to do with the way these extraordinary goings-on take place in such respectable, lower-middle-class setting.

And Christine's anguished relationship with her father, which reaches all-time low when she announces to him (at her sister's wedding!) that she's a prostitute, gets almost too painful to watch.

Director Terry Jones, whose unerring eye for the tacky and the surreal is a source of constant entertainment, passes few judgments; if the film has a 'message', it's simply that there's nowt queer as (men)folk.

He'll probably come under fire from intellectual film critics for not producing a sociosexual/economic critique of the politics of prostitution, but rightly Jones leaves his audience to come to their own conclusions. His only mistake was including a "fantasy sequence" sparked off by the cover of a glossy women's magazine. there's no need for [illegible] clichés when your story and your characters are rich and strong as these.

Americans get very sentimental about the past, especially the Fifties, and ***Stand By Me*** (directed by Rob Reiner) is the latest in a welter of films about kids growing up in a small town in the Fifties. But in this film, the 'kids' are no more than 12 years old.

Based on a Stephen King story, *Stand By Me* is the tale of four young buddies. One of them eavesdrops on a conversation involving his elder brother and hears that the body of a missing local teenager is lying a few miles away, next to the railway line.

The kids decide it would be a pretty neat idea to go off and 'discover' the body. That way they can experience the perverse thrill of seeing a dead body at first hand, and they can also claim the glory for discovering the corpse. So we follow their adventures as they tramp through the beautiful forests, mountains and swamps of Oregon on a two-day journey to find the corpse.

The kids are all what's commonly called 'well-drawn' characters. It's often difficult to tell the difference between a well-drawn character and a stereotype, but these particular youngsters remain sufficiently human and unpredictable to avoid that label. There's a fat stupid [illegible]; a thin, intelligent, sensitive kid (the author); a crazy, reckless kid; and a kid who's sharp but troubled and hard-done-by.

Stand By Me is a charming but uneventful little yarn, with a detachment about as tense as old knicker elastic. There are some good gags, splendid performances from the 'kids' (particularly River Phoenix as Chris Chambers) and a perceptive if hackneyed look at those long, hot, summer school holidays.

But I found the bullying elder brother (played by Kiefer Sutherland, Donald's son) and his cronies just too nasty to be credible. And *Stand By Me* is punctuated by a shockingly inept, hamfisted narration, oozing sentiment, which brought bile to my throat.

And at the end of the film, we cut to the present day as the author, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is writing his experiences up on a word processor. As he gets up to go outside to play with *his* kids (who are about the same age as the characters in the story – get the irony?) he switches off the word processor *without saving*. I worried all the way home about how much of the story he had to rewrite.

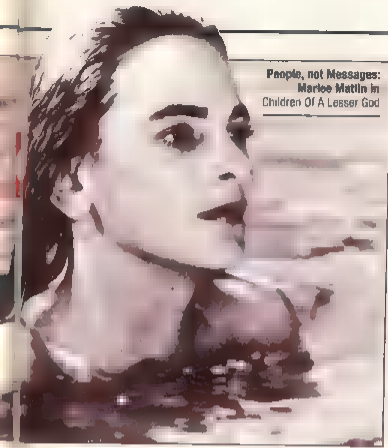
Children Of A Lesser God was one of those plays I didn't go to because it sounded off-puttingly 'worthy' – I shy away from anything 'about' some issue or other (in this case deafness), because the message can take over at the expense of the plot and the characters.

But my suspicions were unfounded, because though the film of *Children Of A Lesser God* (directed by Randa Haines) is 'about'





Sutherland, River Phoenix (left) and Wil Wheaton growing up in *Stand By Me*



People, not Messages: Marlee Matlin in Children Of A Lesser God

deafness, it's also 'about' an extremely intense love affair between two people, one of whom is a teacher at a school for deaf people.

So though deafness is the issue here, the film doesn't preach; nor does it heavy-handedly hand down tablets of stone telling us what it's like to be deaf. I did get an insight, but that came through the drama, through the characters, through the plot. Both characters are in many ways unsympathetic, neither of them becomes a mouthpiece for the film's 'message'.

And it's refreshing to see Marlee Matlin, who is herself hearing-impaired, taking a starring role. She and William Hurt give electrifying performances as Sarah and James, whose relationship is tempestuous and frustrating; Sarah's profound deafness is a barrier to any relationship, and her blunt refusal to have anything to do with the 'outside' world makes her an even more frustrating student and lover. One last thing; it's nice to see a film in which, after it's become obvious that the two characters are going to fall in love, they don't waste any time in getting down to it.

Fans of the TV series ***Whoops Apocalypse*** will be delighted to know there's now a big-screen film of the same title, starring Peter Cook as the British Prime Minister and Loretta Swit as the US President.

The plot is rather like a global Ben Travers farce, rife with silly coincidences and ghastly misunderstandings, with slapstick and bare bottoms thrown in for good measure. The fictional British colony of Santa Maya in Central America is invaded by neighbouring Maguadora, led by a repressive right-wing dictator.

Britain sends a task force to recapture the territory, but in retaliation the Maguadorans kidnap Britain's favourite Royal, Princess Wendy. Britain threatens to retaliate with a nuclear attack, and the USA and the Soviet Union find themselves drawn into the conflict . . .

Peter Cook plays the delightfully (but dangerously) dotty Prime Minister; there are cameo roles from Rik Mayall as the leader of an SAS squadron which embarks on a hilariously bloody and hamfisted attempt to rescue Princess Wendy, and Alexei Sayle, who's well-cast as a shady Russian military official.

No nation emerges with any credit from *Whoops Apocalypse*, which shows with manic effectiveness how the world is threatened by malevolence, bungling incompetence and brinkmanship.



Slapstick, or how we learned to stop worrying and enjoy The Bomb: Rik Mayall leads the SAS in Whoops Apocalypse



The firing line: Beirut war reporter Christopher Walken in War Zone

The gags come thick and fast, and though there's a lot of slapstick and a farcical story line, the real strength of *Whoops Apocalypse* is the way it depicts an unsettlingly plausible sequence of events.

I've never been able to make much sense of the war in Lebanon. With its bewildering array of factions and its gruesome history of murder, mayhem and bloodshed, this bedevilled country makes Ulster look like a hippie colony. I was hoping ***War Zone*** would help me understand this apparently meaningless conflict – but it only suggests that the situation there is even more senseless than it appears.

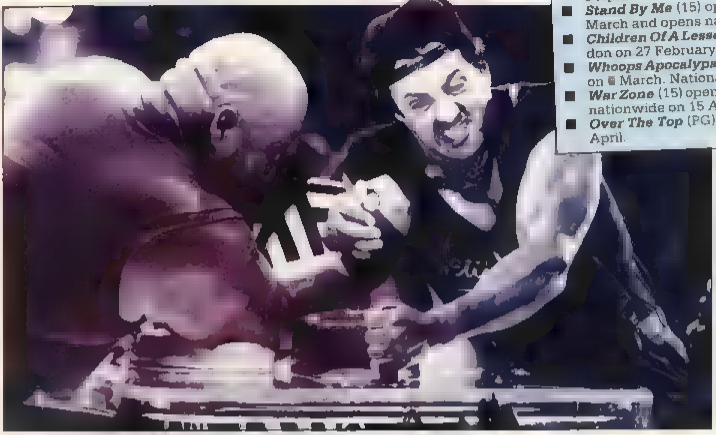
Christopher Walken plays Don Stevens, an American reporter sent to cover the fighting. In Beirut the innocent Stevens becomes the unwitting stooge of various factions, and he's inadvertently embroiled in a power struggle within the PLO (the action takes place a couple of years ago, when Lebanon was still rife with Palestinian guerillas and refugees) between those who favour violence and those who favour diplomacy. To confuse matters there are agents, double agents, and a plot as complex as it's poorly signalled.

The technique of having an innocent foreign correspondent as protagonist is hackneyed; it's easy for film-makers to have one character with whom we, the audience, can identify as we follow him through the action, sympathise with his naivety and learn as he learns. (The model for this technique is the private detective, a similarly amoral and rootless character.)

But it's pretty difficult to sympathise with anyone in *War Zone*, even the innocent civilians whose homes and lives are destroyed by the war. The naturalistic, matter-of-fact camera style and the flat acting give director Nathaniel Gutman's film an alienating feel.

Hywel Bennett is splendid as a cynical, war-worn British hack, and Walken is convincing as the bemused

- ***Little Shop Of Horrors*** (PG) opens in London on 27 March and nationwide during May.
- ***Personal Services*** (18) opens nationwide on 3 April.
- ***Stand By Me*** (15) opened in London on 13 March and opens nationwide during April.
- ***Children Of A Lesser God*** (15) opened in London on 27 February. National release TBA.
- ***Whoops Apocalypse*** (15) opened nationwide on 6 March. National release TBA.
- ***War Zone*** (15) opens in London 20 March and nationwide on 15 April.
- ***Over The Top*** (PG) opens nationwide on 3 April.



It's a man's world: Sylvester Stallone (right) arm-wrestling with Rick [redacted] in Over The Top

and cowardly Stevens. But *War Zone* is a disappointingly thin and uncommitted piece of film-making, and would have worked much better as a TV drama.

Over The Top looks set to do for the 'sport' of [redacted]-wrestling what *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco dancing.

Starring Sylvester Stallone as Lincoln Hawk, truck-driver and arm-wrestling champ, it's the story of how he has to win back the love of his twelve-year-old son ten years after walking out [redacted] marriage and family. To complicate matters, the boy's fabulously wealthy grandfather wants custody of the child (his mother is in hospital, dying from heart disease and whimpering 'I luv yew, honey' into the telephone).

Hawk leads an idealised all-American lifestyle: he's on the road, his own boss, answerable to nobody, wandering from town to town like something out of the Wild West. He's tough. But he's tender, too. And he loves his boy, and he'll do anything to get him back from the wicked grandfather.

The film climaxes at the finals of the world arm-wrestling championships in Las Vegas, where Hawk has staked everything, including his own truck, on the outcome.

Over The Top is a better film than it sounds, though the rumours that Sylvester Stallone actually *acts* in it are unfounded – he spends most of the time curling his lip, charging through brick walls and growling 'I wanna see ma boy'.

Over The Top (the title refers to an arm-wrestling technique) isn't a particularly violent film, and [redacted] appeal lies in the Las Vegas arm-wrestling extravaganza, a freak show of repulsive sweaty giants with arms like fire-extinguishers who grunt and growl their way to victory. It's all well-crafted (if predictable), with a convincing performance from Reevil Mendenhall as Hawk's son, who develops during the course of the film from a precocious, pompous little brat into a quite likable kid.

But before anyone tells you arm-wrestling is 'taking off in a big way', remember this is a self-fulfilling prophecy. The main reason it's taking off in a big way is *Over The Top*, to generate interest in the 'sport', Cannon Films and the International Arm-Wrestling Council sponsored a year-long series of contests around the world, paving the way for the film.

It's disturbing, all this sponsorship/product placement in films. In *Over The Top*, Hawk's truck has a massive poster for a well-known brand of aftershave plastered across the side, and a well-known brand of headache/stomach-relief tablets features heavily. I don't blame the people who do the placements, but it seems the film-makers are getting greedy. Not content with the millions of dollars that *Over The Top* is bound to make, they want to add to their profits with this distracting form of advertising.

I don't mind advertising; I just like to know when I'm being advertised at.

LM READERS' TOP TEN FILMS FOR APRIL

As voted by YOU!

1 *Crocodile Dundee*
2 *Top Gun*
3 *Heartbreak Ridge*
4 *The Mission*
5 *Golden Child*
6 *Aliens*
7 *Mona Lisa*
8 *Back To The Future*
9 *Labyrinth*
10 *Ruthless People*

HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE FILMS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite films on the form below, fill in all the details and burn some postal leather. Using miracle computer technology, your votes will be collated to create the chart, and we'll draw five forms out of the purple bin liner every month and send [redacted] much-coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. Can't be bad.

LM TOP TEN FILM CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite films of the moment in descending order (best first).

1
2
3
4
5

Name
Address
.....
.....
Postcode

T-shirt size: ☐ **Small** ☐ **Medium** ☐ **Large**

Send your forms in to:
LM FILMCHART, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

ALL IN A LATHER

For reasons best known to himself and [illegible] literary agent, [illegible] EDDY clambers into his [illegible] and, dictaphone [illegible] Clarence the rubber [illegible] in hand, reports [illegible] a month in the world [illegible] computer games. His column covers [illegible] Spectrum, Commodore [illegible] [illegible] Amstrad CPC machines.

SPOLOSH!

Fumble . . . *where is that soap?* I know it's here in my bath somewhere.

Fumble . . . ahhh, found the soap. Talking of which, have you been watching *EastEnders* recently? Things aren't too good between Den and Jan, are they?

But perhaps **Macsen Software** will put things right with their *EastEnders* computer game. It's been out on the Spectrum for a few months and other versions are expected soon. It wasn't met with much approval on the Spectrum version, though.

Argus Press Software is in a lather too, with a new soap game based on the wacky goings-on at *Grange Hill* – the story of life in a London comprehensive.

The plot, taken from an episode screened in the last series, follows the adventures of Luke 'Gaunch' Gardener and Paul 'Hollo' Holloway as they attempt to retrieve Gaunch's confiscated Walkman from the staff room. But it won't be easy – the action takes place at night, and the duo discover that it's not so simple to find their way around in the dark. *Grange Hill* should be in the shops by the time you read this, at the now-standard price of £9.95.

So much for soap, but I'm in the bath for another reason – it gets rid of the stinky-piggie smell. **CRL** has acquired while unveiling *Oink!*. Taken from the bizarre IPC comic of the same name (coedited by Tony Husband, LM's **SEPTIC PILES** man), *Oink!* is split into three parts. The player takes the role of Uncle Pigg, *Oink!*'s illustrious editor; the objective is to produce a magazine by the day's end and increase circulation.

All your favourite *Oink!* heroes are featured, including Rubbishman and Peter And His Amazing Pimple. The *Oink!* editorial team is involved with the project, providing CRL with typical piggy-style humour. Depending on your success as Editor, a rating from Tea Boy to Managing Editor is awarded. It's due out on the Commodore in March – Spectrum and Amstrad owners have to wait till May. No price has been announced.



No, it's not Urdlum, it's a pig playing Superman in *Oink!* (Commodore 64 screen)

A quickie: CRL is also producing a special Spectrum 128 version of Pete Cooke's amazing *Tau Ceti* which promises more variety and better sound. Meanwhile *Academy – Tau Ceti II* has just hit the Spectrum and Amstrad shelves and both incarnations have been declared magnificent. A Commodore version is on its way.

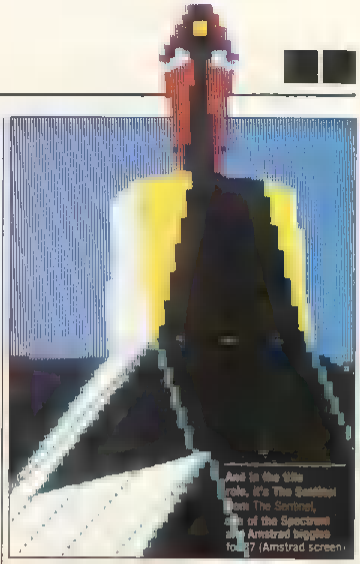
Staying close to CRL's home, the sublabel, Alpha-Omega, has sprouted a sub-sublabel named **Power House**. Its games will be for the Spectrum. One is *Swat!* – almost a computer version of the old *Dying Fly* song – where a bug fights to escape a garden infested with poisonous plants.

And there's *Timeflight*, set in a 1914 aeroplane which is flown through time warps to get into the future. Power House is offering a very special prize for 1987's highest *Timeflight* score. Power House titles retail at £1.99.

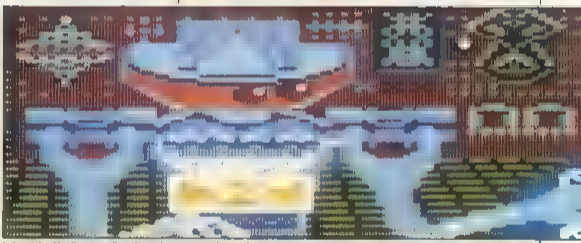
Clarence, my rubber duck, is getting bored. Perhaps I should think about getting him a little yacht for company, and Jane Chalmers of **Activision** might have the answer. With a face that launched a thousand ships she'll have no trouble pushing the boat out on a strategy-simulation sailing game.

Based on the America's Cup race, it's unsurprisingly called *Sailing*, and will be available for the three machines in play, armchair sailors cope with constructing a yacht and setting its sails. Wind factors and high water cause trouble, so it's probably best to have life jackets at the ready.

Activision is also releasing Spectrum and Amstrad versions of Lucasfilm's *Koronis Rift*, an old Commodore smash hit that takes the form of a 3-D arcade-adventure. More news when I get it.



And in the title role, it's The Sentinel from The Sentinel, one of the Spectrum and Amstrad biggies for '87 (Amstrad screen)



Intergalactic Rescue Service at your service – Peytek the android in Koronis Rift (Amstrad screen)

If you fancy becoming an intergalactic rescue man then this one's for you, at £9.99 on tape.

The bathwater's getting a bit cloudy – almost like a sewer! Maybe that's how Martin Lee had the inspiration for his first game – *The Sewer*. It's currently under development by Design Design for eventual release through **Domark** on their **Streetwise** label. The game slithers down into a sewer where daring heroes may encounter hazards like rats, electric shocks and crocodiles (or crabs – they haven't decided which yet . . .).

Also worth looking out for on the Streetwise label is *Horronation Street* (a touch more of the soaps?). Designed by Jon Eggleton (*Kat Trap*), it

A gaur > destined to do great business in 1987 is Geoff Crammond's *The Sentinel*. It was out late last year on the Commodore, and *Zzap!* 64 magazine readers voted it State Of The Art for 86.

The Amstrad version is finished now, and it's progressing on the Spectrum. It could well be the biggest thing in hit computer games since *Manic Miner*. *The Sentinel* is strange, like a fast-thinking form of chess, but with a good bit of zapping. It's quite remarkable, and, take my word for it, if you don't get it you're really missing out.

Last month I mentioned some new licensed projects being undertaken by **Gremlin Graphics**. The first is based on Walt Disney's *Basil The Great Mouse Detective*, with Gremlin promising big, colourful characters a la *Jack The Nipper*.

Then there's *Deathwish III*, bringing the gameplaying public gory action in violent surroundings. It sounds very sick – just what everyone wants!

Also licensed is *Mask*, an animated series from **Hanna & Barbera**.

When I was little I used to keep frogs in the bath (you know, the ones you kiss and they turn into a prince and start singing *Purple Rain*) – which reminds me that **Hewson** have a new game called *Rana Rama*. It's best described as a *Gauntlet* variant, with a frog instead of a warrior or

sorcerer.

The frog in question is a sorcerer's apprentice called Myrven. He has to battle through countless caverns, killing wizards, before turning back into his normal shape. *Rana Rama* is a hit already on the Spectrum; it hasn't yet been released for the Amstrad or Commodore, but should be just fun.

From a bathful of frogs to one of piranhas; last month I mentioned **Piranha** would be releasing a game without any 'Boo Boos'. Hold on to your hats as, for the first time, I reveal that Piranha is developing a Yogi Bear game!

It's expected to have big, colourful graphics and lots of humour; we'll see. The company has also signed up the talents of *Roy Of The Rovers* and *2000 AD*'s Judge Dredd for games in the summer.

Any other bath connections? — oh yes: the Newsfield bath's so big it's like an ocean — and where does that get us? Yes — **Ocean**, now producing games for the Atari ST. First ashore is *Arkanoid*, an advanced form of the old favourite, *Breakout*. Converted from the coin-op currently in the arcades, it'll soon appear on several machines.

Breakout games appear to be coming back into fashion, for some reason. Both Gremlin and Ultimate are releasing games based on the format. *Krackout* is **Gremlin**'s offering, featuring bigger, brighter graphics than the standard version and incorporating more nasty creatures.

Good news for compilation fans: **Elite**, recently voted the best software house for Amstrad games, is producing its second *Hit Pak*, including *Scooby Doo*, *1942*, *Split Personalities*, *The Sacred Armour Of Antiriad*, *Jet Set Willy II* and *Duet* — a previously unreleased game with two-player simultaneous action.

I get out of the bath, I look at myself in the mirror, and what do I see?

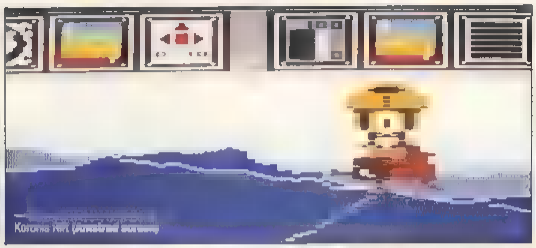
Well . . . **Gargoyle Games** have nearly finished Amstrad and Commodore versions of *Shockway Rider*. Like the best-selling shoot-'em-up *Lightforce*, this is a new direction for the company.

Set in a futuristic city where people travel on shockways (moving pavements), *Shockway Rider* casts the player as a vigilante who's decided to clean up the rampant muggers. The action includes avoiding thugs and lobbing bricks at them — all good, clean, violent fun.

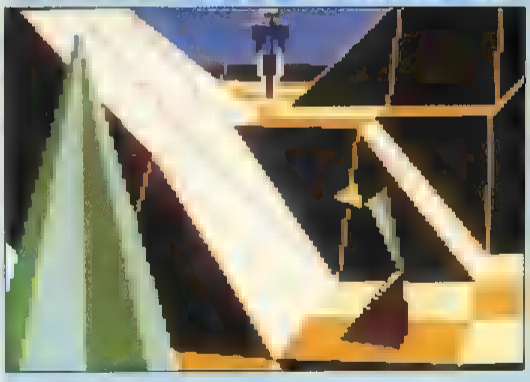
Gargoyle's Greg Follis says they've made full of colour, and the impressive soundtrack is written by micro-maestro Rob Hubbard.

And Gargoyle also plans to release more adventures for Axil, star of the amazing graphic adventure *Heavy On The Magick*. More news on that next month.

There's only one problem with dictating your column in the bath, and that's that you end up all wrinkly. So, till next month, it's goodbye from me and goodbye from the duck.



WIN AN ABSORPTION!



Absorption, n. *Disappearance through incorporation in something else.* That's one dictionary definition; **absorption** is also the particularly unpleasant method by which you die in *The Sentinel*, an astonishing computer game from British Telecom's software house, Firebird.

The Sentinel is a powerful entity, draining energy from every planet in the galaxy. Where did it from? No-one knows, but 10,000 worlds have already been conquered.

The Synthoid is a lifeless shell, powered by thought. Also capable of absorbing energy, it is the only hope, only of defeating The Sentinel and recovering the lost worlds.

Played out on a bleak 3D landscape, *The Sentinel* an extraordinary synthesis of chess-thinking and strategy — the best outsmart-the-computer game yet conceived, a the biggest event to rock the computer world since *Manic Miner* and *Atic Atac*.

Those nice people at Firebird giving LM copies of *The Sentinel* (worth £9.95 each) — and we're giving them away to YOU. All you have to do is the questions below.

If your correct entry is one of the first reabsorbed from the LM, can have a cassette tape of the game in its Spectrum, Commodore or Amstrad CPC .

Send your answers on a postcard (or the back of a sealed envelope) to: **ABSORBED BY LM COMPETITION, LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*, to arrive no later than **April**. Don't forget to give us your and address AND the make of your computer.

LM COMP

25 copies of The Sentinel to absorb!

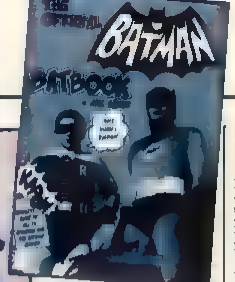
Answer the questions:

1) Who wrote The Sentinel?
a) Lloyd Mangram
b) Lloyd Crammond
c) Geoff Crammond
d) Steve Crow

2) What is a Sentinel?
a) A fancy type of condom
b) A soldier on watch
c) Someone who is banished to hell

3) The readers of which magazine voted *The Sentinel* State Of The Art for
a) *Horse And Hound*
b) *Computer Video Games*
c) *Zzap! 64*
d) *Crash*





[redacted] Batman Batbook
Contemporary Books 172 pages

Available for £7.95 from Forbidden Planet 2, 58 St Giles High Street, London WC2

HOLY RISING [redacted]
Pardon?
HOLY UNCANNY PHOTOGRAPHIC MENTAL PROCESSES!
Do what, John?
HOLY TRAVEL AGENTS!
Oh, it's you, Robin, why didn't you say? Still wearing the tights? Still talking like you've pinched your knackers in the lift door? It would appear so.

Always a great favourite with children everywhere, and their parents trying [redacted] to laugh behind the evening papers, Batman was one of the mid-Sixties TV successes in America; a programme of such instant charm and wit that it had well-known [redacted] and actresses demanding places. It [redacted] hip like The Monkees, and [redacted] if you could only get a five-second part opening [redacted] window, that would be enough. (Your kids would treat you with [redacted].)

This book brings all the memories flooding back. It picks apart the TV episodes and the fe[redacted]ure film, showing how the idle jerks Burt Ward (Robin) and Adam West (Batman) gradually became bigheaded and often unbearable [redacted] work with.

It staggers us with the , cast-lists, buries us [redacted] a trivia quiz which I couldn't even *begin* to [redacted] and lists all the Bat-Equipment used. (Anti-Lethal-Fog Batspray Batfile, Super-Thermo-B Long Underwear, Empty Alphabet Soup Batcontainer, Batzooka . . .) and then . . . VRONK! ZZZZZWAP! Z-ZWAP! GLIPP! QUNCKKK! All the Bat-fight words which fell across the screen [redacted] our strangely puny heroes pushed thugs away with their feet while held from behind . . .

This book treats the subject with the respect it deserves, and also pokes fun – clearly it was written by [redacted] who loved the [redacted] as much as the audience [redacted].

It'll do till the series starts again. (Rumours are stronger than Pogue Shane's breath.) Even now, on a clear day, you can [redacted] Adam West's forehead glistening.

83% **MICK MERCER**

SIMON BELL, RICHA[redacted] FIELDING
Who's [redacted] Who
[redacted] And Faber £4.95 paperback

[redacted] painstakingly-researched work is [redacted] catalogue of who's shagged who from Henry VIII to Sarah Ferguson.

Concentrating on celebrities, from kings and courtesans to Tony Blackburn and members of the Bay City Rollers, it establishes 'lay lines' which link the most unlikely couples. For instance, a mere eleven couplings separate Sarah Ferguson from Humphrey Bogart, and Ronald Reagan is linked with Tony Blackburn via Jane Wyman, Fred Karger, Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra, Carol White, Richard O'Sullivan and Tessa Wyatt.

The antics of ancient popes and aristocrats belie the idea that the bygone age of sexual promiscuity began in the Sixties, but the authors' tame [redacted] of present pillars of promiscuity *suggests* that the laws of libel and slander [redacted] still strongly in force.

Still, this [redacted] an essential encyclopaedia of licentiousness through the ages and [redacted] good juvenile, smutty read.

[redacted] **RICHARD** [redacted]

Sweepers and shooters

[redacted] The [redacted]
[redacted] Books [redacted] pages

IF YOU know your Walt Whitman, then you'll recognise the lines of poetry: "The hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world'.

It may be just poetry to you, but to American citizen Peter Raven it's a secret code, for Raven (really Piotr Borisovich Revkin) is a Russian 'sleeper' planted in New York by his Moscow spymasters. Walt's line of poetry is Revkin's wake-up code, informing him of a vital mission he must undertake – to assassinate a man [redacted] powerful that when he's told the victim's identity [redacted] takes Revkin's breath away.

But he's not alone. Two 'sweepers' follow, clearing his trail, another mysterious 'shooter' is casing the same victim's assassination point, and Revkin's Russian sleeper-school tutor is in America, hot on his trail. Whose side [redacted] they all on – the Russian or the American? Was it the Russians who actually 'awakened' Revkin, or some mysterious other agency?

Why they're all there and whose assassination they're [redacted] to undertake or prevent makes for a fast-paced and sometimes well-written action-spy-thriller.

The Sisters of the title are (Walt's poetry apart) an unlikely couple of conniving, fussy American bachelors who plan complex espionage missions for their government, travelling under the surnames of Francis and Carroll. Their colleagues in 'The Company' consider them a couple of washed-up 'old women'. But these two think they've planned the perfect crime . . .

Robert Littell borrows from Ludlum, Deighton and Le Carré, though he's not as successful as any of them, and his story and characterisations are satisfyingly rounded compared with much of this type of spy fiction.

There's a serious flaw, though. From about [redacted] pages in, it becomes obvious who Revkin's victim is and where he's to be killed – though we're [redacted] told.

And Littell cleverly plays with the period of the story (never stated and purposely obscured by making it feel contemporary), in [redacted] attempt to surprise in the denouement. But the constant coy references to 'The Prince of the Realm' in [redacted] attempt [redacted] disguise the victim's identity become irritating and absurd.

The serpentine plot convolutions manage to rise above this drawback, however, and the result is a good action read – and certainly an almost-plausible solution to an internationally famous conundrum. It's in your bookshops [redacted].

65% **ROGER KEAN**

The UNCLE Files

58 pages. Files magazine
High Street, WC2

WHY, I remember it as though it only . . . what, years ago? I still have the bubble-gum cards, the annuals, the models, even armoury-made telescopic pistol used in the series. When there's no-one around I'll stand next to my gory red *UNCLE* film poster and look pretty damn magnetic, I tell you!

And now, thanks to Classic Files, all this can be relived – they've tackled the subject with vigour and eye for insufferable detail, charging us the earth for it. Disregarding the opening 'space' and the closing adverts, there are only 39 pages here for your money, which does as slight a deal as Nik Kershaw's talent.

Anyway, stop grumbling, Mercer, the photos are wonderful. McCallum and Vaughn looking sombrely stylish, little triangular badges, decorative dimbo women, strange nozzled weapons, stories of bravado and bestiality (socially speaking!)

There's not much to get out of series like these (though I've yet to delve into their technical manual) except their value as reference works. But why – if we're being honest – would anyone actually need to refer to them?

Now that is the question . . . and I'm almost sorry I asked it. I guess people like me are sick. Very sick. We need help . . . from magazines and books like this!

BUY TEN! A cure for contemporary bile.

60%



PAUL GAMBACCINI
The Top 100

Bodley Head 160pp

'IN *Top 100 Albums* disc-jockey Paul Gambaccini has invited over 80 of the world's leading music critics to supply their favourite top ten albums,' blabbers the PR blurb . . . and all you can do is groan at the arrogant self-indulgence of it all and open it up to see what *those who know best* think we should like.

In fact, this book does achieve what it sets out to do. I took it home, threw it onto that portion of the floor where the coffee table would be if I had one (yes, it's one of them – big, with nice colour pictures of all the LP covers) and watched two of my friends sneer at the cheek and fatuity of the whole thing, before arguing about the selections for a good half-hour . . . 'What about the second Teardrops LP?', 'Who the bloody hell's Tim Buckley?', that sort of thing.

The composition of the panel goes a long way toward explaining the outcome of the poll. Of the 81 *experts*, all are white, all but four are male and the average age must be well over 35.

The best fun is to be had from studying the pictures of the panellists and scrutinising their individual lists. I spent hours trying to work out the relationship between facial hair and a taste for Bruce Springsteen. Then I started mutilating the pictures of anyone who didn't pick The Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*.

The final chart is predictable – most of the choices are from the Sixties and Seventies, The Beatles, Stones and Dylan dominate, and critics' favourites like Van Morrison, Elvis Costello and Velvet Underground are preferred to punters' favourites like Abba, The Four Tops and The Jam.

And Number One is, of course, *Sergeant Pepper*, the overblown opus that turned pop music from a joyous, innocent form of entertainment for young consumers to *enjoy* into a pompous self-important art form for overgrown sixth-formers to make fat livings analysing and arguing about.

50% **RICHARD LOWE**

LM READERS' TOP TEN READS FOR APRIL

As voted by YOU!

1 *Is That It?* **Bob Geldof**
2 *Spitting Image*
3 *The Lord Of The Rings* **J R R Tolkien**
4 *Comic Relief*
5 *Sex With Paula Yates* Paula Yates
6 *Guinness Book Of Records*
7 *The Unrepeatable If . . .* **Steve Bell**
8 *1984* **George Orwell**
9 *Risk* **Dick Francis**
10 *Smith Jones Coffee-Table Book* **Mel Smith and Rhys Jones**

HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE READS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite books (of any type) on the form below, fill in all the details and whop it off in the post to . Using post-Gutenberg technology, your various votes will be hand-bound to create the chart. In return for your efforts, we'll draw five forms out of the grey bin liner every month and send a much-coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. Read on!

LM TOP READS CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite books of the moment in descending order (best first).

1
2
3
4
5

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T-shirt size: ☐ **Small** ☐ **Medium** ☐ **Large**

Send your forms in to:

LM BOOKCHART, PO 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB







AND WE ALSO READ . . .

LM gets several specialist and general-interest books each month for review. There's little point in giving such books a 'critical' review, but readers ought to be aware of them. So here's a short rundown of some titles for April.

The Great Backpacking Adventure (Oxford Illustrated Press, £8.95 hardback) ■ Author Chris Townsend is editor of the outdoor-pursuits magazine *Footloose*, and is a regular backpacker. In 225 pages (with maps and some colour photographs), this tells of his personal adventures on seven trips, ranging from the wilderness of the USA to the more domestic pleasures of Britain. A mine of useful, practical information on this accessible sport.

The Complete Scuba Diving Guide (A & C Black, £12.50 hardback) ■ Some splendid colour pictures by Mike Portally accompany a comprehensive nuts 'n' bolts account of the increasingly popular underwater sport by Dave Saunders. Many technical illustrations over 144 pages underline which covers everything from equipment and its , safety precautions and the physical laws of water to the types of dives you can undertake and the best locations.



Work Your Way Around The World (Vacation Work, £6.95 paperback) ■ This is now reprinted in its third, expanded edition. Covering countries all over the world, it explains in great detail how to get holiday work, how to get there and what's required. Drawn from the experiences of 'itinerant workers' on the spot, all the information has been completely updated. If you can't find a copy in your bookshop, Vacation Work Publications at *9 Park End Street, Oxford OX1 1HJ* will post you one for £7.70.

The Rough Guide To China (595 pages) and ***New York*** (383 pages) and ***Kenya*** (376 pages) (Routledge & Keegan Paul, £8.95, £4.95 and £6.95 respectively, paperback) ■ The latest additions to the ever-growing Rough Guides collection. Never dry, each guide is prepared by experts from personal experience with the young traveller in mind. In each country the main towns are explored, maps provided, and the kind of street-cred information not usually found in tour-operators' hand-outs is presented in readable form. The Rough Guides writers also do LM's holiday and travel articles – and isn't that recommendation enough . . . ?





■ the ■ Apple core: After Hours

It happened one night

■ DUNNE
After Hours
Warner Home Video ■ minutes 15

***BE A PART** of it, New York, New York . . .*

Paul Hacket is a small working part of the great city, a word-processing technospurt who lives on ■ own and can't be bothered to cook and goes out to eat and . . . ■ this girl, Marcy, at the restaurant.

So later that night Paul rings her, and she invites him to come and look at her flatmate's bagel-and-cream-cheese papier-mâché paperweights (how's that for ■ pick-up line?). Being a real New Yorker, Paul takes a cab; being the sort of loser he is, he drops his last $20 bill out the cab window so . . .



Tom Sharpe must wish he'd written what happens ■ Poor Paul ■ tossed into ■ chaotic, insoluble, frightening, hilarious tangle of night-time maniacs and ■ and accidents and Mohicans which reduce him to, well, *frenzy*, the ultimate disgrace of a word processor. It's a yuppie *Lord Of The Flies*.

'I only wanted to meet a nice girl,' Paul cries, 'do I have ■ die for it?'

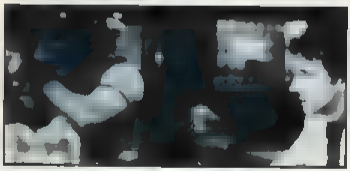
Griffin Dunne, who doubles ■ producer, gives a terrific deadpan performance as superschmuck Paul Hacket; Rosanna (*Desperately Seeking Susan*) Arquette, as Marcy, captures a certain neurotic New York artsy type perfectly; and there are dozens of beautiful cameos of city characters, realistic but wittily caricatured.

The real stars, however, are screenwriter Joseph Minion and director Martin Scorsese (of *Taxi Driver*, *New York, New York*, *Raging Bull*, and *Mean Streets* – all shining light ■ facets of the modern city). They've constructed a crazily logical plot which leaves you reeling with Paul Hacket.

■ BARNABY PAGE

■ ***Everyone's experienced 'one of those days' when everything ■es wrong – which ■ the nocturnal experiences of the hapless hero in After Hours all the more painful. The movie is based on ■ a simple premise that it's surprising the idea has never been used before. Martin Scorsese ■ ■ the speed and bravado of a man half■ age, reinforcing ■ ■ as an exciting and unpredictable film-maker. After Hours is ■ of ■ funniest and most refreshing black comedies to ■ made in years. Essential.***

■■ CURTIS HUTCHINSON



■ ■ ***ambling, leanly-made film that ter■es with every ■easy belly laugh, After Hours is sick to ■ core. Or, rather, it portrays a society that's sick. And it's a tribute to director Scorsese that it's a gentle, seducing ■ of sickness that draws you in inexorably, so that what starts off seeming bizarre becomes almost normal by the finale. ■ is the ■ piece of black comedy I've seen in years.***

90% ROGER ■

Too much, too long

ANTHON ■ ■
■ ■
■ minutes 15

■ many films commissioned by Channel 4, *Shadey* strives hard to be arty rather than just entertaining – so it's ■ turn inventive and infuriating.

Anthony Sher ■ the oddball transsexual Oliver Shadey, a bankrupt ■ mechanic with an unusual talent: he can transfer his thoughts directly onto celluloid. Shadey wants ■ use his gift to raise money for his sex-change operation, ■ he offers his services to a banker (Patrick MacNee), who tricks him into a forced collaboration with MI5.

That might sound pretty straightforward, but *Shadey* is fragmented by unnecessary subplots ■ director Philip Saville strives ■ make his film *alternative* at the expense of accessibility. With sensible splicing *Shadey* could have been ■ memorable one-off hour-long TV movie – or, ■ appropriately, an episode of *The Avengers* – rather than an overlong, plodding feature.

Shadey does have something going for it, though – one of the most outrageously erotic (and completely gratuitous) opening title sequences since Jane Fonda did a space strip in *Barbarella*. Philip Saville's camera pans in and lingers ■ a sweaty Leslie Ash doing a gruelling work-out ■ a high-tech contraption which would have gone down a storm with the Marquis de Sade.

Nice idea, shame it's a mess.

■■ CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ ***Philip Saville is known ■s a maker of high-quality, well-scripted, beautifully-acted, and often unusual British TV features. But in this full-length (overlength) film his brain ■ tripped over his reputation.***

There ■ many good things ■ it, funny, gory, ■■, interesting, mysterious things, an■ some excellent acting from Anthony Sher.

But, sad to say, the whole is ■ ■ of pretentious twaddle which fails ■ ■■■■■■■■■; it isn't exciting and ■ the end, ■■ Sher himself, blows through ■■ top and collapses outward. ■ you're into ■■ oddball ■■■ can stand the long episodes of boredom in-between, then you could give it a try; otherwise I'd stay well clear.

20% ROGER ■■■

■ ***So much happens ■■ Shadey – so many words are spoken, ■ many webs of meaning ■■■n, so many characters created, so many tense ■■■■ developed – that it's disappointing when, ■ the end, nothing really HAPPENS.***

There are ■■■ fine ideas, ■■■ the baroque, hallucinatory satire on ■■■ promos, and the painfully gruesome memories of Incest. And there's a wonderful, extravagantly theatrical, performance from Katherine (Soap) Helmond ■■ ■■■ heroine's flirtatious, middle-aged, neurotic mother. Bernard Hepton is strong, too, ■■■ British officer of the old school.



■■■ ***it's ■■ wasted, and despite ■■■ attempts to ■■ ■■ imaginative fantasy thriller, Shadey en■■ up as a meaningless assortment of melodramatic, self-indulgent surrealist games. Jonathen ■■■■■■'s cheap, TV-mystery-style music ■■■esn't fit in, either.***

■■■ ■■■■■■ PAGE

Wanna be in my gang?

[redacted] CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
At [redacted] Range
RCA/Columbia 111 minutes 15

[redacted] two method actors (Sean Penn and Christopher Walken), add a gnm and murky plot based on a real-life saga of a thieving family in the Midwest, direct it in a haphazard clever-clever, supposedly 'arty' but utterly confusing manner, and bolster it up with a menacing soundtrack (including a touch of Madonna for good measure).

Result? An uncontrollable beast of a movie called *At Close Range* which suffers from many flaws, but is surprisingly powerful and should prove popular as a rented video.

Brad Whitewood Junior (Sean Penn) is a high school dropout in search of excitement. As the movie opens he's touring the neighbourhood in an old car, eyeing up and eventually chatting up





Terry (the girl of his dreams played by Mary Stuart Masterson), and helping his brother (Christopher Penn) out of a small scrape at a local liquor store.

It's a humble but solid opening with plenty of eerie background music and muttered, indistinct dialogue which is at first intriguing.

Trouble is, the screenplay (by Nichola Kazan) uses muttered conversation and method acting *throughout* the film, the plot takes ages to develop and the movie unfolds without explanation, rhyme or reason. A guessing game develops: who are the characters and what their relationship with Brad Jnr?



Brad Senior (Christopher Walken) confuses the whole issue by swaggering in after half hour. The casting is terrible; Walken simply doesn't look old enough be the younger Brad's long-lost father.

Brad Snr a big-time crook whose team stage break-ins at tractor factories. Brad Jnr is attracted to his father's rebellious lifestyle and he tries to join the [redacted].

When that fails, Brad Jnr sets up his own break-in using a team of friends, but they get caught and land up in the clinker. All of them (apart from Brad Jnr) are bailed out and to keep them quiet they're systematically murdered by Brad Snr's team. Eventually Brad Jnr does the decent thing and tells all the law.

And what's happened to Terry, Brad Jnr's long-suffering girlfriend? Why, to shut her up she's been raped by Brad's cold, callous father.

Originally *At Close Range* an 18 movie. After some cutting the video has been granted a 15 certificate, but drug-taking and a particularly unpleasant rape remain intact.

So there you have it. Not a video for the spineless, not a video to chuckle, not a video to raise a faint smirk – in fact it's a jolly good downer all round.

45% **PAUL STRANGE**

This is an ugly story about [redacted] people in a particularly ugly part of Middle America – but it still somehow manages to have a peculiar beauty. Nothing is lost in the transition from film to video; if anything, the claustrophobic nature of the characters' lives is emphasised by the diminutive [redacted]. If you think you're too hard for any of this, see At Close Range just to examine the [redacted] Penn strut . . . you'll be copying it for weeks.

70% **CIARÁN [redacted]NNAN**

Sean Penn acts, Madonna sings (well, in the end anyway) and Christopher Walken, the one who became famous in The Deer Hunter, does more of what he did in The Deer Hunter, only more maliciously. It takes a while to get into, but At Close Range is [redacted] worth the effort.

After an hour you can [redacted] the atmosphere with a knife, and what starts out [redacted] ramble (more reminiscent of recent Australian films than American) takes on form and meaning – even though its reasoning is very nihilistic. It would be wrong to [redacted] At Close Range an EXCITING film in the spectacular sense, but it makes up for what it lacks in thrills and spills by being believable – horribly so – and it's compelling viewing. Save it for your more serious moments.

95% **[redacted]KEAN**

LM READERS' TOP TEN VIDEOS FOR APRIL

As voted by YOU!

1 *The Terminator*
2 *Witness*
3 *Back To The Future*
4 *Beverly Hills Cop*
5 *Clockwise*
6 *Nightmare On Elm Street*
7 *Trading Places*
8 *Fright Night*
9 *Rocky IV*
10 *Cobra*

HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE VIDEOS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite videos on the form below, fill in all the details and burn some postal leather. Using miracle computer technology, your votes will be collated to create the chart, and we'll draw five forms out of the purple bin liner every month and send a much-coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. Can't be bad.

LM TOP TEN VIDEO CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite videos of the moment in descending order (best first).

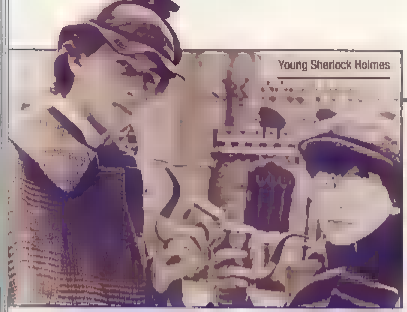
1
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5

Name
Address
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Postcode

T-shirt size: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

Send your forms in to:

LM VIDCHART, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB



Young Sherlock Holmes

NICHOLAS ROWE, [illegible]

Young [illegible]lock Holmes And The Pyramid Of Fear

CIC [illegible] minutes

NIGEL STOCK has played dear Watson on silver and small screens so many times that he's almost synonymous with the good, bumbling doctor of limited deductive powers.

You wouldn't recognise him in this film, though, he's so heavily disguised; but at least director Barry Levinson and executive producer Steven ('I'm everywhere these days') Spielberg refrain from making in-jokes about previous connections with the character. Or perhaps, being Yankees, they just didn't know.

Stock plays Professor Waxflatter, a mad genius inventor and sometime schoolteacher at the stuffy Victorian public school that young Sherlock Holmes (newcomer Nicholas Rowe) attends. Not only are Holmes and Waxflatter friends, but Holmes loves Waxflatter's beautiful niece, Elizabeth (Sophie Ward, daughter of actor Simon Ward).

Holmes divides his attention between the two, but still manages to perfect his fencing skills, his air of superiority and his violin-playing – an activity in which he's unsuccessfully engaged when new boy Watson (another [illegible], Alan Cox) arrives unexpectedly in midterm.

The two strike up an immediate friendship and it's not long before Sherlock utters his first 'elementary' and the two of them find themselves investigating three bizarre murders.

Holmes takes his theories to none other than young Lestrade (not yet of The Yard), but fails to impress him. Soon the two school lads are embroiled in a fiendish plot masterminded by a mad (what else?) Egyptian. Naturally, there's also a bloodthirsty sect living underneath London's East End – and the sect's ancient tombs are defiled by the three murder victims during an archaeological expedition years ago.

How Holmes and Watson destroy the sect, bring the madman to book, rescue Elizabeth in the nick of time from being sacrificed and earn Lestrade his overdue promotion all goes a reasonable way to filling in time before explaining why Sherlock will never marry, and how he became equipped with cape, deerstalker and meerschaum pipe.

Young Sherlock Holmes isn't a bad film, it's just not as compelling as it should have been. And the quasi-Victorian plot is too comfortable to really excite. Perhaps if it hadn't been 'made with respectful admiration and in tribute to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his enduring works', it might have been tougher and a touch more thrilling.

65% ROGER KEAN

■ ***Like many of Spielberg's successful productions,*** *Young Sherlock Holmes* ***is aimed specifically at kids – though its appeal is much wider. It'll no doubt be lapped up by anyone who enjoys Conan Doyle's work, despite the credits going to great lengths to explain that the film and stories aren't necessarily linked.***

70% DUNN

■ ***Sounds like a pretty bad idea, doesn't it? Well, pick one of the great characters from modern fiction, give him the Spielberg treatment, take him back to his school days and put him through the adventure. But it works!*** *Young Sherlock Holmes* ***is an imaginative and respectful romp through Doyle-land which is only let down by its*** *Temple Of Doom* ***finale. Great stuff.***

75% CURTIS HUTCHINSON



Electric dreams

GORDON

Static

Vestron 90 minutes 15

ERNIE BLICK is no ordinary nerd. He's a *clever* nerd with a mission in life. Sacked from his daytime job on the production line of a model-crucifix factory, the wayward Ernie turns to his latest and greatest invention.

The local townsfolk hope it's going to be something exciting like a homemade low-tech ray gun and are clearly disappointed when Ernie reveals that it's something that's going to make people happy not sad. So what is this weird and wonderful invention?

It's a TV set that shows pictures of heaven. Ernie's unlikely to win a Nobel prize, though, he's the only person who can see the images; everyone else just sees static. Ernie goes about trying to convince everyone of the machine's worth – with disastrous consequences.

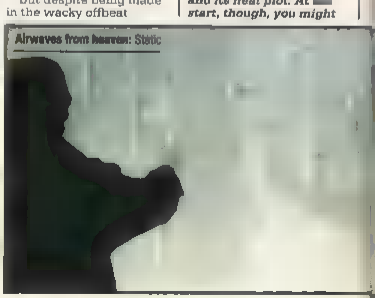
But despite being made in the wacky offbeat manner of recent low-budget American films like *Big Meat Eater* and *Repo Man*, *Static* is disappointingly low on laughs. Keith Gordon, last glimpsed in *Christine* and currently in *Back To School*, is a bit too deadpan as the wimpish Ernie.

The real star of the film is Frank (Bob Gunton), Ernie's flipped-out survivalist paramilitary preacher father. Preparing for the 'big one', Frank gives his family fallout suits for Christmas, and his opening gambit to strangers is 'Nice to meet you, I hope you have a painless death'.

Offbeat and weird, well weird.

CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ ***I thoroughly enjoyed this film because of its simplicity, gentle humour and unpretentiousness, and its neat plot. At first, though, you might***



Airwaves from heaven: Static

WIN IDEAL HOLMES!

LM COMP

TEST your deductive powers with and win yourself a video of *Young Sherlock Holmes And The Pyramid Of Fear* PLUS an extra-large deerstalker which doubles up as a sweatshirt, by answering these three sticky questions:

1) Who's recently picked up a habit at 112b Baker Street?
2) Which wild and wacky actor starred as *Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Younger Brother*?
3) What sort of violin does Sherlock Holmes fiddle about on?

Yes, it's that simple, folks.

Send your entries with your name, address and video system – VHS or Beta – on a postcard (or the back of a sealed envelope) to: **IDEAL HOLMES COMPETITION, LM, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*,** to arrive no later than **16 April**.

It's LMentary . . .

It doesn't matter

THE STYLE COUNCIL
Jerusalem
Palace — 33 minutes — PG

feel you're in for a piece of low-budget, down-at-heel, modern-American filmmaking, purposely 'hard' and obscure. But it's not.



It's weird, but that [redacted] *naturally enough from the odd little story* [redacted] *its core. Keith Gordon's obsessed genius* [redacted] *just right, Angela Plummer's strange,* [redacted] *attraction works magic, and every character, major or minor, is affectionately portrayed. Not, perhaps, for the action addict, but* [redacted] *rewarding* [redacted] *enough genuine pathos to live on* [redacted] *the mind.*

80% — ROGER KEAN

[redacted] *Static is an* [redacted] *film. It's neither touching* [redacted] *funny, because director* [redacted] *Romanek hasn't quite decided what* [redacted] *of tone to* [redacted] *for. Maybe I'm trying to read stuff into what seems like an extremely drab and (apart from the surprise ending) boring movie. The plot has great potential but is never developed, and Static just doesn't* [redacted] *together.*

10% — MIKE DUNN

LET'S FACE IT, when pop stars turn to acting they're usually crap; and when pop stars make films they tend to be embarrassing.

Jerusalem is very much in this tradition. Paul Weller, Mick Talbot, Dee C Lee and Steve White can't act, the script's not very good and as a film *Jerusalem* is hardly a classic.

But then it's not so much a film as an extended, glorified video, and you get the impression that The Style Council realise their limitations and are treating the whole thing as one big joke.

Dodging between satire and surrealist humour, *Jerusalem* [redacted] a series of tenuously-linked sketches – Communard Richard Cole narrates in his best *Brideshead* accent – in which the Council play four of the tracks from the new LP (*It Didn't Matter, Angel, Heaven's Above* and *Fairy Tales*), romp around [redacted] scooters and get charged with being the 'greatest pop group in the world'.

There are some genuinely funny bits, including a great spoof on the average *Tube* interview in which Steve White plays a sniffing, slurring coke fiend, Mick a drunken scally, Dee a giggly, brain dead goof and Paul a pompous, arrogant pop star. And Weller even takes the piss out of himself – one [redacted] finds him preaching his familiar anti-American rant from a pulpit while the rest of the group moan and heckle.

All in all, an entertaining half-hour for Style Council fans.

[redacted] — RICHARD LOWE



Worth doing [redacted]: Jerusalem

[redacted] *Quite what possessed Weller,* [redacted]*, Talbot and Lee* [redacted] *undertake* [redacted] *pointlessly egotistical cockup* [redacted] *beyond me. Sandwiched between some fairly good* [redacted] *videos* [redacted] *snippets of acting* [redacted] *ham they make Grange Hill look professional;* [redacted] *a Style Council* [redacted] *I found* [redacted] *embarrassment, and I suspect Weller and* [redacted] *feel the* [redacted]

20% — [redacted] POULTER



[redacted] *Utterly unconventional, Jerusalem is* [redacted] *inspired idea – but it's* [redacted] *sham. The script* [redacted] *loose and woolly, the acting is extremely bad* [redacted] *there's a giant streak of pretentiousness running through the whole thing.*

Result: [redacted] *minutes of utter confusion and a giant ego-boost for Paul Weller and scriptwriter Paolo Hewitt.*

Conclusion: certain pop stars should stick to being pop stars.

5% — PAUL STRANGE

WIN A TOMATO (PLEASE)!



RIGHT! How would you like a tomato of your very own? 'A tomato?' we hear you limply mumble? Yes, a tomato, and not just any old *Lycopersicon esculentum* [redacted] found rolling around the supermarket fruit 'n' veg department, oh no.

The tomato in question is a compact Konica camera worth £49.95, and those of you who have been buying **LM** since our first issue in January *(love and kisses from the entire editorial team)* will have noticed that we've been giving one of these little beauts away each month. Well, this month is no different, because those nice people at Konica have handed over another Tomato.

What fun!!

How d'you win the camera? Well, [redacted] want you to see how many words [redacted] you make from 'KONICA TOMATO' – proper nouns (ie names like Ludlow or Kean [redacted] Konica), foreign words and abbreviations don't count. Hardly a bed-wettingly hard task, [redacted] it?

So when you're completely satisfied that you've made more legitimate words from 'KONICA TOMATO' than anyone else in the [redacted], write them down on a piece of paper with the number of words on the top left corner and send them off to **PLEASE** [redacted] **CAMERAS OFF** [redacted] **COMPETITION**, [redacted]*, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.*

We'd appreciate it if you listed on your entry your three favourite items [redacted] this issue of [redacted] (if you don't then you won't be eligible anyway, so there!)

Make sure your entry reaches us by **21 April**. Remember, any words that don't comply with Barnaby Page's sub-editorial *Collins Million Words We Bet You Didn't Know Or Care About Dictionary* will render your entry null, void and a new drip mat, [redacted] woe betide you.

Get going . . .

Video

Queen and Hungary look

QUEEN
Live In Budapest
PMI 90 minutes E

One Vision/ Your Mother Down/ In The Lap Of The Gods/ Seven Seas Of Rhye/ Tear It Up/ Of Magic/ Under Pressure/ Who Wants To Live Forever?/ I Want To Break Free/ Now I'm Here/ Love My Life/ Tavaszi Szel Vizet Araszt/ Is This The World We Created?/ Tutti Frutti/ Bohemian Rhapsody/ Hammer To Fall/ Crazy Thing Called Love/ Radio We Will You/ Friends Will Be Friends/ We Are The Champions

THEY may have committed inexcusable sin of playing Sun City; they may have a lead guitarist who hasn't had a haircut in 13 years; they may have a bass guitarist who *has* had a haircut and looks a dickhead as a result; but whatever your views about Queen, they've been one of the most consistently popular big-name bands since 1974.

Part of that success is due to the showmanship of the camper-than-Butlins Freddie Mercury. If Madonna is the Singing Navel, Mercury is the Singing Armpit (the director of this video has an annoying habit of closing up on Sir Freddy's underarm hollow).

But despite that fixation, *Live In Budapest* is imaginatively directed – rare among live videos. Janos Zsombolyai, working with sympathy and understanding, perfectly captures the excitement of Queen's live performance (something their recent live album failed to do.)

Hardly another *Woodstock*, but well worth £11.99.

70% **SIMON POULTER**

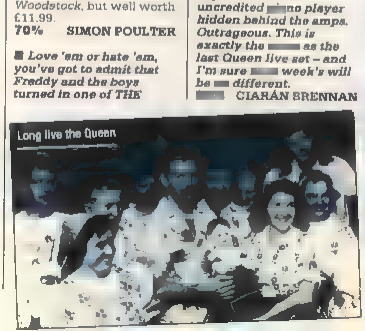
■ *Love 'em or hate 'em, you've got to admit that Freddy and the boys turned in one of THE highlights of Live Aid. The beauty of their performance – that day was down to cramming every trick they knew into 15 minutes or so of tight scheduling.*

There, slickness is a virtue; here Queen glide effortlessly through their greatest hits with the enthusiasm of a band that's been on the stadium trail much too long. Live In Budapest is a lifeless video of a bored-looking band going through

CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ *It seems that whenever you switch on the TV, Freddie Mercury is pompously strutting around some stage showing the world what a ridiculous old tart he really is. So the great thing about this otherwise irredeemable video is that it enables you to play spot-the-backing-musicians. Queen Freddie's exotic stage prancings mean that the band are frequently minus one in the keyboard department – cue uncredited session player hidden behind the amps. Outrageous. This is exactly the same as the last Queen live set – and I'm sure next week's will be the same different.*

CIARÁN BRENNAN



Music

Red al

SIMPLY RED
Men And Women
Warners

HAVING produced an outstanding and commercially successful debut LP, it would have been easy for Simply Red to rest on their laurels, churn out a lacklustre follow-up peppered with fillers and wait for it to be consumed gratefully by the masses.

Fortunately, Hucknall and co have ignored that tacky and well-trodden path. Even at a casual first listen, *Men And Women* is a much more satisfying set than *Picture Book* – and, after fuller investigation the new LP emerges as a thoroughly excellent piece of work, destined to become a classic.

Mind you, why they've included a cover of Cole Porter's *Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye* is quite beyond me. The plodding and lachrymose reworking would have been acceptable as a one-off single (particularly at Christmas), but it sticks out like a sore and bleeding thumb among the uptempo brittle pop funk and seductive soul of *Men And Women*. Fortunately the Porter rehash closes Side One, and you can ignore it if (like me) you think it stinks.

I've not got many complaints about the rest of the album, though. Probably the band's finest single to date, *The Right Thing* opens up the LP at blistering pace, and it's only marred by Hucknall's gibbering lyrics.

Infidelity is a classy, tight and snappy effort, fuelled up with sizzling snare cracks, bubbling brass, persuasive harmony vocals and sinuous, devilish guitar passages.

The pace slows briefly for *Suffer* (a minimelodrama where Hucknall pleads with his partner to finish things quickly before either of them gets hurt), while *I Won't Feel Bad* is a slow but solid stomper which eventually boils over with steaming brass and a keenly-fought vocal screaming match.

Side Two's finest moment is an inspired cover of Sylvester Stewart's *Let Me Have It All*. In this crisp, precise and moody rendition with wonderful offbeat percussion, Hucknall pleads for full carnal rights, the backup vocalists deliberately egg him on, and to cap it all Sylvan slots in a fiery and ferocious guitar solo. Terrific.

Bunny Wailer's *Love Fire* is a tad tedious, but the slow, solid and dependable *Move On Out* and the glittering (if overlong) *Shine* more than compensate.

And then there's *Maybe Someday* – a moment or two for Hucknall to ponder, question, hope and pray that his perfect lover will arrive someday. Soppy old bastard.

By now you may have guessed that much of the material on *Men And Women* is concerned with the difficulties of relationships, the stupidity of love and the joy of sex. It's almost (dare I say it?) a 'concept' album, but you shouldn't hold that against it.

There might not be the cocktail-bar smoothness of *Sad Old Red* here, or the unstoppable clout of *Money's Too Tight To Mention*, but overall *Men And Women* is a solid statement of intent from a band that continually do us proud.

95% **PAUL STRANGE**

■ *Dumpy Dando's been playing this one to death in Ed's London office, so I'm very familiar with its clean production, excellent musicianship, great songs (I'm too familiar with the dreadful rendition of Every Time We Say Goodbye . . .), and the inspired cover of Bunny Wailer's Love Fire.*

So far so good. But am I alone in finding Mick Hucknall's voice irritating after a while? He's got the



Family fortunes

LEVEL 42
Running In The Family
Polydor

LEVEL 42 [illegible] musician's bend. Watched with great admiration and jealousy by their peers, they've churned out a steady flow of near-hits [illegible] the past several years – but they've [illegible] quite attained the name-band status they clearly strive for. And the workmanlike predictability of *Running In The Family* is unlikely to broaden their appeal.

Okay, [illegible] they're a highly-polished clean-cut band whose mums and aunties must be very proud of them. Mark King [illegible] cute, he has a certain cheeky chappy charm and he's a fine [illegible] who [illegible] knock out the odd memorable song, while the rest of the boys make pleasant background noises.

In short, they're [illegible]. There's nothing on [illegible] album that's remotely fresh or threatens to be exciting or *different*; no ground-breaking musical departures or, God forbid, *experimentation*.

Once again Level 42 play [illegible] safe, that familiar bass line is thumped out, those carefully-thought-out falsetto harmonies make an unwelcome return and Mark King's distinctive Americanese monotone unflinchingly dominates the whole show.

The album is a producer's dream, and technically it's as near perfect [illegible] you're going to get. It's clear, uncluttered, has subtleties aplenty, will make [illegible] superb CD and sounds so sterile you could probably perform major surgery [illegible] it.

Running In The Family is [illegible] great party album, but if you're seriously thinking of sitting down and *listening* to the LP, forget it.

[illegible] CURTIS HUTCHINSON

[illegible] ***I haven't been particularly impressed by previous Level*** [illegible] ***albums – but I like*** [illegible] ***new LP a hell of a lot.*** [illegible] ***is high from the first track (Lessons In Love) through*** [illegible] ***finish; the title track is my favourite.***
80% MIKE [illegible]

[illegible] ***Tight, concise, beautifully constructed, well-produced and brilliantly recorded, this is an impressive LP from King*** [illegible] ***co. Of course Running In The Family doesn't break any new ground – why*** [illegible] ***it when Level*** [illegible] ***have found*** [illegible] ***winning formula? The title*** [illegible] ***and Lessons In Love singles are typical of*** [illegible] ***album's material. Particularly recommended for yuppies*** [illegible] ***impressive CDs.***
[illegible] PAUL STRANGE



Jazz Dance
Charly

[illegible] **YOU'VE** seen *Absolute Beginners* and wondered what authentic late-Fifties jazz and rhythm-and-blues sounds [illegible], then invest [illegible] this toe-tappin'-finger-clickin'-joint-poppin' compilation.

But to *really* appreciate it you'll have to buy yourself [illegible] bright red Triumph Herald Convertible, fit a clapped-out [illegible] tape deck, pull the roof down and go cruising with the likes of Roland Kirk, Lee Morgan and Art Blakey blaring from your [illegible] speaker.

Jazz has been unfashionable for much too long, which makes this album welcome – especially [illegible] the sleeve tells you which LPs the tracks were lifted from.

And there [illegible] two classics buried here: Nina Simone's soulful *My Baby Just Cares For Me* (a joyous declaration of sexual satisfaction) and Little Willie John's *Fever* (a tale of sexual frustration made famous by Elvis Presley). Something for everyone.

Groovy.
70% CURTIS HUTCHINSON

[illegible] ***I wonder whether, back*** [illegible] ***the Fifties when*** [illegible] ***was*** [illegible] ***hipsters' music, Nina Simone, Art Blakey and other contributors to*** [illegible] ***compilation could have imagined what would*** [illegible] ***happening now.*** [illegible] ***years later, pseud hipsters*** [illegible] ***packing out*** [illegible] ***basements to assert their mock-hipness by listening to*** [illegible] ***Courtney*** [illegible] ***es of this world. But*** [illegible] ***would take a rare talent to knock*** [illegible] ***another My Baby Just Cares For Me or Love Me Or Leave Me. Give me this stuff any day.***
[illegible] SIMON POULTER

[illegible] ***An immensely strong compilation and a great way of adding*** [illegible] ***authentic hip*** [illegible] ***sounds to your record collection. I shoved the tape into my mud-splattered Datsun and felt*** [illegible] ***was driving*** [illegible] ***of those old Vauxhall Crestas*** [illegible] ***the big*** [illegible] ***the boot.*** [illegible] ***Halfords manual.***
[illegible] PAUL STRANGE



A washout

ALISON MOYET
R[illegible]
CBS

I OFTEN WONDER whether the 15-year-old Alison Moyet, fresh from penning the brilliant *Nobody's Diary*, could ever have envisaged the full, glorious potential of being the possessor of the finest [illegible] of tonsils this side of Billie Holliday. I think not.

Moving from those early beginnings of Basildon punk poetry (The Vipers) through pub [illegible] (The Screaming Abdabs) to the [illegible] popularity of Yazoo, Alison has matured into an established singer/songwriter. She's become so important that new (horrid music-business word here) *product* is eagerly anticipated and always given serious consideration.

Understandable, then, that I was looking forward to hearing this album, the follow-up to her rather fine debut solo LP, *Alf*.

Understandable, too, when I was thoroughly disappointed. Throughout this painful experience of an LP, Alison sings without enthusiasm; there's no emotion, no feeling. The production is particularly flat, even on *Is This Love?* (which was a single wasn't half bad). Her voice is [illegible] stretched or tested; there's not an inkling of the potential that lies within her vocal cords.

There are, in fact, only two types of song on *Raindancing*. The first is the uptempo, rabid, hurried, poppy globule tied together with jangly bells and a staccato drum-machine backdrop (*Without You*, *You Got Me Wrong*, *Ordinary Girl*, *Glorious Love* and *When I Say No Giveaway*).

The second type is a laboured, wailing, morose mess (*Sleep Like Breathing*, *Blow Wind Blow* and *Stay*). Even the cover of Floy Joy's *Weak In The Presence Of Beauty* adds nothing to the superb original.

It's a great shame, especially when you consider Alison's live performances, so energetic, enthusiastic and ebullient. I've no idea how much pressure she was put under to come up with this 'product', but it sounds as though she's not getting much pleasure from it.

Most of Alison Moyet's musical career has had to take place under the bright lights and in the watchful public eye; it'd be all too easy for her to fall into stagnation, staleness, cosiness. Perhaps she should do something else for a while. Do anything, Alison, but please don't put out crap like this.

[illegible]

SUE DANDO

■ *Raindancing is an album of soft, melodic [illegible] tunes which flow gracefully together under the guidance of the rich, soulful vocals of Alison Moyet.* ■ *calm serenity pervades the album, which glides from slow ballads to faster uptempo tracks.*

Of the faster tracks, Without You [illegible] *Glorious Love have a strong, catchy beat, while Sleep Like Breathing has a smooth, tranquil quality.*

So, this ■ [illegible] *of pleasant-sounding [illegible] – but it didn't leave any lasting impression* [illegible]

36% MARY MORRIS

■ *There's* ■ *doubt that she can sing and there's no doubt that this'll sell. But it's all* ■ *numbingly bland, so politely pleasant, you wonder* [illegible] *anyone can get excited about* ■ *record like this. Alison Moyet's voice is wasted on such mediocre material* [illegible] *production.*

[illegible] RICHARD LOWE



SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Through The Looking Glass
Polydor

BOWIE [illegible] IT back ■ the Seventies – but unlike Siouxsie And The Banshees, at least Bowie had the courtesy to let us know who performed the original versions of the songs he covered ■ his *Pinups* album.

It was said that Bowie had run out of ideas, and the [illegible] criticism will probably be levelled at Siouxsie And The Banshees for making *Through The Looking Glass*, another album consisting entirely of cover versions.

But as Siouxsie showed with their magnificent, jangling, rolling version of *Dear Prudence*, there's an art ■ reinterpreting old material. This art involves taking a song which a lot of people will already know and adding enough new ideas ■ make it almost an original song in itself.

And a good cover [illegible] ■ sufficiently different to make sure that when you're listening to it you don't have the original version playing somewhere in the back of your head at the same time – though not *so* different that it becomes unrecognisable.

But *Through The Looking Glass* isn't always successful on these counts. The opening track, *This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us*, is disappointing, and lacks the manic, bug-eyed fervour of Sparks' original.

EYELESS IN GAZA
Kodak Ghosts Run Amok / The Best Of Eyeless In Gaza (1980-86)
Cherry Red

THIS 13-track retrospective album sits rather uncomfortably on my deck.

It's uncomfortable because the LP (released with the band's permission after they left the Cherry Red label) is a patchy affair which shows why Eyeless In Gaza are still a little-known indie band despite their six years of toil.

The album traces the band's work chronologically from their early efforts (*Kodak Ghosts Run Amok*, etc) through to their last bites of the Cherry.

But the earlier material has dated badly. Songs like *Invisibility* and *No Noise* are full of anger, angst and fury, and when they were originally released they had an acceptable rough, almost amateurish feel. Now they just sound miserable, morose and third-rate.

The best tracks are from EIG's later work (*No Perfect Stranger*, *Sunbursts In* and *Back From The Rains*), showing a mature edge to their writing, stronger vocals, improved musicianship and better use of instruments and dynamics bordering on commercialism.

But it's not enough. Even at their best EIG are infuriatingly obscure, and their vocals are grating.

An album for diehard fans only.

40% PAUL STRANGE

■ *So Eyeless have come to the end of their career with Cherry Red, eh? Is it possible they could move on to a bigger label and command a revolutionary takeover by directionless and very tacky music? I doubt it. Maybe the lead singer should try singing when he's sober – at least that way you could understand what he's saying . . .*

If this is the best of Eyeless In Gaza I dread to hear the rest.

5% LAWRENCE WARRY

■ *This lot seem to have a thing about weird names . . . how on earth did anyone conceive a title like Kodak Ghosts Run Amok? The songs are pretty average, and though I wouldn't condemn the album, I can't recommend it.*

40% MIKE DUNN

On Side Two, *The Passenger* retains the brash, echoing, tambourine-based rhythm of Iggy Pop's rendition, and tries to sound up-to-date by adding some rather spurious Eighties *daddier dan darran* horn breaks of the kind you'll hear everywhere in the charts right now (Swing Out Sister, Blow Monkeys, Hot Chocolate).

Sea Breezes is okay, but I can't help comparing Bryan Ferry's mournful, plaintive voice with Siouxsie's expressionless drone; and *Gun* lacks the paranoia of John Cale's rasping original.

Some of the songs I'm not familiar with, and I suppose it's to their credit that Siouxsie *et al* have stamped their dreary personalities on them so they sound like original material – but overall this album is a pretty pointless, pompous exercise in self-indulgence.

DAVID

■ ***Through The Looking Glass* uses Siouxsie and Co come up with a burnt offering that's almost unbearable. It's a whole album of covers, most of which recorded before I was born, or are obscure LP tracks (eg *Sea Breezes* from Roxy Music's debut LP) that you wouldn't know them anyway.***

All is to make up an album that's strictly for old codgers and crumblies like David Cheal, who had to prompt my memory but three tracks. Frankly, the Banshees haven't released a decent record 1983's Dazzle. Now what I call a decent cover.

SUE DANDO

■ ***What we have here is a collection of other songs given the by Siouxsie And The s. But they've added their distinctive sound – so despite of the dodgy material, they've come up that could just well be original. of songs aren't well known, after all.***

Iggy Pop's The Passenger as best track on the album. Still, though Siouxsie probably enjoyed recording an album of their own favourite tracks, *Through The Looking Glass* isn't that overwhelming.

MARY MORRIS

But she had a lovely pair of peaches

THE BLOW MONKEYS
She Was Only [redacted] Daughter
RCA

THE TITLE is vaguely familiar. The Style Council used that (a dig at Margaret Thatcher) as the subtitle to *The Lodgers*. And it's a pretty good clue to the music itself – a thinly-disguised mishmash of other people's styles and ideas.

Not that there's anything wrong with such eclectic plagiarism – the history of pop music is the history of stealing, borrowing and (in the best cases) adapting previous styles – usually black. And The Blow Monkeys aren't shy about following this tradition.

And any LP that kicks off with a song as perfect as *It Doesn't Have To Be This Way* can't be that bad. This single has everything a great song should have: a great beat (this one's a very fashionable go-go stomp) and a great tune.

It's downhill from then on of, course, but an enjoyable slide nevertheless. *Out With Her*, the next single, is agreeable fake soul, and *Some Kind Of Wonderful* and *How Long* are perky poppy affairs – both would brighten up the dreary charts.

Dr Robert may not be much of a singer but what he lacks in natural talent he makes up for with wit and panache; I love the way *Rise Above* sounds like T-Rex, and I love the predictable, obligatory ballad *Beautiful Child*, all synthesised strings and synthetic sentiments.

The only truly embarrassing track is the ridiculous rap, *Checking Out*, which sounds like a discarded outtake from the ABC *Zillionaire* LP.

On the whole, though, *Grocer's Daughter* is a thoroughly enjoyable LP – shamelessly contrived, but strangely convincing.

70% **LOWE**

■ ***Some albums need to be played again and again before you understand them. I've now played this 41 times – e – and I'm only just beginning to like it.***

Few people will be prepared persevere so long. Apart from superb It Doesn't Have To This Way, there's really not one outstanding track; even the Robert of Don't Give It Up, be reckons to be the 'best thing we've done', is a joke (I hope how it was intended).

It seems The Blow Monkeys are be a one-decent-song-an-album band. if they intend staying around for a long time, that isn't good enough.

40%

■ ***The Blow Monkeys produce singles with an instant appeal – remember Wildflower? Well, the opening track on this album is the smooth It Doesn't Have To Be This Way, just appeal from its first hearing. But the rest of album requires a bit more attention to be appreciated.***

rich, well-produced LP, it combines a mixture of Seventies disco beat, hip-hop opening rhythms silky soul tunes. The result is an infectious dance beat running through – Day After You, in particular, has glorious disco feel. though Rise Above and Man At The End Of His Tether have a Seventies Mark Bolan sound, there's an underlying Eighties social comment.

70% **MORRIS**



Living in the past

DRUM THEATRE
[illegible]
Epic

JEEZ, Drum Theatre ain't fools. They've got the [illegible] SP on this pop-biz malarky. By the time your mind has said 'Where have I heard *that* before?', you realise you've fallen into the trap of thinking (almost justifiably) that every track on their debut album is a plagiarised pop song.

But then aren't half the chart hits just that – parasitical plagiarisms of each other?

It's not an acute case of *déjà* [illegible], but we could do without *Reunion* because we've heard what Roman Holliday have done before and we weren't impressed at the time. And Bucks Fizz have pocketed the gold from their Weismuller jungle drums sound, so you can count *Living In The Past* out.

But listen to the wonderfully halcyonic *Wide Sargasso Sea* and you'll realise that Drum Theatre have a talent for atmospheric moods. Instrumentally the group can't put a foot wrong – as long [illegible] they try to make *their* own music.

Drum Theatre stand at the juncture of pop and experiment. If [illegible] let them stand for long enough, with a sign saying 'Top [illegible] Or Bust', they shouldn't have too long to wait for a lift. After all *Eldorado* was the archetypal radio hit. (Didn't shift a bean, mind, but the jocks liked it so what more could you want?)

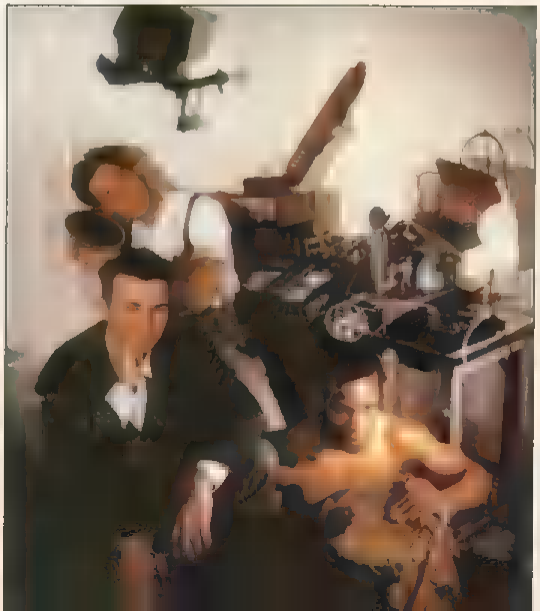
Everyman shows that Drum Theatre [illegible] challenge the pouting peroxide popsters by using marimbas, good production and a groove of funky ethnicity.

And if Salvador Dali can get away with the odd bit of forgery, why can't Drum Theatre?

[illegible] **SIMON FOULTER**

■ [illegible] ***to the beat! Drum Theatre have m[illegible] a wallopingly good album, [illegible] doesn't work the first time you hear it [illegible] becomes a real grower.***
70% [illegible]

■ ***I enjoyed [illegible] four tracks of Everyman [illegible] of all, [illegible] worth listening to. [illegible] some familiar background vocals (reminiscence of Paul Simon?) [illegible] Reunion and a few other songs, but most of it is quite original. I recommend this LP [illegible] hope [illegible] will give Drum Theatre a fair push, because the group could be quite big.***
[illegible]% **MIKE** [illegible]





Nothing on Television: soloist Tom Verlaine

TOM VERLAINE
[illegible]
Fontana

NOT nearly [illegible] memorable [illegible] some of [illegible] earlier work, Verlaine's fifth solo album is [illegible] unsatisfying mixture of rambling personal experiences set against an occasionally stirring musical backdrop.

At his best Verlaine recaptures [illegible] of the finer moments of Television (the group he used to front), but at times he plumbs new depths of tedium with heavily-padded songs which would [illegible] more at home in a padded cell.

Come to think of it, [illegible] Verlaine heading for a straitjacket?

Look at the lyrics to *Bomb*:

'I don't know how [illegible] talk . . . no/I don't know how to think . . . uh uh . . . /I just lay there . . . bomb bomb bomb/ [illegible] 't work it out/ a shucks heeheehaha, it's fun/bomb bomb bomb it is the treasure without . . . no/it is the pleasure without measure/ what a treasure, we can't work it out/ it's these disintegrations I'm looking/forward to.'

Terrific. What's worse (and this goes for most of the lyrics on [illegible] LP), it sounds even more convoluted and ridiculous when [illegible] to music.

Still, *Flash Light* has its moments. The [illegible], *Cry Mercy Judge*, is magnificent – all flaming guitars, prodding bass lines and thunderous drums with coherent and sensible lyrics pouring scorn on the American legal system.

And *The Scientist Writes A Letter* is a delicate, sensitive little piece with a much-repeated and delightful keyboard riff fleshing [illegible] the sad and sorrowful lyric.

But the rest is pretty average, and *Flash Light* is a rather nondescript album.
[illegible] **PAUL STRANGE**

■ [illegible] [illegible] ***Verlaine hasn't lost his style of revving up the [illegible] and pushing his guitar to the absolute limit! This immensely powerful album also features good support work from guitarist Jimmy Ripp, bassist Fred Smith and drummer Allen Schwartzberg. It's a winner.***
[illegible] **LAWRENCE WARRY**

■ ***If I hadn't known that Verlaine's carried a cult popularity [illegible] the Televised mid-Seventies, I would have said he's just another depressed art student trying to interest mediaisland's artier-than-thou types.***

I'm still not convinced. The lyrics [illegible] [illegible] inner sleeve of Flash Light [illegible] if they'd been lifted from [illegible] a quirky [illegible]-[illegible]es poetic anthology; but it's [illegible] [illegible] matters, and in this [illegible] not much.
[illegible] **POULTER**

World domination

THE SMITHS
[illegible]
Rough Trade

BIT OF A ragbag, this one. It's not a *best of* The Smiths, but a collection of singles, B-sides and bonus tracks from 12-inch 45s.

And of course there's one unreleased track, the excellent *You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby*. It seems even pious *independent* labels like Rough Trade are as ruthless and money-grabbing as those nasty, capitalist majors when it comes to making dedicated fans fork out for tracks they've already got.

If The Smiths' imminent transfer to EMI brings them untold fame and fortune, well, they deserve it. For this LP proves what a wonderful group The Smiths are, and what a mighty collection of priceless singles they've produced over the years.

Casual followers of The Smiths will be familiar with half the tracks here. It includes all the latest hits such as *Panic, Ask, Shoplifters Of The World Unite, Bigmouth Strikes Again*, and *Boy With The Thorn In His Side*. The string of slow, sultry songs on Side Two is worth getting to know.

Anyone who still clings to the blinkered belief that a) The Smiths are boring b) Morrissey's a miserable bugger who can't sing and c) all their records sound the same . . . just isn't listening.

Morrissey is a marvellously funny lyricist and a great singer. Anyone who can sing about being being run over by a double-decker bus and killed by a ten-ton truck (*There Is A Light That Never Goes Out*) and make it sound so sweet, tender and romantic is abundantly gifted.

Guitarist and tune-Smith Johnny Marr's efforts are also praiseworthy – I love the way *Panic* echoes The Glitter Band, and that bit in *Shoplifters* where he sounds like Gary Moore – and the unsung Andy Rourke and Mike Joyce keep that beat pumpin' and pummelin'.

And when every other pop group in Christendom is playing at being funksters or jazz [illegible], let's be thankful for a group that is shamelessly *rock*, and injects that tired, stale genre with such fresh spirit, wit and style.

RICHARD [illegible]



■ *This LP will be familiar to any Smiths devotee, but for those not in the know* [illegible] *track* is a *little gem.*

The album overflows with wonderful pop – brilliant Ask and Panic, swooning ecstasy of Big Mouth Strikes Again, magical The Boy [illegible] *The Thorn In His Side, the melancholy Asleep, and Unloveable.*

85% MARY MORRIS

■ *Drone, drone, sigh, sigh, we've got so many* [illegible] *problems* ■ *deal with (even though* [illegible] *must be revoltingly* [illegible] *by now) that* [illegible] *really haven't got time to think about our music.*

Things might improve if Morrissey [illegible] ■ *vocal* [illegible] *is of more than three notes, but there's only so* [illegible] *you* [illegible] *do* [illegible] *good production before the basic dullness of a* [illegible] *through.*

Very predictable, very boring, very Smiths.

5% VICKI HILL



LM READERS' TOP TEN ALBUMS FOR APRIL

As voted by YOU!

1 *Graceland* **Paul Simon**
2 *So* **Peter Gabriel**
3 *Slippery When Wet* **Bon Jovi**
4 *London 0 Hull 4* **The Housemartins**
5 *True Blue* **Madonna**
6 *Now That's What I Call Music 8*
7 *Infected* **the The**
8 *Brothers In Arms* **Dire Straits**
9 *Picture Book* **Simply Red**
10 *Café Bleu* **Style Council**

[illegible] TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE ALBUMS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite music albums on the form below, fill in all the details and whop it off in the post to us. Using the miracle power of whiter-than-white computer technology, your votes will be collated to create the chart. In return for your efforts, we'll draw five forms out of the red bin liner every month and send a much-coveted LM bumper bundle to the lucky winners. How's that for generosity?

LM TOP TEN ALBUMS CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite albums of the moment in descending order (best first).

1
2
3
4
5

Name
Address
.....
.....
Postcode

T-shirt size: ☐ **Small** ☐ **Medium** ☐ **Large**

Send your forms in to:

LM MUSICHART, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

Uber alles



XMAL DEUTSCHLAND
Viva
X-ite (via Phonogram)

IN 1983, Xmal Deutschland were causing quite a stir. Their tour dates were selling out and their debut album [illegible] riding high in the independent charts.

They're still [illegible] it four years later, and *Viva* (the group's third album) marks a deliberate move into [illegible] smoother, more melodic phase.

Released [illegible] their [illegible] X-ite label through Phonogram, *Vive* is quite breathtaking. Its impact may not be immediate, but the haunting, chilling music and melodious vocals of Anja Huwe gradually grow on you.

Roughly half of the album's ten tracks [illegible] sung in German, but this doesn't lessen their appeal. Anja Huwe is a talented vocalist and slips effortlessly from German [illegible] English; *Feuerwerk* and *Manchmal* [illegible] particularly spellbinding, despite the language barrier.

Matador, produced by Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers and previously released as a single in September of last year, gets [illegible] album off [illegible] a rousing start. Then we're off on a bleak journey passing through night and day, through images of lightness (*Morning*) and darkness (*Sickle Moon*), finishing with *Dogma*, the album's only instrumental track.

The album is atmospheric (particularly tracks like *Feuerwerk* which draw you in and leave you wanting more), and the lyrics have a melancholy, philosophic quality to them (noticeably [illegible] *If Only* and *Morning*). Hope is the theme.

Viva is an intense, rich and succulent piece of work which deserves repeated listenings. It should bring Xmal Deutschland to the fore again.

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] *right barrel of laughs, this one; not even Dr Roget* [illegible] *provide enough synonyms of 'morose' to suitably describe the morbundity of Viva.* [illegible] *music is bearable but Anja Huwe's voice is like some mortifying pain, a vocal Grim Reaper.*

0% SIMON POULTER

[illegible] *Curious.* [illegible] *fine musical backdrop if you're really down and want to feel even* [illegible] *certainly* [illegible] *right LP for cheerful occasions. Anja's voice* [illegible] *quite extraordinary, and* [illegible] *language switches* [illegible] *intriguing, but the more times I played* [illegible] *the* [illegible] *I felt.*

[illegible] PAUL STRANGE

Bludgeoned! A Collection
Revolver (via The Clarke)

YOU'VE got [illegible] keep an open ear [illegible] this business.

Bludgeoned!, an enthusiastic fanzine, certainly does. A recent issue included a compilation cassette which featured a number of indie bands, many of them from the Bristol area.

The cassette has [illegible] been released on vinyl and it certainly has its moments. There's the outright aural assault of The Shrubs (whose *Dead Teachers* offering is practically impossible to listen to), the bright pop burblings of The Brilliant Corners, and the power and poke of The Blue Aeroplanes and Close Lobsters (both deserve more recognition).

On Side Two, Jenny And The Cat Club slot in the almost orthodox *No One Loves You At All*, there's [illegible] slice of rustic rock from Blyth Power, and a spot of bland pop anaesthesia from The Dentists.

But Billy Jenkins With The Voice Of God Collective offer the best track with *Discoboats At Two O'Clock*. A bit of [illegible] belter, it's heavy on the old lugholes.

A mixed bag, then, but worth it [illegible] you're adventurous – and particularly if you live in Bristol.

[illegible] PAUL STRANGE

[illegible] *peculiar collection which ranges from the excellent Monkeesesque No One Loves You At All by Jenny And The Cat Club* [illegible] *quirky jazz-samba-jig of Discoboats At Two O'Clock by Billy Jenkins With The Voice Of* [illegible] *Collective.*

[illegible] *ley* [illegible] *well, they try hard, but there's nothing here* [illegible] *hasn't been heard* [illegible] *played before on the Peel show.*

And if I hear another voice [illegible] *sounds* [illegible] *John Lydon . . .*

45% SIMON POULTER

[illegible] *None of* [illegible] *lyrics here* [illegible] *particularly meaningful* [illegible] *provocative, but that doesn't affect the reasonable musical quality. It's worth listening to if you're open-minded.*

[illegible] MIKE DUNN

That fleshy corm in full!

KROKUS
[illegible]
Arista

CROCUS (kro'kus) n, 1) a spring blooming plant with [illegible] fleshy corm and a yellow, purple or white flower. 2) in the Canadian prairies, the pasqueflower, floral emblem of Manitoba.

[illegible] (kro'kus) n, 1) Swiss heavy-metal band who can't spell their name, also five gentlemen who cause [illegible] certain [illegible] journalist a great deal of consternation – [illegible] anything derogatory about heavy metal will put colleague Mangram in a huff because of the inevitable deluge of hate mail. 2) Group of hairy people in spandex trousers whose album *Alive And Screamin'* (which [illegible] just about how you feel after a listen) includes such charmingly-titled items [illegible] *Eat The Rich* and *Headhunter*. Their humility can induce cynicism in journalists.

10% SIMON POULTER

[illegible] *Ah,* [illegible] [illegible] *life: hard rock, hard rock and yet more hard rock . . .*

[illegible] *wallop their guitars* [illegible] *it's going* [illegible] *of fashion, they* [illegible] *their drums* [illegible] *through to Australia, and they scream like* [illegible] *hundred Hammer movies all shoved together.*

The funny thing is I like it, and so will millions of other people (particularly HM fans). Krokus have a hit album here – and if [illegible] *ain't* [illegible] *hit it* [illegible] *be.*

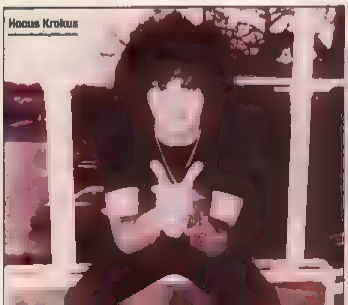
60% LAWRENCE WARRY

[illegible] [illegible] *is* [illegible] *'ard, and if you're into heavy metal it'll go down a storm, 'cos it's just like every other heavy metal recording ever made.*

Me, I'm less keen, mainly because my personal stereo's volume control only goes as [illegible] *earwax-removing, which isn't really powerful enough for* [illegible] *stuff.*

One for the [illegible] *Super Woofer owners.*

65% MIKE DUNN





African Moves
Stern's

■ you've yet ■ discover the joys of African music, try a sampler LP. There are plenty around – *New Africa* (on Streetsounds) ■ the best-known, but *African Moves* is just ■ good.

Stern's is a tiny shop near London's Oxford Street specialising in African music, and they've been releasing material on their own ■■■■ since 1983. *African Moves* collects the best ■ their albums, with informative sleeve notes to tell you what you're listening ■, where it ■■■■ from and what ■■ origins ■■.

The album (a double set for the price of one) is split into three sections: Soukous (the rumba-based music of Zaire); Juju (the drum-heavy music of Nigeria); and Highlife (the best-known African music, which comes from Ghana and the surrounding west-coast countries).

There's huge variety in African music, but there's ■■■ common thread: African music has none of the formal structure essential to 'Western' ■■■■. There's no verse/chorus/solo/chorus here; African music relies on the cumulative effect of rhythm, shape, pattern, ■■■ repetition.

This is particularly true of Soukous, with its long, intricate, close-harmony guitar solos, and *Boya Ye* by M'Bilia Bel is ■■■ of the finest examples of Zairean music I've heard in a long time.

The weakest material ■■ *African Moves* is the Juju; this should be live music, and ■■■ record it sounds insipid and meandering. And I've yet to hear a recording that captures the real depth and resonance of the sound created by the all-important talking drum.

Not all the bands featured here ■■■ based in Africa. Hi-Life International (whose *Awa De Me* is one of the LP's highlights) are based in London, as are Somo Somo (whose *Pole Mama* is a spirited opening ■■ the album). Both outfits ■■■ regularly in the capital.

Catch them live if ■■■■ can; if you can't, try the album. It's ■ pretty accurate representation of their live shows, and of the best African music.

75% **DAVID CHEAL**

■ ***The first two sides of this enjoyable album are the best, with some sizzling Soukous music guaranteed to get your whole body shaking. The rhythmic drum-calls ■■ Juju slow ■■ pace down; the rhythms of Highlife work the music ■■■ a frenzy. Oh, and watch out for those horns!***

85% **MARY MORRIS**

■ ***If you're ■■ ignorant, narrow-minded philistine like ■■■ you've probably never bothered listening to any African music, and have ■■■ burning desire ■■ ■■ so.***

■■■ It's well worth removing your snout from ■■■ pigswill of Western pop for a ■■■■■ to ■■■■ something really fresh. The ■■■ ■■■■ on this LP display a skill, ■ ■■■■ of rhythm and a lightness of touch that puts most of our sluggish, uninspired popsters to shame.

RICHARD ■■■■

Comics

The shirty dozen

■■■■ M■■■■■■ leafs through big comics from t■■ ■■■■ league

TO REDRESS the balance of large and small publishers in last month's column, I've chosen a dozen current titles to show off the finer end of the market. It's a *shirty* dozen, with only four from the big league, and with superhero types replaced by degenerate antiheroes, animals, children ■■d ■■■■ dinosaurs.

Not that I've got anything against dinosaurs, y'understand. Some of my best friends have Dire Straits on CD.

Going through them alphabetically, let's leap onto *Airboy* (Eclipse Comics), a colour bi-weekly with roots ■■ the past *and* present, mixing the imagery ■■■ and with a well-edited scampering pace, like some debauched episode of *Rockford*. Snappy and mainly for boys.

Dinosaur Rex is a scintillating offering from the Upshot Graphics team who earned more than a pat on the head recently for their *Dalgoda* miniseries. *Dinosaur Rex*, a three-parter, concerns the Wallopp estate. Young sponger Hempsted Wallopp, appalled by his aunt's bankruptcy (and thus the death of his allowance), and ■■■■ more disgusted by her suggestion that ■■ take a clerk's job at Harrods ('■■■■ not even the allure of promotion to crocks and fancy tins could make the days endurable ■■■'), teams up with the cousin of his dreams, Flavia, and his Uncle Grenville's dinosaur butler.

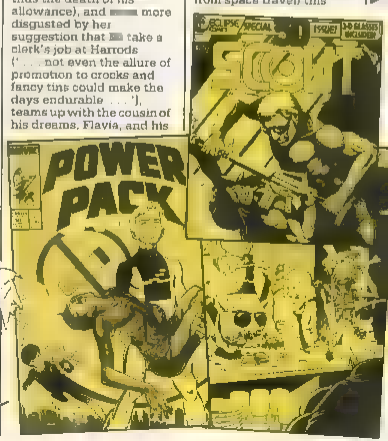
Together they'll ■■■■ Africa for the exploring uncle, hoping to relieve him of much of his cash. It's a sparkling and picturesque ■■■■, jauntily told, neck-deep ■■ *Ripping Yarns* territory.

The Dreamery is a black-and-white treat, also from Eclipse. They produce the most consistently imaginative comics because of Catherine Yronwode's cranky introductions (better than most actual comics) – and because of their unpredictability. Apart from the bumptious *Alien Encounters* smudging their copybook, Eclipse have produced comics which avoid stale ideas.

The Dreamery is a gently amusing tale of a Centaur family, centauring around young Andri and how he got his first pair of steel horseshoes. Surprisingly touching.

Eclipse's *Espers* miniseries has proved so popular it'll have its own title now. That's welcome – the multitalented protagonists, pitting their wits against terrorists, are a likable crew. And (apart from space travel) this





LM COMICS CHART

These are February's top ten fantasy comic-book bestsellers at London's **FORBIDDEN PLANET** shops.

1 *Watchmen* **DC**
2 *X-Men* **Marvel**
3 *X-Factor* **Marvel**
4 *Elektra Assassin* **Marvel**
5 *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns* **Titan**
6 *Swamp Thing* **DC**
7 *Batman Year One* **DC**
8 *Halo Jones Book Three* **Titan**
9 *2000 AD* **IPC**
10 *Judge Dredd 13* **Titan**

Comic-book sales in Britain are growing handsomely. Many of the top ▬ are imports, but there's healthy home-grown writing and inking talent around as well ▬ will be presenting a special Top Of The Comics list from Forbidden Planet each month, and we'd like to hear from shops in other parts of the country ▬ well.

Readers who find it difficult to get to central London can order comics by mail from **Forbidden Planet Mail Order**, *PO Box 378, London E3 4RD*. Tel: 01-980-9711.

series actually has all the elements of Marvel's *Loc Universe* in one comic, only better.

Series that dare to resuscitate old heroes are usually so gripping that we turn over and ▬ ▬ sleep. But DC's ▬ ***New Flash*** is ■ fine debut, introducing both the wearing-tearing lifestyle of Flash and his archenemy, Vandal Savage, who looks like Bernard Manning on a bad day. One to watch!

Power Pack, one of Marvel's less obvious (and therefore less successful) series, concerning children with power (not that far removed from *New Mutants*), covers the crack epidemic in Issue 30. As the youthful sprogs play about at home, one member sees a schoolfriend die of the drug. The lessons are spelled out in enormous letters – but it *is* aimed at children, after all.

Scout is yet another Eclipse title. Issue 16 is in 3D. Skittishly intoxicated with the idea, I obeyed the instructions on the free glasses. 'Punch Out, Put-On and enter the 3rd Dimension.' Yessirree! And it worked well – even the adverts looked bloody good. The story? Oh, some fight-and-run scenario ▬ other. Who cares? *Scout* suffers from the same failing as First's *Grimjack* – a lack of tension.

Stig's Inferno, wrested away from the house of Vortex by Eclipse, is probably the funniest publication in existence (excluding *Hansard*), with horror tales wet enough ▬ drown your sorrows in. Stig's accidental acceptance of Satan's title, the pursuing cops who blow themselves up, the ridiculous page numbers ('What is this? Page Eight by now?'), the indignant child audience, the moronic ('And kinda proud of it') satanic guards, the disappearing underwear, the back-up feature *WA-ROOMA!* – 'the Beast that walks just like a regular guy!' . . . I mean how much ▬ do you want for your trifling cash outlay? Get in there . . .

But avoid DC's ***Tales Of The Teen Titans***. The cover looked desperate enough to grab my attention; the story of these bewildering superheroes and heroines going lethargically about their tormented business simply bored the pants off me. My case comes up next month.

In First's ***Whisper***, Diane Young is a ninja-trained fugitive from corrupt justice, who's just destroyed a nefarious government operative who'd destroyed many people close ▬ her. She's also wiped out an entire installation of illegally-obtained government records ▬ millions of citizens. Her reward? A life on the run.

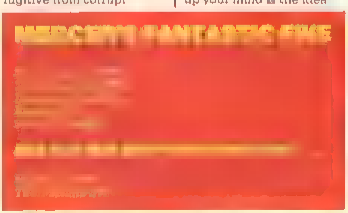
She's moved to Hollywood, casually dealing with the thugs who cross her path. Issue Eight promises a collision with the Mafia, the Yakuza and some Bolivian smugglers. The series treads a light balance between obvious martial-arts shtick and a spritely battle of right and wrong, with sufficient zest to overcome the shortcomings in both art and writing.

Prime Cuts, a black-and-white magazine from Fantagraphic Books, is ■ more wizened beast: a collection of reprints of 'greats' through the decades (The Crumbs, Cliff Sterrett, HP Lovecraft, Alec Stevens) with a few notable new guys. Eddie Campbell's depressing ▬ tell the tale of lost love, Dori Seda is complete crap, Richard Sala is ■ quirky individualist with razors inside his eyes, and Justin Green's version of the sand-in-face beach bully story ■ something of a gem, but . . . well, I'm not sure.

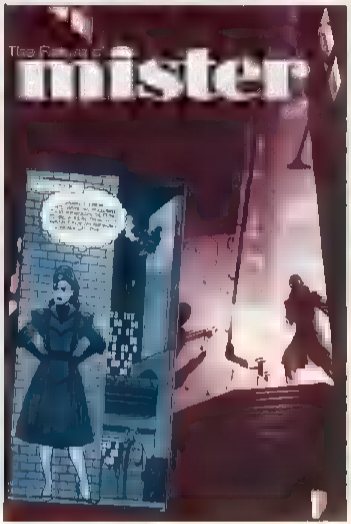
If you're fairly old with wide interests, you'll be pleased to have such rare, rarefied work put before you. Others may only appreciate half, while accepting the worth of the collection.

But *Prime Cuts* ■ expensive – and therefore a doubtful purchase, unless you're out to impress. And just who are you going to impress? And how? If old and new were divided the collection would have more chance, but that division would be going against the point.

Still, in *Prime Cuts*, as in all these comics, opening up your mind ■ the idea



The man wh came into t





'IT WASN'T EASY for the man to return to the city.'

So begins *The Return Of Mister X*.

'The man', 'the city'; this is a story of archetypes, not of real things. As Walter Eichmann, the mysterious Mister X was the architect of Radiant City, a surreal metropolis, a Milton-Keynes-writ-huge – drawn by Jaime Hernandez ▬ ■ geometrical plan of lines and stick figures, without detail, ▬ cold abstraction of every city in the world.

And Mister X is, as you might expect, the lonely abstraction of every man in the world. Too late to stop his monster, this architectural Dr Frankenstein saw his ideas of 'psychotecture' – design which works on the spirit as well as the eyes – twisted and misused, and the Radiant City he planned turned out savage and impersonal.

He comes back to change it, to thwart Arnold Zamora, the king of Radiant City's corruption. 'It wasn't easy for the man to return to the city,' but 'the man has returned to undo the damage he believes he has done . . . even if it *kills* him'.

So far, ▬ portentous; as one character in *The Return Of Mister X* says, 'here comes *the city of dreams is actually the city of nightmares* shtick again'. And, yes, there's too much

philosophy hooked onto a slow made-for-TV-movie plot, too much of a self-conscious attempt to create a cult figure out of the tiresomely intense, inhuman figure in the dark glasses, living on pizza and his home-brewed apotheosis of speed . . . 'an much to do, an little time'.

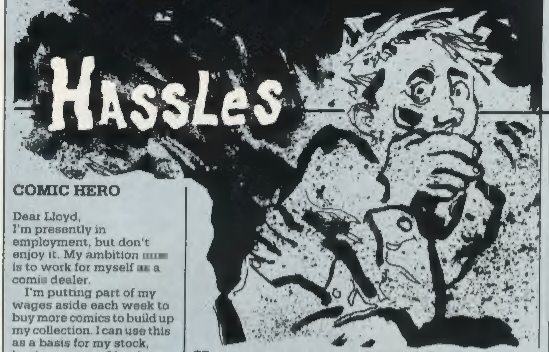
Inhuman . . . it's disturbing, though, the way Jaime Hernandez's future city is so stark, the way the horror is so clean, the nastiness an normal, the crashed airliner casually sticking out the side of a skyscraper like it was designed there. The victims in this city are sliced by lasers, not blasted by handguns; even when a woman is crushed by a robot gone wrong, the dark blood forms into perfect circular and semicircular pools.

It doesn't quite fit in with the occasional cute tongue-in-cheek touches, though, or the sudden chorus line of humanistic sentiment brought in from the wings for A Happy Ending.

The Mister X character was created by Dean Motter in the early Eighties, first appeared on a Canadian record jacket (Patrick Cowley's *Megatron Man*) in 1983, and lives an under the Vortex Comics imprint. This book includes some of Paul Rivoche's fascinating early studies for the characters and the city, but the novel itself was drawn by Jaime Hernandez and written with Motter by Gilbert and Mario Hernandez – these are the brothers of *Love And Rockets* fame.

They stay with you, those pictures. The bare surfaces of Radiant City are marked with Xs – a shadow on a wall, the scissoring limbs of a man falling from the hundredth floor. Mister X, the man who came back to the city, is a haunting symbol in a perversely unmoving and almost . . . *pointless* book that I didn't quite *enjoy* – but won't forget.

70% **BARNABY PAGE**



Have you got a problem? Perhaps LM's resident confessional box, LLOYD MANGRAM, can help.

COMIC HERO

Dear Lloyd,
I'm presently in employment, but don't enjoy it. My ambition is to work for myself as a comic dealer.

I'm putting part of my wages aside each week to buy more comics to build up my collection. I can use this as a basis for my stock, buying more as I begin to make money. If I can't make a go of it then at least I have the comfort of knowing I am a collector anyway and haven't been lumbered with something I'm not interested in. Does this seem a sensible strategy?
I P, Cleveland

■ **I had a chat with Paul Hudson who, as a keen collector, started in 1974 using his weekends and evenings to buy and sell comics. From selling from a suitcase he graduated to hiring tables at Comic Conventions. He then went on to learn the business more thoroughly by working for three years in various comic shops. By 1980 he was ready to open his own business – The Comic Showcase – which has since gone from strength to strength.**

The market for comic dealers is fairly limited, and as well as knocking yourself out in your spare time, you'll need sound knowledge of the business and luck on your side. The best approach seems to be to take it slowly, work hard in your spare time, and see how things go.
▶ **LM**

Dear Lloyd,
I know your mag is really more for men, but I've seen that you print letters from girls, so here goes. I'm a 13-year-old girl who is quite attractive, but no one likes me. Even my best friends take the piss out of me. Do you think that it's my personality, or is it that they're jealous of my good looks?

Please give me some advice as I'm getting pretty desperate.
Megan, Gravesend

■ **I'm delighted to hear from you of course, but are you seriously trying to tell me you've got a problem?**

You say your friends take the piss; well, I ask you, what are friends for? Good mates should make you laugh at yourself.

I agree that it's not much fun when it's your turn but it happens to others, too. You may not have noticed that everyone gets to be the target sometimes. I bet if you weren't so worried about yourself you'd see this.

I guess when you first became friends you looked much the same as you do now, so I'd be surprised if they'd suddenly been overcome with raging jealousy. It's true that even very good friends can feel the odd twinge at times, but I reckon it's more likely they want to shake you out of your ideas about how attractive you are – and they're doing you a favour. Taking yourself too seriously, and thinking too much about your looks doesn't make for an interesting person. Relax, don't worry too much about what others think and just join in the fun.
▶ **LM**

Dear Lloyd,
I had been going out with my girlfriend six months when suddenly things went down hill.

She'd been seeing two other boys because her friend fancied one of them and didn't want to chat him up on her own. At first my girl was concerned about what I thought and always said she'd never leave me.

Then I found out she was going to a disco with the boys and I wasn't at all keen. I told her but she said she didn't care what I thought.

I decided we should split, but I felt torn apart and next day tried to make it up. She didn't want to know and started to mock me behind my back.

Now she won't speak to me and I feel heartbroken and used.
Roger, Oxford

■ **You're a nice guy. But you don't keep a girl by letting her walk all over you.**

You were never happy with the idea of her seeing someone else and you must have thought her reasons were pretty flimsy. I'm not saying she was lying. But she seems to have cared more about her friend's dating chances than your feelings.

Making him of you is a mean trick and, of course, it hurts but you've got to face the fact that you've allowed yourself to be used.

Like I said, you're a nice guy (like me in fact) and you're bound to meet someone a lot nicer than this girl – and soon.
▶ **LM**

Dear Lloyd,
I'm going through a really bad depression in life because the girl I love refuses to go out with me. She's a friend of my sister and lives next door to us.

She's 13 and I'm 16, and she's told me that I'm too old for her. I think my real problem, though, is that I am ugly.

I'm going crazy, can't think straight and I'm beginning to lose concentration at work.

I visit a regular nightclub on Sunday in the hope of finding another girl. I've no success, and when I come out I feel twice as depressed as when I went in.

However, there's only one person I really love and that is the 13-year-old girl who lives next door to me.

What do you suggest I do before I go totally insane?
Simon Shaw, Derby

■ **I'd love to be able to tell you how you can persuade the girl next door to go out with you. If I had a foolproof formula, my life would be a lot simpler as well as yours . . . but it's just not like that, as I suspect you already know all too well.**

I'm convinced of one thing, though, and that is the girl didn't turn you down because she thought you were ugly. If she didn't like you she would have just given a flat no, or even been rude to really put you off.

There could be loads of reasons why she refused – including the one she gave. Maybe her Mum doesn't let her date boys yet and she didn't want to admit it, or there could even be a boy at school she fancies and she doesn't want to go out with anyone else. Whatever the reason, don't take it as a rejection of you, as a person. I know that's easy for me to say and difficult for you to accept, but if you get it into your head that you're unlikable, then it will be hard for you to make friends. If you value yourself highly, than other people will as well.

Of course, this girl might change her mind if you continue to be friendly but it's silly living your life hoping that will happen. Going out might not be much fun at the moment, but it's better than sitting at home brooding on what could have been.
▶ **LM**

Dear Lloyd,
I'm writing to you on a Saturday night, bored out of my head. I'm ill and I should be out enjoying myself. I've no girlfriend, but that's partly my fault, as when I see a girl I fancy, I'm too shy or scared to go over and talk.

I haven't got many friends full stop, and those I have got all have friends of their own and don't want me hanging around them. Most of the time I just lie on my bed, listening to records, as I'm doing now. Could you help, firstly by offering me advice and secondly with some addresses of pen-pal mags or such like. I've tried a few dating agencies, but they're a load of rubbish. Also may I suggest that you have a list of pen pals each month for other people like me.
Andy, Melksham, Wiltshire

■ **What's so different about you, Andy? When you're sitting in your room, plugged into your**

Hassles

headphones, it must seem like the rest of the world is out having fun. Truth is, most people feel lonely and isolated some of the time, so don't fall into the trap of thinking you're a loser.

There are positive things to do, and I hope my letter sets you off on the right track. I'll give some thought to your idea of an LM pen friend club, but in the meantime here are two addresses so you can get cracking straight away: Penfriend Service, *International Friendship League, Saltash, Cornwall* and Friends-by-Post, *6 Bollin Court, Macclesfield Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire* (enclose a stamped addressed envelope when you write.)

The trouble with dating agencies is that all you have in common with the other person is that you've both paid money for the introduction. It doesn't make conversation particularly easy. You need an opportunity of making new friends – male and female – in a relaxed atmosphere where you're not expected to chat up every likely looking girl. Parties and discos are a no-no, unless you're very lucky and there's something wrong with the sound system . . .

I reckon the answer is to concentrate on doing something you really enjoy with your spare time and forget about searching for a girlfriend – that could happen when you least expect it.

What you do depends on your interests, but here are some ideas. Evening classes; find out what's on offer before you yawn. I'm amazed at the growing range in my area: everything from creative writing to scuba diving and a lot more besides.

Voluntary work can also be very rewarding. Try helping out at a hospital radio station, or get involved in conservation work by reclaiming waste land or helping to restore an historical site. Your local Volunteer Bureau will have more suggestions – address in the telephone directory.

Write to the National Youth Bureau at *17-23 Albion Street, Leicester, LE1 6GZ* for a free copy of *Spare Time, Share Time.*

You might also consider getting in touch with the National Federation of 18-plus Groups. Local branches organise social events for the 18-30 age group which might be fun. Even if there isn't a branch near by, you might be able to join the country-wide activities organised every few months. The address is: Nicholson House, *Old Court Road, Newent, Gloucestershire, GL18 1AG.*

▶ LM

Dear LM,
In your complimentary edition you had an article on *September*. A new board game designed by Danny Kishon (which in time I hope to purchase!) In the article you said Danny Contacted 35 game companies. Are there really that many about? If it's possible, could you give me a list of the name and addresses these companies?
Shane Drewitt, Leicester

■ Sorry, Shane, that I can't send you the list of manufacturers Danny used when trying to find someone interested in his board game. But you should be able to get the addresses (and perhaps some others into the bargain) by contacting an organisation to which almost all of the major board game manufacturers belong. Their address is: British Toy Manufacturers Association Ltd, *80 Camberwell Road, London SE5.* Tel: 01-701 7127

Checking local stores might be useful, taking down the name of any manufacturer who looks as if it's in the same market as the games you are interested in. Also, try your local reference library and there look up *Sell's Product Directory*, which lists manufacturers of all sorts of products, giving both their name and the products they produce.

▶ LM

Often all a problem needs is a dose of common sense, or some hard facts.

If life is getting you down, if you're having problems at school, college or university, if your parents are always in the way and don't understand, if you're having problems with personal relationships or you're finding it difficult to get a job, you can always try me out for an answer. I've been everywhere, seen it all, done it all, and messed most of it up too, so I'm a bit of an expert.

I don't guarantee results, but even if half a problem is worse than none at all, at least it's better than a full-scale disaster.

Write (mentioning your age) to: Lloyd Mangram, Hassles, LM, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB

WIN A LOAD OF BISCUITS!

And a tin to put them in, AND a year's subscription to LM, the magazine that takes the biscuit!

LM COMP

TRIPLE CRIPES! You've reached the end of LM's third issue and it still hasn't made you go blind ■■ reach for a Liger.

Would you reach for a biscuit, though? Loads of the buggers? Yep, with this month's whizzo LM crossword comp you ■■ **PIG OUT** on an incredible amount of scoff and be the envy of your friends as your waist and weight reach ridiculous proportions!

Not only that, but you can do the Marcel Proust bit by dunking your free biscuits in *some* coffee, ruminating on life generally and penning an amazing piece of literature . . . possibly a thesis on why Edwina Currie should get stuffed.

And to provide you with ■■■ ■■■■ inspiration we'll give you a year's free subscription to LM, the greatest, best, most incredible, utterly fantastic *(yes, yes, get on with it – Ed)* magazine ever invented.

We'll be pulling the winner out of Strangie's own biscuit-tin on **16 April**; we'll print the solution in LM Issue Four, on sale that day.

So complete and cut out this month's incredibly difficult crossword – or make a photocopy if you want to stay in one piece *(eh? – Ed)* – and send it to **I DESERVE TO WIN LOADS OF BISCUITS OKAY? COMPETITION, LM,** *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.*

Get chomping. And Roger Bennett can think again if he reckons he's going to get a load of free biscuits out of us because Newsfield employees, their parents, their children, their second ■■■■■ removed, their fourth cousins triple removed, the removal men and their grocers ■■ *all* excluded.

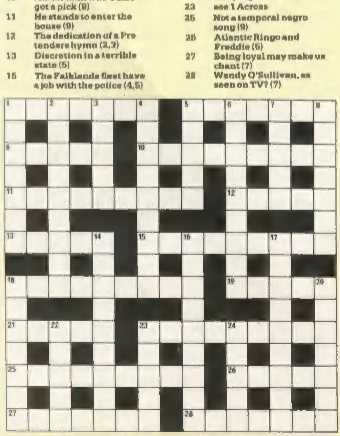
CRUMBS!

ACROSS

1&23 The story of Jim and Hilda Bingle (4,3,4,6)
8 Reggae style for Mr Crosby 'dropping in' (7)
9 Ultimate extent – one in this magazine has it! (5)
10 An assassin who's also got a pick (8)
11 He stands to enter the house (9)
12 The dedication of a Pre tenders hymn (3,2)
13 Discretion in a terrible state (5)
15 The Falklands fleet have a job with the police (4,5)
■■ The sprinter goes after the starting pistol to get an arms dealer (9)
■■ She might have a daily upset (5)
21 A stadium used for a TV arts programme (5)
23 see 1 Across
25 Not a temporal negro song (9)
26 Atlantic Ringo and Freddie (5)
27 Being loyal may make us chant (7)
28 Wendy O'Sullivan, as seen on TV? (7)

DOWN

1 Type of strike seen in a sock? (7)
2 Ade is used as a Catflap (9)
3 All together in music with Fruit (5)
4 Test cricket ground where, eg, Don bats, perhaps (9)
5 Natural desire to play a stroke (5)
6 The type of laundrette Daniel Day-Lewis is in (9)
7 Like Peter Bowles's TV RM? (5)
8 The rug Terrange for singer Gwen (7)
14 Learning that Rita got cautioned somehow (9)
16 Hugh Cornwell from Boston (9)
17 Queen's favourite station? (5,4)
18 They can hold their drink! (7)
20 How you might rest when America returns to sea (7)
22 Some inevitable Lloyd Webber musical (5)
23 Australian all-rounder Steve in conflict, I hear (5)
24 Not the most complex computer language (5)



LM Issue Two crossword solution:




LE COQ SPORTIF
B E · S O M E · B O D Y

Alan Baker-Tu, One of a series of illustrations commissioned by TDK.



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B.M.R.B. Market Research in May '85 – April '86.